

VANITY FAIR



JANUARY 1924



"Standard"
PLUMBING FIXTURES
Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.
Pittsburgh

WILL TRAINOR

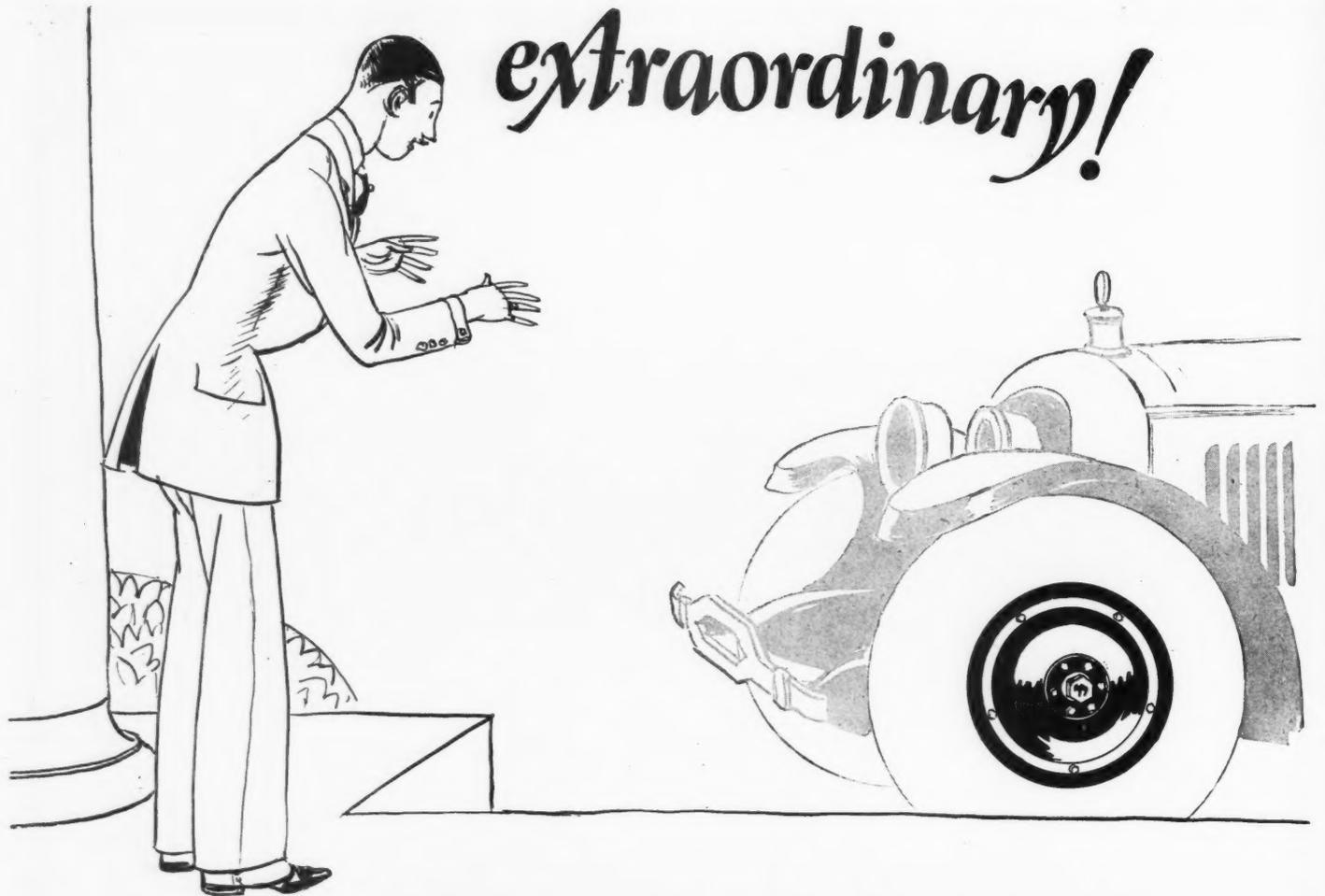
TIFFANY & Co.

PEARLS JEWELRY SILVERWARE WATCHES CLOCKS

SEVEN-AND-EIGHTY YEARS
OF QUALITY

MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK



extraordinary!

AND now comes the revolutionary step in automotive progress—BUFFALO Wheels and “balloon” tires—to give automobile riding the sensation of floating in air instead of rumbling over resisting roads. The car rides in an entirely different manner. The fear of skidding is forgotten. Brakes take hold with a grip that inspires confidence. The car operates with greater ease, and the owner is assured increased car life, greater tire mileage and less trouble from leaky tire valves.

BUFFALO Wheels are small diameter wheels designed especially for use with large section tires that operate on greatly reduced air pressures—20 to 35 pounds.

BUFFALO Wheels, either Wire or Disc, for practically all models of all standard cars manufactured during the last four years, now can be secured from our Service Branches, from any authorized Wire Wheel Service Station, or through your own garageman.

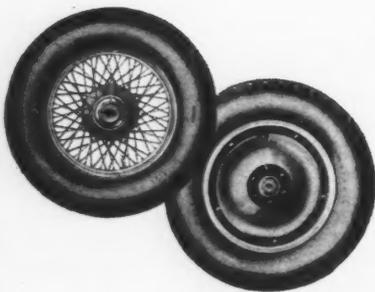
WIRE WHEEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA
Buffalo, N. Y.

Direct Branches and Service Stations:

New York—835 11th Ave. at 57th St.
San Francisco—1690 Pine Street

Chicago—2900 So. Michigan Ave.
Detroit—433 Leland Street

BUFFALO small diameter Wheels also obtainable through dealers and distributors of the leading tire companies.

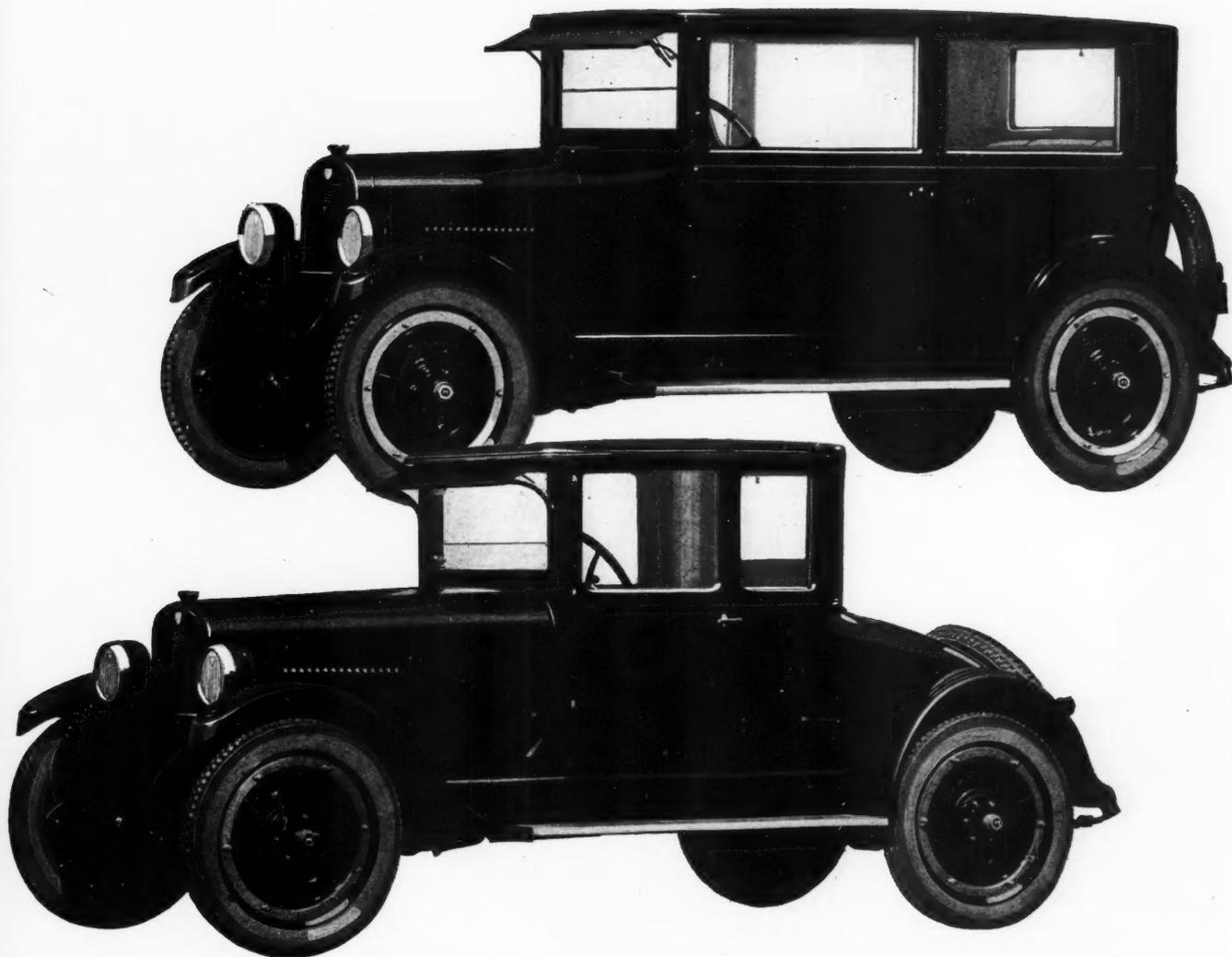


INCORPORATED IN BUFFALO WHEELS ARE ALL THE BASIC PATENTS AND ADVANCED ENGINEERING SKILL OF RUDGE-WHITWORTH, HOUK AND HOUSE TYPES IN STANDARD SIZES.

BUFFALO

WIRE *Wheels* DISC

The Good MAXWELL



Beautiful, Sturdy Closed Cars At Near Open-Car Prices

The Club Sedan

Full five-passenger sedan size. Two-door friendliness with four-door facility.

Plenty of leg-stretching, baggage-carrying room in the rear; genuine ease in front.

For families; tourists and campers. For farmers and merchants, salesmen and all whose necessity demands space for bulky articles, as well as personal transportation in comfort.

Soft roof construction eliminates the usual closed car rumble.

The Club Coupe

An admirable shopping and errand car for women.

Useful every moment of the day for doctors, salesmen, contractors, inspectors, realtors—for all who are required to cover distances.

Two-passenger capacity, with parcel space back of the seat and much larger luggage space under rear deck.

Like the Club Sedan, blessed with the superior ruggedness, economy and performance of the good Maxwell.

MAXWELL MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.
MAXWELL-CHALMERS MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONT.

Announcing the 1924
Biflex
 Cushion Bumper
 14% more protection

A year ago many thought that improving Biflex would be like painting the lily. Engineering science, they said, had reached its limits in bumper designing. Biflex had the great up-and-down bumping surface, afforded by the double bars. In the full looped ends it had the maximum flexibility. These looped ends, too, enabled Biflex to discount shocks from the side or at right angles as well as from the front. Biflex was a continuous rebounding spring of finest virgin steel, which absorbed collision shocks as the springs on the axle absorbed road shocks. Its strength and resiliency had been achieved by the same principles that design the great steel springs of railway locomotives. But finally Biflex engineers found that they could improve Biflex. They added to its width. They enlarged the curve of the Biflex looped ends. These changes, they found, increased the shock resisting powers of Biflex by 14 per cent. They also redesigned the rear bumper to come closer to the fender, reducing the hazard of interlocking collisions.

Thus Biflex, the original double-bar spring bumper, with full looped ends becomes even more invaluable to the motorist—the supreme achievement in bumper protection with distinction. There is a Biflex Bumper for every car made, scientifically proportioned in size and weight to car design. Priced from \$18 to \$28. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct.

Biflex Bumpers and Brackets are fully guaranteed. They are protected by U. S. Patents.

THE BIFLEX CORPORATION, WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS

EXPORT DEPARTMENT
 130 WEST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK

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"Protection with
 Distinction"



Get this, men-

A complete assortment of the world's finest smoking tobaccos — sent to any smoker anywhere — *on 10 days approval*

A new idea for Pipe-Smokers: 12 famous tobaccos, packed in a handsome Humidor—shipped to you direct to help you find the soul-mate for your pipe.

GUARANTEED BY

The American Tobacco Co

MOST men have written their John Hancock on a lot of "dotted lines." But, if you're a pipe-smoker, we'll wager that you've never signed a fairer, sweeter contract than the little coupon at the bottom of this page.

Just a few strokes of your pen—and you can end your quest of years for a perfect smoking tobacco—drawing dividends for life in unalloyed pipe-satisfaction.

But we are getting ahead of our story.

The average pipe-smoker is the greatest little experimenter in the world. He's forever trying a "new one," confident that some day he'll find the real affinity for his pipe.

Knowing smokers as we do—and knowing tobaccos as we do—we felt that we'd be doing a friendly turn for everybody if we found a way to settle this question once and for all, to the satisfaction of every smoker.

So we created the *Humidor Sampler*.

Into a bright red lacquered humidor case, we have packed an assortment of twelve famous smoking tobaccos—covering the whole range of tobacco taste.

To test these 12 tobaccos is to go the whole route in delightful pipe tobacco experience, trying out every good flavor and aroma known to pipe connoisseurs.

There are myriads of different brands of smoking tobaccos on the market. But of them all, there are 12 distinctive blends which, in our opinion, stand in a class by themselves for superlative individuality of flavor, aroma and smooth, sweet, even quality.

These twelve decisive blends—the twelve "primary colors" of tobaccos—have been selected for the Humidor Sampler. When you have tried these twelve, you have tried the best; if your tobacco-ideal is to be found anywhere, it must be one of these.

Ten-Day Approval Offer

We are eager to send the Humidor assortment to any smoker, anywhere, on ten days' approval.

Send no money. Just sign and mail the coupon. That will bring you the Humidor assortment direct from our factories to your den. When the postman brings the package, deposit \$1.50 with him, plus postage.

If a ten-day try-out of these tobaccos doesn't give you more real pipe pleasure than you've ever had before, besides revealing the one perfect tobacco for your taste—the cost is on us.

Simply return the Humidor, and you'll get your \$1.50 and the postage back *pronto*—and pleasantly. The coupon is your obedient servant; use it.

Send No Money—Just Mail Coupon

The American Tobacco Co., Inc.
Marburg Branch, Dept. 20,
Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, on 10 days' approval, one of your Humidor Samplers of twelve different smoking tobaccos. I will pay postman \$1.50 (plus postage) on receipt—with the understanding that if I am not satisfied I may return Humidor in 10 days and you agree to refund \$1.50 and postage by return mail.

Name

Address

Note:—If you expect to be out when postman calls you may enclose \$1.50 with coupon and Humidor will be sent to you postpaid.

A \$3.95 Test for \$1.50
If you were to try all 12 of these tobaccos in full size packages, the cost would be:

Blue Boar25
Captain30
Imperial Cube Cut30
(Medium)	
Imperial Cube Cut30
(Small)	
Old English Curve Cut15
The Garrick30
Carlton Club15
Yale Mixture25
Three States25
Lone Jack10
Will's Latakia45
Louisiana Perique25
Total	\$3.05

But through the Humidor Sampler you get a liberal "get acquainted" quantity of each for \$1.50



YOU have few chances to put a little sparkle into your conventional evening wear. AFTER HOURS, the new evening Bostonian, gives you that opportunity.

Light as a track-shoe, snug as a glove, sleek as deep rich patent leather can make it, AFTER HOURS is built to hug your foot-shape through miles and miles of pleasant winter evenings.

The Bostonian merchant in your town will fit you to a pair of AFTER HOURS.

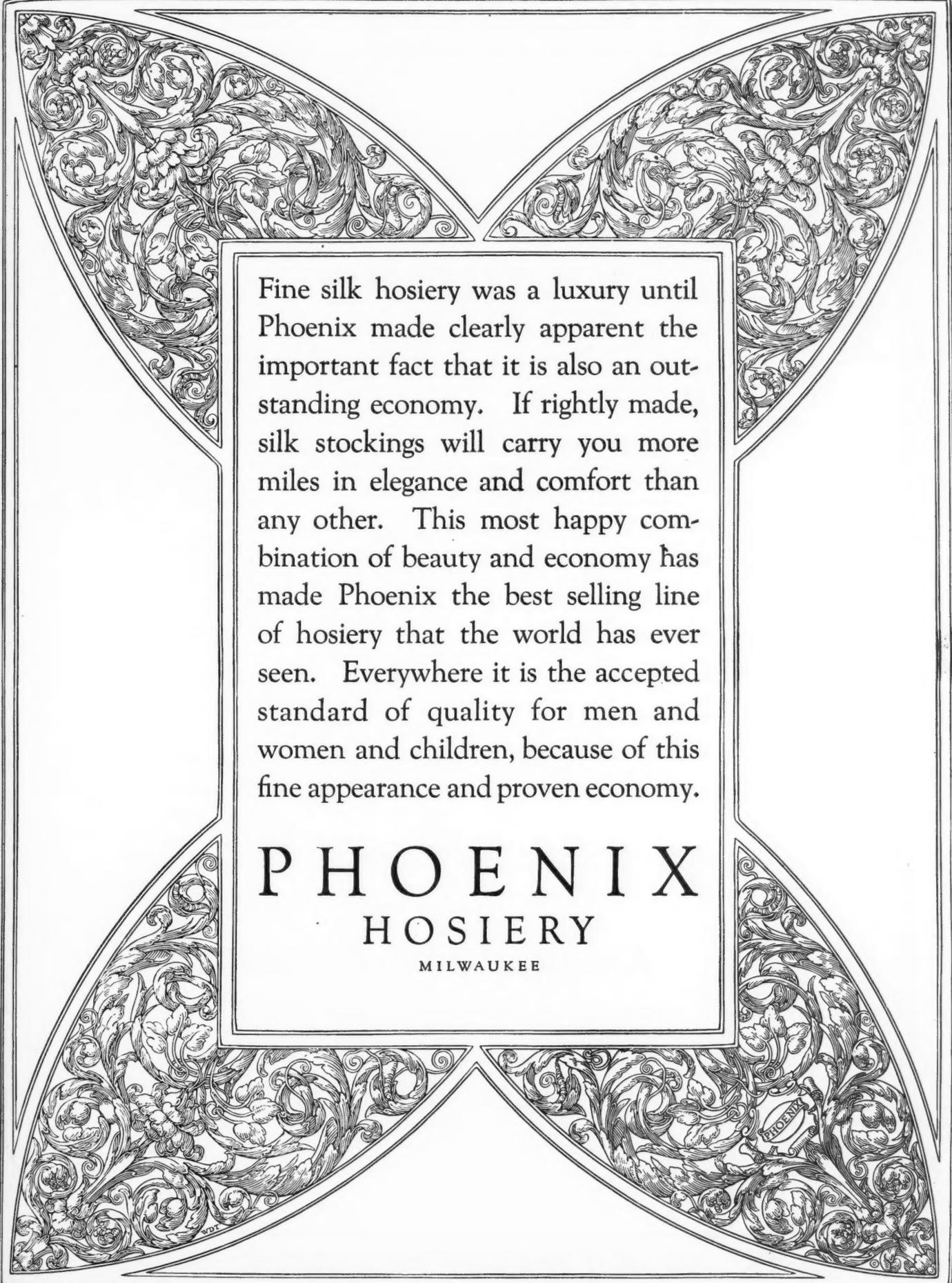
There are several other likeable Bostonians in a booklet called "Feet First"—may we mail it to you?

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\$7 to  \$10

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MAH-JONGG

Its Authentic Source

By JOSEPH PARK BABCOCK
Originator of the Game and Author of the Rules



To Mr. Joseph Park Babcock, the American public is indebted for the thrilling game of Mah-Jongg.

In the following article he tells of its authentic source. Mr. Babcock's message follows.

* * *

DURING the past ten years I have spent a great part of my time traveling in the interior of China, where I was dependent almost entirely on the Chinese for my recreation. Speaking the Chinese language, I became interested in a game played by the Chinese, with attractive tiles of bamboo and ivory, brightly decorated in the inimitable Chinese colors and typical of Chinese art. I was immensely impressed, not only by the entertainment, but by the cultural features of this game.

It seemed to me that, if properly introduced, it would appeal tremendously to Americans and Europeans.

For a number of years, I made a special study

of these Chinese tile games as played in the various provinces of China. I found that it was known by a variety of names in the different provinces, and that the fundamental game was played, in almost every case, in a different way.

I sought rule books but found that the Chinese learn these games as children, and consequently, feel no need for a book of instruction or rules.

I saw that it would be necessary, therefore, for me to write rules of my own and devise my own terminology, as practically all of the terms used by the Chinese in playing had no meaning to foreigners when translated. In fact, some of the terms used were colloquial merely, and had no equivalent Chinese character in the Chinese written language. Such terms as "chow," "bamboo," "characters," "dots," "dragons," etc., now used by all players in the United States and all countries foreign to China, were given to the game by me.

In codifying, therefore, I have em- and most inter- of the various games, as played of China, oped one game



my rules, there- bodied the best esting features Chinese tile in the many sec- and have devel- which is adapted

to foreign thought and usage with one set of rules.

My first edition is fundamental, but is for beginners principally.

In my second edition I have given variations of play as well as Chinese versions for the advanced scholar. In subsequent editions I shall elaborate more on additional variations as well as examples of possibilities and chance.

My thought was to incorporate in my first edition a set of rules that one could play easily or one in which skill without limit could be employed.

One of the greatest problems I had to face in introducing the game abroad was the necessity of being able to read the Chinese characters in order to understand the significance of the tiles, for people who could not read Chinese could not learn to play.

I overcame this difficulty by inventing what I call "index playing symbols." These are the English letters and numbers in the corners of the tiles which appear on all sets used in the United States today.

To designate the game as I evolved it, with these English indices and with the codified and standardized Babcock rules, I applied the word "Mah-Jongg," pronounced "Mah ZHONG," trade marked it in the U. S. Patent Office and applied it also to my book of rules which I had copyrighted. I then presented it to the American public as well as to foreigners in China.

This is the source of Mah-Jongg—the one authentic source.

I happened to be the first to introduce Mah-Jongg, and if I have given pleasure and a new and valuable game with many thrills and all the age-old mystery of China in it, to thousands of people—in so doing I am well rewarded for my efforts.

I make this statement at the request of many friends and readers who have asked me to give them the true story of

MAH-JONGG.

J.P. Babcock

TO DEALERS: Send for Catalog and wholesale prices.

To Mah-Jongg Players Everywhere

We are Sending Babcock's Authoritative Red Book of Rules at Our Expense



The Mah-Jongg Sales Company of America wishes everyone to enjoy the advantage of playing according to the authentic rules and fundamental principles of Mah-Jongg, regardless of the type of set employed.

No one can decide any important point authoritatively in this game of almost infinite possibilities, without referring it to Babcock, the creator of Mah-Jongg, whose research work and exhaustive study of the Chinese methods have enabled him alone to give the final answer to all questions that arise.

So we are offering Babcock's Book on How to Play Mah-Jongg—the original and complete rules of Mah-Jongg—in ten authentic pages, to anyone who mails coupon below.

This book is basic and necessary if you wish to know and play the real Mah-Jongg. All the fascinating mystery of the Chinese mind in the invention of a series of combinations which are simple in arrangement, but which may score in a winning hand from twenty-two (22) points up to more than twenty million (20,000,000), is delicately woven thru these rules.

You will want to give authentic Mah-Jongg sets packed in cabinets on which MAH-JONGG is engraved, and second edition Babcock Rules with Optional Scores as Christmas presents, too. They are the vogue in Christmas gifts this year. They solve the gift problem in the correct and fashionable way.

Babcock's Second Edition is sold by leading stores. If your dealer cannot supply you, send \$2.50 to address below and we'll send the book direct, postpaid.

The Babcock First Edition Red Book of Rules is furnished with genuine Mah-Jongg sets only, in boxes stamped MAH-JONGG.

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It Isn't Genuine

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Please send me, postpaid, a copy of Joseph Park Babcock's Red Book of Rules, first edition, without charge or any obligation on my part. Also your catalog showing sets from \$2.50 to \$500, tables, racks, etc.

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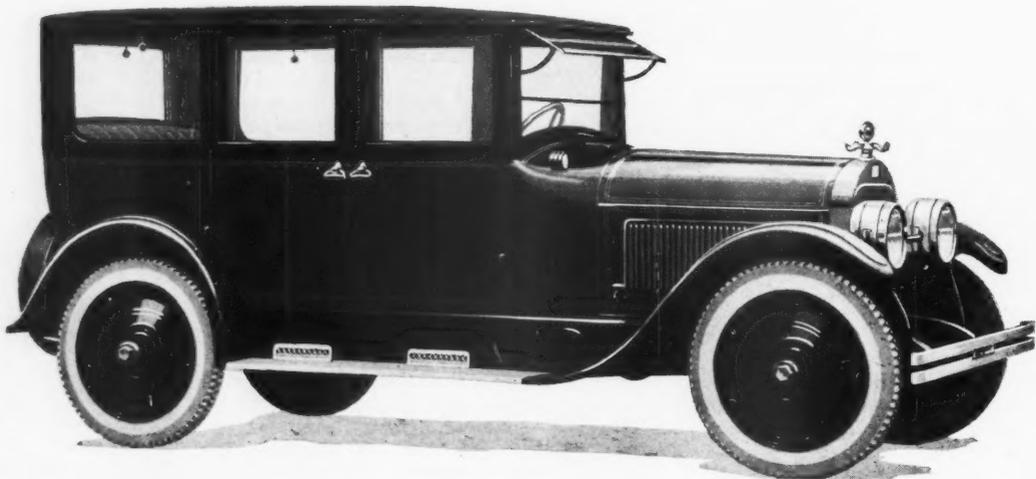


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Starting, Lighting and Ignition System

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DEJON ELECTRIC CORPORATION
Builders Ignition Technique
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The FLINT Six



Now You can have them for Your car

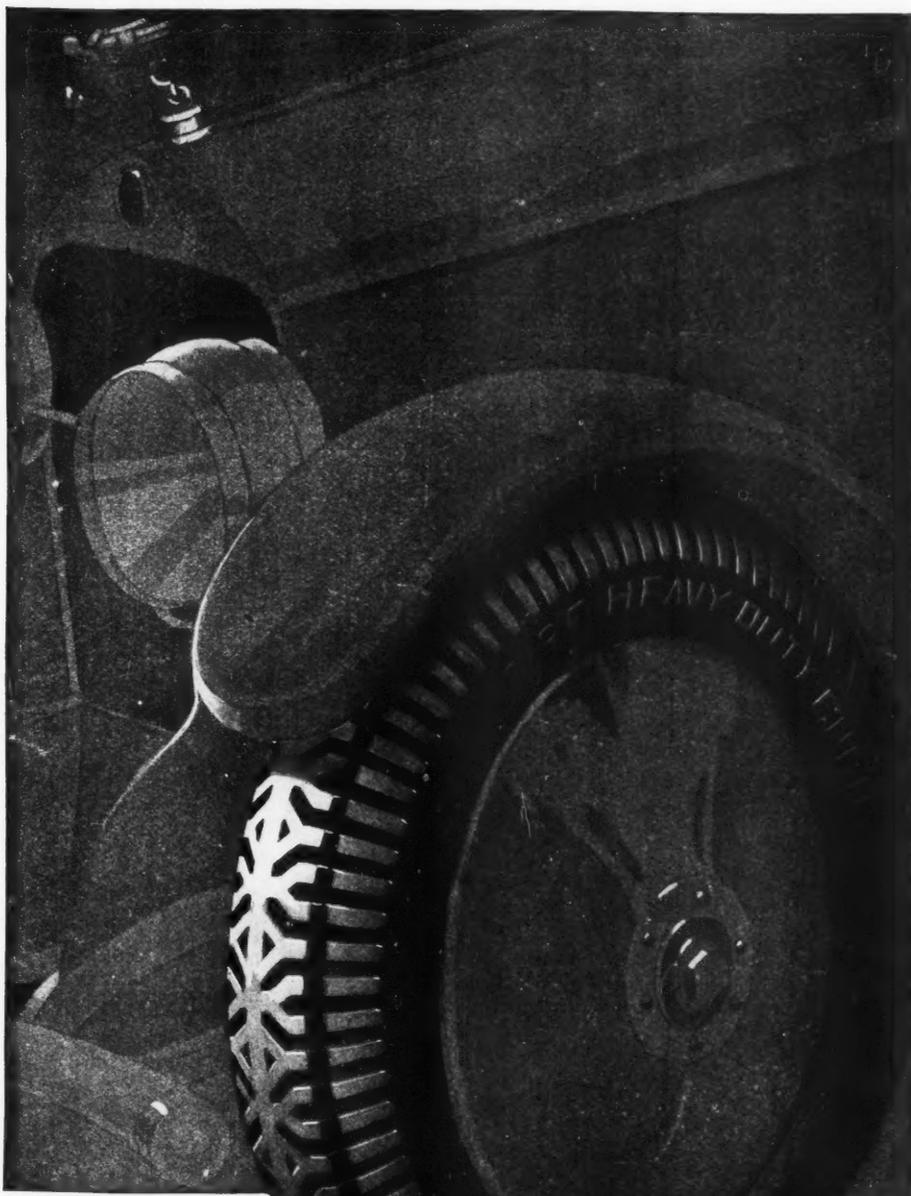
For two years these new tires have received the most severe of tests. Not on pleasure cars, for which they are intended, but on heavily-laden trucks. Over all manner of roads they have gone, through all sorts of weather and every one fulfilled our fondest expectations.

Now they are ready for you—for your limousine or heavier pleasure car. For the first time the weight of your car is no factor in reckoning tire mileage expected—and received.

For *Limousines* and Heavier Pleasure Cars

Fifty per cent. longer mileage. Many pounds heavier than other tires of corresponding sizes. Tread brought completely down sidewall to serve as extra reinforcement and prevent curb and rut tearing. Non-skid under the most severe conditions. A layer of live rubber between each ply to give greater resiliency.

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Elegance and comfort are realized in new hotel on Tampa Bay. 250 rooms with bath. American Plan. Soren Lund and Son, Owners; Frank S. Dodge, Mgr.



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The Sunshine City of Florida welcomes you with ideal climate, sports and amusements. The Mason, a resort hotel pre-eminent, in the center of the city, is a new, fireproof structure just completed. 250 outside rooms with bath. American Plan. Opening December 15th. Sherman Dennis, Mgr.

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You mustn't miss the Devil Dance of the Congo by Chief Savabona-Soni.

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Half the fun of going on a journey is in making the plans. But the fun's all spoiled if you have too much routine—too many trips to ticket windows, too many letters and wires to hotels, too many inquiries to make among friends who've taken the journey before. . . . And then besides, who guarantees the success of your efforts? . . . Nobody.

So the wise people work the thing out in their wise heads, and pile the routine on expert shoulders. They write to the Travel Man, who sends booklets, gives advice, gets tickets, makes hotel reservations . . . and you should see the letters they write him when they get home!

Ask the Travel Man yourself. He knows—well, pretty nearly everything

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Where winter is life

Winter is when Old Quebec lives. It is a glorious season — of downy-deep snow and crystal ice,—of blazing sun and bracing ozone. It is a gala season,—of snow-shoe clubs and festivals,—of thrilling sports and colorful dress. . . Now, America's sports set is also discovering Quebec's winter, and the winter club luxurious, Chateau Frontenac. A smart New World sports scene moves against the Old World background. . . Every day is a program of adventure. Snow-shoe tramps out to hospitable log cabins. Swiss bob-sledding parties. Dog-sled runs. Ski practice. Typical Quebec competitions. . . Every night is a dip into romance. Tobogganing down Dufferin Terrace slide. Skating under the stars. Sleighing through quaint Normandy rues. . . Every indoors moment is a joy. Your room has castled walls between its radiators and the drifting snow. Your bath is luxurious. Your restaurant is French-chef'd. You dance in a grand ballroom, lounge in baronial halls. . . In St. Moritz, no such club. In America, no such St. Moritz. . . Come any time till March 10. To be sure of a room in the new Great Tower, reserve at once. New York, 44th and Madison. Chicago, 140 So. Clark St. Or, write Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, Canada.

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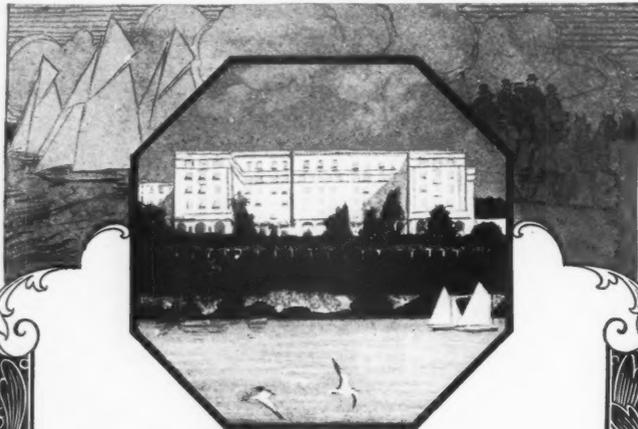
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Would you like to send a note to a friend by a tall black lady who'll put it on her head—and a stone on top of that for good measure? (She's used to carrying her whole shop on her head, in a tray.)

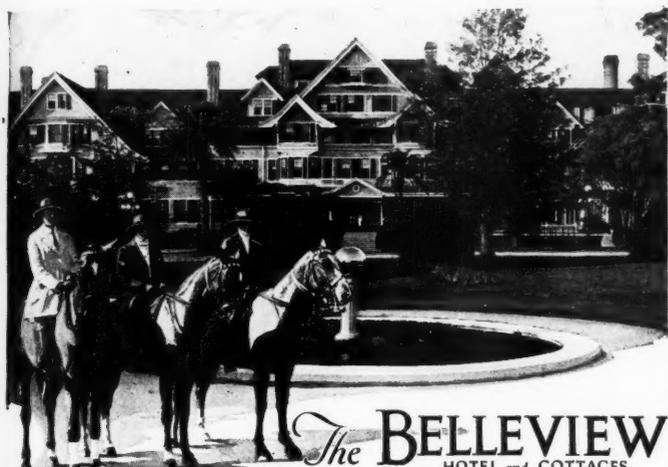
Would you like to play golf with Jock Hutchinson on a sporty course—two sporty courses—with the 10th Hole intact? (Um-m, would you?)

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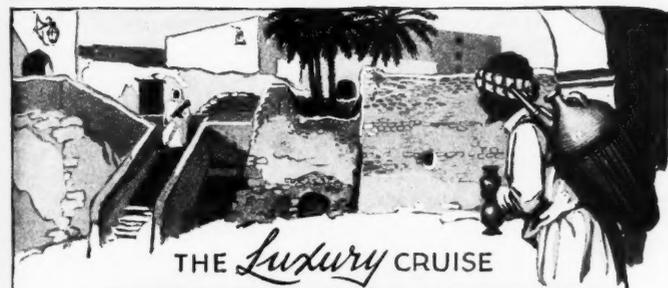


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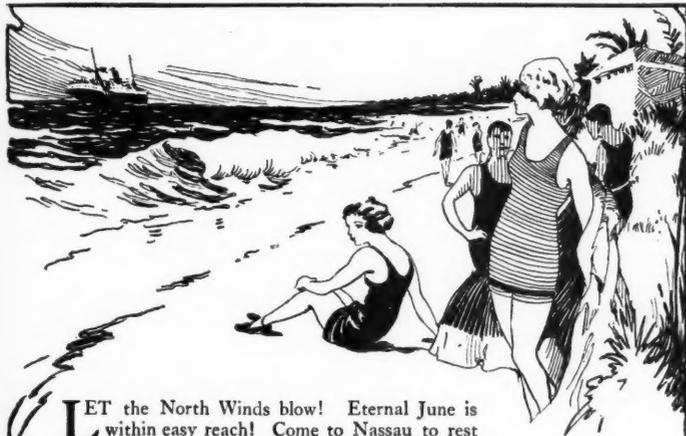
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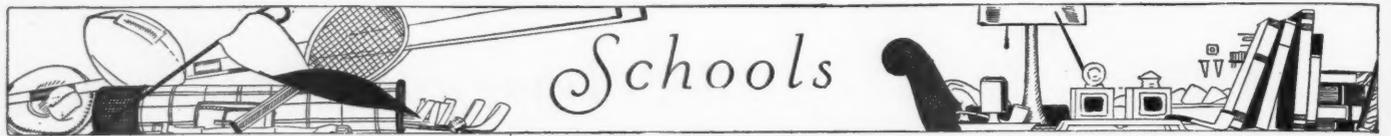
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IN VANITY FAIR



My Sphinx, Yvonne

The Surprising Confession of a New York Clubman and Bon Vivreur

THROUGH thin, concentric rings of azure vapor, the face of little Yvonne floats into my vision, sweet, unsubstantial, pretty with a fragile porcelain prettiness, shadowed upon the lips and cheeks with carmine. And, from the hedonistic depths of my cushioned armchair, I respire thanks more fragrant than cigar smoke before the shrine of this exquisite being, whose silent and selfless devotion has so greatly promoted my happiness during the past year.

Once at least in my life, perfection has stooped to me. As I muse on the many charms of Yvonne and the enchantment with which she has pervaded our *ménage*, the spontaneous tear of appreciation rises even in the slightly jaundiced eye of a bachelor of forty. This is confession, my friends, but who would not willingly confess a like bondage? Yes. There is a woman in my life—but ah, such a woman! There is none like her.

Une Vrai Parisienne

LOVELY little Yvonne! A Parisian, of course—for that speaks in every line of her slight, elegant figure, no less than in the delicious rose and parchment tints of her frocks and laces. What a genius she has, to be sure, for covering up the uglier, more material aspects of life—for casting the glamor of her own Dresden personality over modernity's grim coil of steel and wire! A Parisian, too, in her discretion, her tact, her quiet grace; but surely native of Heaven alone in her well-nigh superhuman ability to serve me in all things without jealousy, rancor, feminine vanity, or thought for herself.

Her shy, reticent beauty, the fascination of her nearness, have often aroused in me so great an impatience that, clasping her adorable waist, I have swept her off her feet with the fervor of my wooing. And yet how understandingly, in my abstracted moments, she has held aloof while the many calls upon a worldling's time demanded my attention!

Unprotesting, she has stood by, averting her delicate head demurely, while I have received ardent assurances of affection from other women. Even when I commanded a sapphire link bracelet for my cousin Belinda's birthday, Yvonne was all helpful silence and affectionate concern, as she waited smiling at my elbow until such time as I again elected to make her the center of my little world. Ah, what a treasure she is! How she has queened it here, amid the untidy muddle of my bachelor's rooms, symbol of all that brings order out of chaos, comfort out of confusion, fresh laundered

linen and perfumed coronas out of the void and fury of the December shops!

Though spending no time at all before the mirror, she has always contrived, furthermore, a perfection of toilette and a distinction of appearance that no hour of day or night has betrayed into disarray. No disillusionment as to the secrets of her delicate, evanescent beauty has ever confronted me in the gray and undeceiving dawn.



YVONNE

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Beloved Yvonne! I caress your slender hand, and wonder at the dainty immobility of those tinted lips, guarding so well the innumerable confidences shared between us. What mysteries these women are! Frail, fantastic, painted and frilled with transparent colors and fine needlework, and all the while hiding within their hearts the great electric lightnings, love and hunger and high finance and the subtler cravings of the sophisticated soul.

Yvonne conveys so much by a single gesture; never wearies or annoys by an interminable froth of chatter. Sometimes the voice of her soul speaks imperatively, but usually on matters of moment. She stands between me and the outer world with sublime patience, would fend off the callers that intrude to distress me; and some-

times, when I must set her aside perforce to meet their insistent claims, I long—as I answer inane question or return rapid inquiry—for only a touch of the imperturbable serenity and the tacit *savoir faire* which so suavely invest the mistress of my heart. It seems the office of my less spiritual associations to bring me eagerly back to her.

Her charming petticoat rule has been spread over the problems of my daily existence, shopping, social engagements, conclave with acquaintance and murmured discourse with dearer friend; all these have come within her province, and her scented touch upon my arm has often nerved me to success, or strengthened me to wisdom or drawn me back from folly.

And now, as the year of our delight dwindles to a close, let me drink your health, my china rose of ladies, in the most golden thimbleful of my cellar yet affords. Your health, sweet creature, and our long continued love!

The Secret Out

BUT first permit me, fair Yvonne, to lift you gently, oh, so gently, from the telephone which your skirts conceal. Ah, you know the number as well as I do, and the small flower of your face shines with anticipatory joy as I pronounce the mystic words. For how could a French doll, constructed to hide the stark reality of a telephone, bear the cold weariness of an American winter without the consolations of Art, Music, Literature, and the Social Graces—and how could I, a discriminating bachelor, survive without the latest news of Sport, the Drama, the Bridge Table and all the amenities?

Once more you are proven incomparable as my entrancingly feminine guide, philosopher and friend, in having so fittingly suggested to me a deeply pleasurable obligation I have incredibly overlooked.

Stand close, Yvonne, my idol, and lend the music of your little voice to mine, as I—"Hello! Vanderbilt 2400? Yes? Well, I desire a year's extension of the inordinate satisfaction I have taken in your sparkling monthly *résumé* of all the activities germane to a cultivated gentleman's existence, served with garnishings of the most coruscating and sprightly art and ebullitions of the subtlest wit and poetry. Thank you! Thank you, indeed!

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The Modern Girl—And Why She is Painted

Consideration of the Flapper, and the Revolutionary, Incurrible Young

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE feminization of the world is imminent. Yet the world does not appear to be growing any gentler, or to show any advance in what used to be known as the feminine virtues. Can it be that woman herself is losing them, and that her apparent victory over the world is really a victory for the male? In short, is she becoming more of a man, or less of a woman? No; not less of a woman, I think. She is too shrewd for that. But more of a man, perhaps. That is, she is aiming to combine, in herself, the dominating qualities of both sexes. And, to tell the truth, she seems, as the phrase is, to be getting away with it.

No one can fail to observe that her very efficient invasion of the sphere of those activities which used to be regarded as exclusively masculine, has coincided with a marked accentuation of herself in her own peculiar sphere of influence. The old-fashioned woman, reformed, began by scorning the lures and vanities of her sex; wore horrible trousers, and generally affected an unbecoming mannishness of dress and demeanor. Her modern sister makes no such mistake. On the contrary, never in history has woman so unblushingly capitalized the fascinations of her sex, nor made it more seductively clear to all the world that "male and female created He them".

Femininity Unspoiled

WHILE the modern woman drives a hard bargain with you in real estate, her deed box and her vanity box are side by side; and I have little doubt that Lady Astor powders her nose with equanimity in the House of Commons, as she faces the boorish insults of Laborite M.Ps. Woman, indeed, still keeps in her hands the immemorial cards of her own sex, and wants—and gets—the high cards of man, as well. Nothing will satisfy her but all the picture cards. It may be that she is thus evolving toward a more complete human being than either man or woman has ever been before.

A new sex! Who knows?

Meanwhile, let there be no mistake. Whether she sits on juries, attends prize fights, or fights in a Battalion of Death, she remains no less a woman than ever. Perhaps, indeed, her masculine disguises make her womanhood the more apparent. I don't mean merely that she remains the same good wife and mother. Nothing so prosaic—though

she may be that, too. But I mean that whatever other rôle she assumes, there is one traditional rôle she has not the smallest intention of foregoing: that of Circe, the eternal enchantress. She is never tired of letting you know that she is of the same sex as her famous sister, Cleopatra.

It is one of the many paradoxes of our paradoxical era that woman's new seriousness of purpose should be accompanied by so widespread an outburst of feminine vanity and luxury. The time is out of joint, say the philosophers; but the trouble with philosophers is that there has never been a time which they didn't find out of joint. There has never been a period in history when, according to them, the world was not going to the dogs. And, according to them, the blame has always been with the young people of the time.

The revolutionary, incurrible young!

Just now, it is the young women, in particular, who are under fire. The young men are not much better, but it is the young women of the day that are especially scandalizing the moralists. Their independence, their impatience of restraint, their pagan pursuit of pleasure, their craving for excitement, their absorption in their looks and their clothes, their determination to be beautiful, and let who will be humdrum. These characteristics of the modern girl (from fifteen to fifty) are causing much disquietude, much shaking of serious heads.

Recently, the suffragist was the awful feminine example. But the suffragist's work is done; and she has been succeeded by the flapper. Flapperism in all its forms is the menace of the hour. "Perfectly awful" stories are current about the flapper, and it is only a brave soul here and there who has a good word to say for her. The actual facts about her cannot properly be known to persons of philosophic age. Probably the young man with whom she orgies and drinks deep (so it is said) are the only reliable authorities on her psychology, and these young men are not interested in her psychology at all. As says a dramatist of Charles II's time—another great age of flapperdom—"Women, the rogues, have got an ill habit of preferring beauty, no matter where they find it." It is not a new pursuit, this "curiosity, and the desire of beauty".

And who is going to blame them? After all,

man's great concern with woman is her beauty; and, that being so, it is only natural that her beauty should be woman's great concern also. The young man of the period must be the best judge of the young woman of the period. If she seems good—that is, beautiful—in his eyes, what has anyone else to say about it? Whatever older heads have to advance by way of criticism, must be shared by the young of both sexes; for now, as always, they valiantly aid and abet each other.

But, as a matter of fact, it will not do, it is not fair, to blame the young for the flapperism of the times. These young sons and daughters of joy are but reaping the harvest—the whirlwind, if you like—sown by their immediate elders of twenty and thirty years ago. They are the children of that materialistic science, that gospel of pleasure and artifice, that philosophy of go-as-you-please, and gather-ye-roses-while-you-may, which began their instructive and destructive work towards the end of the last century, finding in Verlaine, Oscar Wilde, Aubrey Beardsley and Bernard Shaw their seductively brilliant and amusing exponents.

The Historiology of Flapperism

THE foundations of Victorian morality, or at least propriety, had been already sapped by grave biologists and one grim philosopher, Nietzsche, who, for the time at least, had seemed to rob religion and conventional ethics of their authority; though, as we are already coming to see, they were only superficially destructive, and were but clearing the ground for that deeper and sincerer expression of man's spiritual instincts which, beneath all our temporary cynicism and disillusion, is already under way.

Meanwhile, we are in the thick of a carnival of the released human instincts, disporting themselves in unrestrained protest against the hypocrisy and humdrum of Victorian conventions. Maybe the pendulum is swinging far, but a new equilibrium is in sight; and, meanwhile, though we may regret certain phenomena of the change, the transition presents no cause for serious disquiet, and the phenomena are at least picturesque and full of dramatic significance.

Perhaps, for the moment, no one has any fixed belief in anything in particular, except that life is short and that, as the phrase is,

we only live once. Therefore, the young seem bent in squeezing as much out of their short lives as possible, getting rich quick, speeding up their sensations, dancing, feasting, dressing, exploiting themselves and their opportunities to the selfish limit, and generally jazzing their brief space of existence. It can not and will not last.

But there is nothing unnatural about it, given all the circumstances; among which, I suppose, must be counted that Great War, without which no moral argument is now complete, though that war itself was rather an effect than a cause. In this universal carnival, woman is naturally a leading figure, for she is at once the source and symbol of Pleasure—with a capital P. Unless she joins the dance—there is no dance!

Besides, during the Victorian era, she served an unusually long bondage to the domestic virtues. Shall we blame her if, seeing her opportunity, she takes her fling for a while and gives rein to the decorative and histrionic impulses of her nature? She is but applying the lessons of those eighteen-ninety poets and artists who emphasized beauty as the whole duty of woman. "There are only two kinds of women—the plain and the colored", said Oscar Wilde in *A Woman of No Importance*; and the modern woman took that and other such worldly wisdom from the same source so eagerly to heart that, were he alive, Wilde would have delightedly to amend his epigram and say that nowadays there is only one kind of woman—the colored. For who will deny that the plain woman has completely and mysteriously disappeared?

Yes! The world was never so full of beautiful women as it is now. At all events, woman has succeeded in making us think so: and there is no question that the average of feminine beauty is startlingly high. The reason, aside from the part that athletics and hygienic clothing have played in her recent physical development, is that never before have so many women at once set their minds on being beautiful. And this beauty is largely a creation of literature. It bears out the truth of another of Wilde's creative epigrams: "Nature imitates art, more than art imitates nature."

For the last twenty or thirty years, writers and artists generally have waged a campaign of what one might call romantic artifice applied to life. Woman has been encouraged in every direction to cultivate her beauty and to dramatize herself; to emphasize her strangeness and heighten her natural sorcery. The influence of Aubrey Beardsley alone has been incalculable, and the teachings of such artists

and writers have been taken up by an army of imaginative modistes, professional creators of fashions, practitioners of all the various arts concerned with the beauty of woman (manufacturers of all delicate feminine commodities employed in such arts), and all these have been exploited by a vast system of skilful, creative advertising which has become an art in itself. Catering upon a regal scale to feminine vanity has proven a lucrative and pleasant occupation.

The world of business has seen the immense profit to be made by appealing to the vanity of woman, and has deliberately capitalized it. Arts of the toilet, therefore, that had

placed within the reach of every girl who can read the popular magazines, or even the illustrated newspapers.

There is not a woman now left in America who is not a professional beauty, or encouraged so to regard herself. Thus the powder-puff and the lip-stick are as common, perhaps even commoner, than tooth-brushes. Beauty has become democratized; and pulchritude for the proletariat is the latest extension of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. As a result, our streets, our offices and shops, even our factories, are peopled with pocket Cleopatras. Miniature Mona Lisas and half-portion Helens of Troy are a drug on the market. Every city, even every village, has become a theatrical production, in which all the women we meet are leading ladies.

The world behind the scenes, once so mysterious, is no longer a mystery at all, for every block is a dressing room, with beauties making-up at every step. The whole earth has gone on masquerade. Every little feminine creature we meet is absorbed in a dream of herself. For the moment she may be a stenographer, or a saleslady; but, in her heart, she is a beautiful and romantic being on the lookout for a luxurious destiny, a princess in disguise, who but hides her light.

The moralist may shake his head; but for the more human observer of these little figures, these really surprisingly successful imitation beauties, these myriad-doll-like copies of illustrious originals, are not without pathos: and the heart must be hard that begrudges them their poor, little dream. After all, they but express the eternal human need of romance. The gospel of work is all very well, but man lives not by work alone, any more than by bread. We all need a little spiced cake in our lives. And no one who honestly faces the truth about modern work, the kind of work these millions of girls are driven to do, can set it up as an interest in which they can, or ought, to find the joyous satisfaction so volubly preached by those who haven't it to do. What wonder that they set their hopes on some silly movie paradise, spend their money on clinging clothes, and are feverish for such dancing and

such jazz as is within their reach? What wonder if they long to be beautiful; if they take refuge in some sort of dream life, centering in their own looks and tempting charms? What wonder if they see themselves as Cleopatras in miniature, whom an Anthony will seek?

But beauty is, in a way, only an aristocratic expression of nature: it must be born of long and fine processes; and it is to be

(Continued on page 94)



THE PERFECTED EVE OF TODAY

The modern girl, as she emerges from the ministrations of her modiste and her coiffeur, remains in her most endearing characteristic a woman—the Eve of old, made perfect and intricate by modern variations of the ancient arts of enhancing beauty, but employing in the last appeal precisely those elements of charm and seductiveness that the First Woman used to bring the First Man a slave to her youthful feet

previously been employed only by great ladies, ladies of the theatrical profession and professional beauties generally, have now been

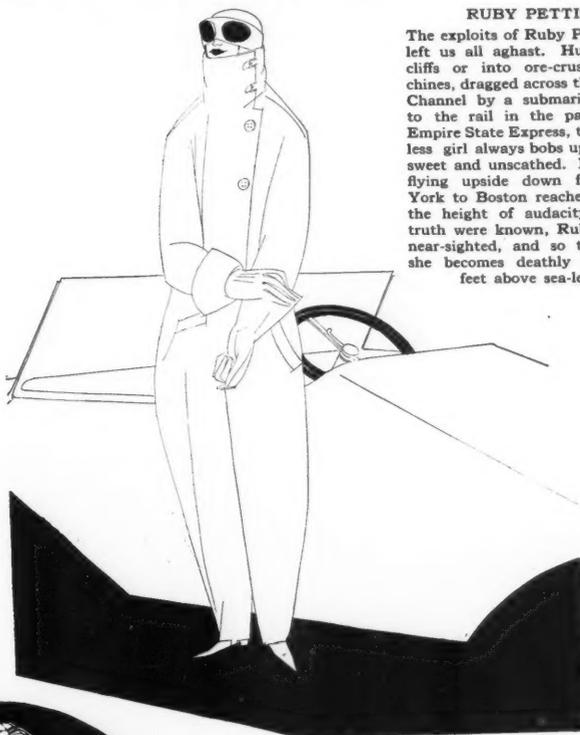
MONA LABELLE

Judged by her screen work, all the wickedness of the world is compacted in the lithe form on our right. According to her publicity agent, Mona has not one evil eye, but two of them. To know her is to invite disaster. Business ventures in which she becomes interested crumble in ruins. Her father has committed suicide, and her mother—ah, what can we say of her mother? As a matter of fact she lives with her daughter Monda, whose real name is Agnes Gilfoyle, and whose life has been just one gold star after another



RUBY PETTIT

The exploits of Ruby Pettit have left us all aghast. Hurling from cliffs or into ore-crushing machines, dragged across the English Channel by a submarine, lashed to the rail in the path of the Empire State Express, this dauntless girl always bobs up serenely, sweet and unscathed. Her feat of flying upside down from New York to Boston reached literally the height of audacity. If the truth were known, Ruby is very near-sighted, and so timid that she becomes deathly ill at ten feet above sea-level



PATIENCE LUSK

The pathetic figure of Patience Lusk, the screen slavey, is an absolute reflection of what we are told her real life has been—a life of drudgery, self-sacrifice and toil for others. She it was who every day for twelve years carried her father's lunch to the factory, hurrying home to play Little Mother to the seven motherless tots whom she had left moored in the front yard. N. B. Her father was the richest brewer in Milwaukee and left her a very cool million.

HELENE HAMMOND

When a director has an ultra-smart society rôle to fill, he immediately hunts for Helene Hammond, knowing that she is, in vulgar parlance, "the Goods". Miss Hammond bears no resemblance to the ridiculous person usually employed in movie society scenes. Everyone in the audience recognizes her at once as one of those inner-circle heiresses who has run away from Farmington and gone into the movies, just for a lark. You can tell it by the way she powders her nose. Entre nous, her Pa used to run a laundry in Cohoes, until Helene suppressed it and sent the old man out West to live it down



Sketches by BENITO

ANGELA ADAMS

All the girls at boarding school have pictures of Angela Adams on their dressing tables. And why not? say we, for is she not the personification of girlish innocence and charm? Angela, it is said, still sleeps with the rag doll which was given her on her third birthday; and when she looks at you out of those great, blue eyes of hers, you just long to pick her up and love her as if she were your own little girl. Better not, though, for if you are a student of past performances, you may remember that Angela—well, we will only say that she is all that the lady illustrated in our first picture is generally accused of being



The More Familiar Feminine Figures of the Screen World

Inside Information, Showing Us that Stars are Seldom What They Screen

"The Most Disgraceful Thing I Ever Did"

Vanity Fair's Literary Guessing Contest: The Prize Awards, and Some Reflections Thereon

By THE OFFICIAL SECRETARY

AT five P.M. on November 1st, 1923, the great, bronze doors of the Council-room closed with a clang, imprisoning Messrs. Heywood Broun, Charles Hanson Towne and George S. Chappell, together with twelve bales of guesses submitted by competitors in the prize contest inaugurated in the October number of *Vanity Fair*.

From the number of manuscripts received up to the closing hour, it would appear that every citizen of the United States, between the ages of nine and ninety, had given this contest his or her consideration. However, lest there be a few who do not recall its exact nature, we reprint certain details.

The original preamble to the contest states that its purpose is "to test the discernment of *Vanity Fair's* readers", proceeding further to say, "*Vanity Fair* believes that 'the style is the man', and that any intelligent reader, if he has a general acquaintance with the average work of a certain writer, should be able, by means of this style, to identify any given article by him. In other words, he should be able to tell the authors of certain of the articles which appear in each issue of *Vanity Fair*, even if no signatures were to accompany them.

"Upon this supposition, we recently requested twenty of our contributors to write for us a brief article, confessing, with unblushing frankness, *The Most Disgraceful Thing They Ever Did*. Ten of the authors—all of them distinctive stylists—accepted our offer of confessional; the other ten, for some mysterious reason, preferred to let their dreadful crimes rankle in silence in their souls."

There, in a nutshell, is the character of the competition. The names of the twenty invited stylists follow, in the original order:

P. G. Wodehouse	G. K. Chesterton
Joseph Hergesheimer	Hendrik Van Loon
Sherwood Anderson	George Jean Nathan
Thomas Burke	Walter Lippmann
Stephen Leacock	F. Scott Fitzgerald
Hugh Walpole	H. L. Mencken
A. A. Milne	James Branch Cabell
St. John Ervine	Aldous Huxley
Philip Guedalla	Heywood Broun
Arthur Symons	Clive Bell

Twenty Superior Stylists—Twenty. Count them. Of these, remember, ten accepted. And now for the prize winners!

The Awards

THREE cash prizes of \$100, \$50, and \$25 were an important part of the program. The winners of these prizes are:

First, Hoyt H. Hudson, 321 Park Ave., Swarthmore, Pa.

Second, Edward J. White, 7124 Cresheim Road, Phila., Pa.

Third, Alice S. Smith, Wellesley, Mass.

The Treasurer assures us that checks will be mailed these contestants in time to be thoroughly spent during the Holidays.

It was not easy for the judges to decide among the three leaders, for the reason that each guessed correctly the same number of authors, namely eight. This is an amazing performance, reflecting great credit upon the successful trio. In the face of this numerical tie, the jury resorted to a close analysis of the

form of the critique, its literary quality, succinctness, wit and wisdom.

Mr. Hudson's report was the most concise of the three leaders, and was marked by a clever indirectness in many of his ascriptions. His method was to give the author's name, with a few characteristic words; such as,

"No. 5. Thomas Burke . . . 'beautiful girl-children . . . tumbled love . . . the blue note of bells . . .'"

"No. 10. Arthur Symons . . . 'a kind of Phraxanor . . . erotic . . . immorality . . . infernal . . . poisonous . . .'"

These words, be it understood, are taken from the text of the particular confession made by the author. How clearly they strike out the image of a personality, that elusive vision which lies in the magic of words! Mr. Hudson distills the author for us, and gives us his essence in a vial. We are not sure that he has not suggested a valuable form of literary criticism.

The Second Champion and the Sybil

MR. WHITE, who walked off with Second Money, also presented an interesting script, in which he justified his choices by quotations from previous *Vanity Fair* articles and from books by the designated stylists. His selections are richly characteristic and entertaining. He says, for instance, of No. 1, Aldous Huxley, that his contribution, *The Scandal of the Anthology*, has the wittiness of: "One of the Foolish Virgins, evidently; but not, perhaps, quite so foolish as the parable would have us suppose. She looks appealingly at Mr. Jonas: Benevolently gallant, flattered in his middle-aged vanity, he responds to the appeal. They go out together under the one protecting umbrella. The old beggar woman, standing sodden in the gutter, holds out her damp match boxes. Mr. Jonas shakes his head. 'I have already given', he explains. 'From my window . . .'"

This is a delicious morsel, with the true Huxley taste. The flavor lasts.

Again, Mr. White puts an anerring finger on a characteristic when he says of No. 9, George Jean Nathan, that *It Can Never Be Told* has the elaborateness of:

"Although the Piccoli has always been conscious of the absurdity of presenting the marionettes in any but an approximately absurd manner, although it has ever astutely presented them as puppets with strings always, and hands occasionally, showing—although, further, it has sagaciously emphasized the toy quality above everything—the local wise men have criticized as faults these very things that are, and ever have been recognized as the Piccoli's greatest merits."

There is a sentence for you! And there, wrapped up in it, is the Nathan sting and humor. Mr. White, from his apt quotations, qualifies as the Perfect Reader of *Vanity Fair*, and gets a gold star for neatness as well, his manuscript being a model in that respect. For this latter quality, the judges interrupt to give him a vote of gratitude.

One third prize winner, Miss Alice Smith, brings an engaging freshness of expression to aid and abet her excellent judgment. She immediately detects the sly Huxley, for the charmingly direct reason "that it just sort of

sounds like him". She is the only one of the victorious triumvirate to get too on No. 2, F. Scott Fitzgerald, whom she chides mildly by saying, "Fitzgerald has a deplorable tendency to mock religion. Then, too, 'pious swoon' is the sort of phrase that is strewn through Fitzgerald's books by the bushel. The incident related in *Vanity Fair* is not, however, his most disgraceful act. To my mind, making popular the word 'flapper' was a lot worse."

Miss Smith stands in no awe of Thomas Burke, who, in her judgment, "is one of those authors who put a lot of words into their stuff because they like them, rather than to convey any definite idea. And, then, he is inordinately fond of writing about alleys!" As for G. K. Chesterton, "The boisterous Catholicism, of course, proves it". All this is excellent criticism, fearless, keen and witty. We cheerfully recommend Miss Smith as a book reviewer. Perhaps she is one.

None of the leaders guessed No. 8, Joseph Hergesheimer, correctly; Miss Smith and Mr. Hudson ascribing this confession to Clive Bell, while Mr. White judged Hugh Walpole to be the guilty party. Evidently, by their sins ye shall not always know them.

Now, for the benefit of all contestants we will print the correct list in its proper order.

1. *The Scandal of the Anthology*,
Aldous Huxley
2. *The Invasion of the Sanctuary*,
F. Scott Fitzgerald
3. *The Episode of the Bean Shooter*,
Heywood Broun
4. *An Atrocity Uncommitted*,
St. John Ervine
5. *The Girl in the Alley*,
Thomas Burke
6. *Larceny among Lecturers*,
Stephen Leacock
7. *The Priggish Prize Poem*,
G. K. Chesterton
8. *Infamy and Deception in Venice*,
Joseph Hergesheimer
9. *"It Never Can Be Told"*,
George Jean Nathan
10. *The Seven Sins That Weren't Sinned*,
Arthur Symons

How easy and obvious they seem, like the conjurer's tricks after he has explained them. Every one in the audience thinks he could do them. But the judges are unanimous in feeling that a record of 80 per cent, under the conditions of the contest, with a field of twenty entries, is nothing short of amazing. Their congratulations are bestowed in large measure on the victorious trio. Pennsylvania proves the banner state, and the Eastern Seaboard reigns supreme. But these are by no means the only contestants whose prowess, and ingenuity and discrimination we must congratulate.

Among the also-rans who deserve special and honorable mention is Floyd Dell. For over a month he led the field with seven correct answers. His comments are illuminating: e.g., "No. 2, *The Invasion of the Sanctuary*. Fatigued flappers, Mrs. T. T. Conquaine, wife of the flour king and *epater les bourgeois*—why, Scott Fitzgerald, to be sure! (though the the over-shoes do seem a bit more like Hendrik Van Loon!)" Thus far excellently guessed.

(Continued on page 102)

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ARNOLD GENTHE

Margaret Severn: A Modern Nereid

The Young American Dancer, Who has Lately been Making Lovely Our Southern Sands



NICKOLAS MURAY

MIRIAM ELIAS

Chief spirit of the Habima, of Moscow, the only Hebrew Art Theater in the world. Her first American appearance brought a new dramatic genius to our stage



RAQUEL MELLER

Who has, within the last four years, become famous throughout Europe as a singer and diseuse. She is scheduled to make her debut in America in a musical revue, to be produced for her by the Selwyns



APERS, PARIS

MISTINGUETT

Probably the most popular musical comedy actress of Paris, whose celebrated feet and ankles add to the glamor of the Schubert Winter Garden revue



MAURICE GOLDBERG

MABEL TERRY-LEWIS

This British actress, a niece of Ellen Terry, is appearing with Cyril Maude, as the indomitable Lady Frinton in "Aren't We All", the new comedy by Frederick Lonsdale



CURTIS BELL

LADY MARTIN-HARVEY

Wife of the distinguished British actor, Sir John Martin-Harvey. She appeared with him in New York late this fall



ELEONORA DUSE

The most distinguished dramatic figure of our time, who has recently completed a prodigiously successful repertory engagement in New York



STICHEN

ALICE DELYSIA

Who is appearing as Madame de Pompadour in an engaging interlude in "Topics of 1923", a new musical revue by Harry Wagstaff Gribble and Harold Atteridge



EDWARD THAYER MONROE

MITZI HAJOS

The diminutive Hungarian star, who sings, dances, and plays a hand organ in an altogether enchanting manner in her current musical success, "The Magic Ring"



MARCIA STEIN

OLGA KNIPPER-CHEKOVA

An accomplished actress and the widow of Anton Chekov, who is again appearing this season with the Moscow Art Theater. Her principle rôles are in her husband's plays, "The Cherry Orchard", "Ivanov" and "The Three Sisters", and in Goldoni's comedy, "The Mistress of the Inn"



STICHEN

IRENE BORDONI

This exceedingly popular Parisian actress is appearing with tremendous success in "Little Miss Bluebeard", in which she sings a few songs in her usual delectable fashion

Distinguished Foreign Actresses Appearing in New York

Five European Countries Have Contributed to the Variety and Interest of the Present Theatrical Season



WINIFRED
LENIHAN

A talented young actress, who is appearing with Jacob Ben Ami in the Theatre Guild's production of Lenormand's tragedy of stage life, "The Failures". Miss Lenihan will appear as Joan of Arc in the Guild's forthcoming production of "Saint Joan", Bernard Shaw's newest play.

A STEICHEN PORTRAIT

Re-enter, the Prince and the Princess

The Chronicle of a Season in Which the "Won't-You-Sit-Downs" are Spoken of Thrones

By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

ONE begins to wonder if our latter-day playwrights are not regaining a lost interest in royalties. Time was, of course, when any serious play was more likely than not to tell sad tales of the death of kings. A tragedy, to be a tragedy, had to deal with the rise and fall of princes. Latterly, the theater has shown greater concern with charwomen, pickpockets, shabby clerks and wistful bus conductors—their joys and their sorrows, their loves and their wives. But this season, at least, our theater is agleam once more with the pomp and circumstance of sovereigns. Queens and kings acknowledge graciously each night the plaudits of the enraptured suburbanites, and the children who scamper across the stage are little princes and little princesses.

Just as in the days when the favorites among all characters were those two frightened heirs apparent whom an unamiable and unavuncular uncle wanted choked in the Tower—the days, by the way, when, according to the old programs, it was hardly the thing to present such scenes without the notation

The Duke of York . . . Miss Minnie Madern—so, now, our stage is aflutter with small princelings in trouble.

But their pangs are modern and mild. Their only acute suffering, in one of the new plays, comes when they must watch their tutor writhing in the necessary tact of his embarrassing duty to instruct royalty about so agitating a character as Napoleon. And in another, the royal youngsters undergo no greater woe than that involved in a formidable and chaperoned lesson in bridge. Of course, the royal Bertie, whom all folk of just the

right age still think of as the Prince of Wales, is, in still another comedy, obliged to confess to his lamentably Victorian mother that he's had dishonorable mention; that he has, in fact, been dragged by his royal heels into the common divorce court.

The Royalties Among Us

OF such stuff then, are the new plays made—*The Swan*, *The Royal Fandango* and *Queen Victoria*. The first is the exquisite work of that same Hungarian who gave us *Liliom* and, long ago, a fine, penetrating, rueful comedy called *The Phantom Rival*. Quite the nicest thing that has been said about *The Swan* was Marc Connelly's observation that it might have been written by our own Zoe Akins—which sagacious utterance, of course, was also one of the nicest things ever said about Miss Akins.

One of the less complimentary things that must be said about her, however, was that, whereas she might have written *The Swan*, she most certainly did write *The Royal Fandango*. This was a somewhat too shaky and undernourished little comedy which, for all its darts and flashes of delicate gayety, seemed no great shakes when it came to town in November, with Ethel Barrymore most fascinating as the scatterbrained Princess Amelia, engaged in sowing a royal wild oat.

Both Miss Akins and the Olympian Molnar look on their little kings and queens with ironic and tolerant amusement, not unmixed with a certain wistfulness in Miss Akins's case—wistfulness and a real relish. For she is one of the children of the world for whom all plays must have something of a child's won-

der in charades, a quality this play possesses.

Affection, amusement, respect—these emotions struggle for the mastery of David Carb and Walter Prichard Eaton, the two Americans who have written *Queen Victoria*. One imagines them setting forth sternly to write a chronicle play of the Widow of Windsor—the funny, fussy, fearfully domestic little body whom life, in its most prankish mood, made sovereign of an incredible empire. And, as Mr. Strachey might have warned them, their task became complicated by an untoward circumstance. Bless them, they fell in love with their heroine!

They must have argued that, since an Englishman had ventured to dramatize Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee, it was the least two Americans could do to make a play of Queen Victoria. And in such dramatizations of history far from home, there is a certain precautionary value. Just as Louis Parker's *Disraeli* ran for three years to prodigious receipts in this country, but rather timidly evaded the danger of facing a London audience, so it may well be that the procession of Gladstone, Melrose, Palmerston, Disraeli, Prince Albert and the like through the scenes of the new play in Forty-eighth Street would be less convincing to Mr. Walkley and Mr. Squire than to the enraptured Mr. Broun and myself. It will be recalled that, in an essay by which he sought to instruct the Germans of 1914 in the art of mendacious propaganda, Mr. Chesterton pointed out to them that they should be careful to tell their whoppers only to those who did not know the truth. In his patient way, he assured them that they might tell the Eskimo

(Continued on page 96)

Ambassador Harvey: A Thicker-Than-Water-Color

A Thumb-Nail Portrait, Sketched Soon After Mr. George Harvey's Departure from London

By PHILIP GUEDALLA

It was sufficient that the representative of his country should be pre-eminent, accomplished, witty and kind; and that, much addicted to cigars, he should usually be accessible at about six o'clock.

THE SENSE OF THE PAST

I

ALL nations get the ambassadors that they deserve. The distinguished gentlemen, who serve them abroad in the high dignity of these elevated positions, serve them right.

And yet, it is not always easy to believe this justness of events. Frequenters of palaces are sometimes startled by a strange disparity between the diplomats and the countries which they represent. One may test it on those summer evenings, when the King of England holds his Court and the charming ladies of an associated power shorten the lives of hunted Second Secretaries with the necessary arrangements for their obeisance to an alien despot. Outside, by the pale light of a London sunset, obliging policemen, with all their medals on, dislocate the traffic in the Mall for the convenience of their sovereign's guests. Somewhere beyond, an exquisite company lightly treads dynastic carpets behind the drawn blinds of the palace—heads high (to keep their feathers straight), eyes front (to check the rising terror of scarlet liveries and knee-breeches aligned along their path.)

There is a riot of precedence, an orgy of deportment. But the *clou* of the whole charade is the diplomatic circle. By far the most amusing guests at Court are the ambassadors. These brightly tailored gentlemen are cast to play the parts of entire nations. They peer about politely above vivid explosions of gold lace and represent large populations in foreign countries. That is when one begins to wonder whether all nations quite deserve the ambassadors that they get.

France, in this elegant game, is an amiable Count, who but rarely wears a cap of liberty. Spain is a slim gentleman with quite an intelligent interest in modern art. Italy, whom one might have expected to make his entry in a smother of black, symbolical haberdashery behind the pounding drums of operatic reaction, really looks quite manageable. It is not always easy, as one looks round the Circle, to reconcile these figures with the parts which they have to play. Mild-eyed gentlemen in glasses represent fierce little populations; and stern, military figures embody rather oddly the sedate ideals of steady, commercial races.

It was in this diplomatic scene, that the exacting part of those United States was played, for three long years, by Colonel George Harvey.

II

ENGLAND, which is annually reminded upon the anniversary of Trafalgar that she expects that every man will do his duty, expects a great deal of the American Ambassador. Other diplomats are free to play their parts according to their tastes. Indeed, few people pay the slightest attention to their admirable performances. They open the right number of exhibitions of their national art; they advert, in appropriate language, to the peculiar ties (*liens indestructibles*) which have

always united their country to Great Britain; they sit, with the requisite expression of gravity, in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons, when matters relating to their fatherland are under discussion. But no one really cares a bit.

How much more eminent is the destiny of their American colleague. He plays his part on a higher and more lighted stage. This happy diplomat enjoys a strange prominence in the public view; and one is sometimes, quite respectfully, tempted to wonder why. Perhaps he owes it to the vivid contrast of his garish uniform with the modest gold lace of his official colleagues. The flamboyant blackness of that coat, the blinding iridescence of that evening shirt lend him a magnificence that is almost Oriental, as he crosses the subdued background of the Quaker-like scene of diplomatic life. He is bound to be noticed anywhere. Even the waiters, in such circles as ambassadors frequent, are dressed with a more modest gaudiness than he.

Another element combines to render him strangely conspicuous in the diplomatic corps. His language, when he says something in public, can be understood. His hearers cheer, and even laugh, in the right places. He does not speak in that broken English, which is the language of diplomacy; and reporters are in a position to misrepresent him almost as though he were a native statesman. It is nothing that his idioms are misunderstood; it is less than nothing that the point of his raciest, most republican anecdote is always exquisitely missed. The proud fact remains that, while sub-editors relegate all foreign diplomats to the Court Circular, the American Ambassador is News—sometimes good News, and sometimes. . . .

IT is a lofty calling; and young aspirants may be assumed to land at Liverpool with a high sense of its distinction. But, unhappily perhaps, convention rarely permit them to play the part according to their private tastes. Certain gestures are prescribed by ritual. There is a strict tradition to which all performers are expected to conform; and their personal characteristics are submerged in the careful presentation of this conventional figure. The bright young actress who attempts to introduce new business into *Phèdre* at the Français, meets with a sharp rebuff. So, one imagines, would any enterprising diplomat who was caught tampering with the traditional part of American Ambassador to the Court of St. James'. But they never do.

This figure, proud result of a hundred years of peace and the long frontier where teeming populations . . . without a soldier or a gun . . . by the calm waters of gigantic Lakes . . . in amity side by side—this strange totem of Anglo-American friendship is expected, as his principal occupation, to make speeches after dinner. He is expected to make them with fluency and rather wittily, and to follow certain recognized openings.

For the majority of his public utterances, he will find it sufficient to allude, in a semi-religious tone, to the larger (that is to say, the more deceased) figures of that literature which is shared (and equally neglected) by his

countrymen and King George's. He will find that meaningless expression, "glorious heritage", of infinite value. If his chairman mentions Bunyan, the Ambassador is expected to double and play Milton. He may even, in moments of deep emotion, touch on Shakespeare and Edmund Burke; but, in general, it is undesirable that he should confess awareness of any author subsequent in date to the Declaration of Independence.

SPEECHES of this simple pattern will carry him a good way towards success. But upon some occasions he will change his note and tread, with grave deliberation, upon his hearers' toes in the familiar character of the Candid Friend. This type of speech enjoys the wildest popularity in England, because it serves to remind opinion that the American Ambassador is no mere foreign diplomat. If he is rude enough, it becomes apparent to a delighted populace that he is, he must surely be, a blood-relation. That is when he achieves his most cherished effects; and connoisseurs compare Ambassadors according to their handling of this familiar gambit. At his best he treats it with a simplicity, a bluntness, which are "delightfully American"—as that term was understood in London half a century ago. By such arts as these, the American Ambassador of the day ministers to that complete misunderstanding, which is the sole safeguard against war.

Mr. Harvey embarked on this strange calling with certain radical advantages. He had a lively wit. His oculist had taken steps to render him easily identifiable, in any company, with his great country. And he was without previous experience in diplomacy. The last recommendation appears to have become quite indispensable for all diplomatic appointments made between the British and American peoples. A vacancy sets the authorities wondering what bright, middle-aged lad can thereby be given a start in a new career as British Ambassador at Washington or American Ambassador in London. It is a brave experiment. But perhaps a hundred years of peace have justified it: a real diplomatist would probably have started a war out of a strict sense of professional duty.

III

LITTLE was known of Mr. Harvey when he landed. Literary men (a limited and penurious class, of no political significance) were inclined at first to attach a slightly sinister meaning to the strange fact that two out of the last three American Ambassadors had been publishers. But this was quickly recognized as a sly national repartee to the persistent unofficial embassies of English authors in America. If England was habitually represented on the lecture platform by men who write books, it was felt to be only fitting that the United States should be officially embodied in one of those more useful members of society who positively sell them. So there was no obstacle to success in Mr. Harvey's distinguished calling. A corporation lawyer might, perhaps, have been more strictly in accordance with tradition. But a publisher was well

(Continued on page 84)



IVAN MOSKVIN, AS CAPTAIN SNEGIRYOV
Moskvina, one of the outstanding actors in the Moscow Art Theater, is here seen as the discharged army officer in "The Brothers Karamazov". This sketch by Boris Grigoriev, together with the others on this page, is now to be seen at the New Gallery



CONSTANTINE STANISLAVSKY, AS SATIN
The master spirit of the Moscow Art Theater, and one of its best performers



BORIS GRIGORIEV
A self-portrait, on exhibition at the New Gallery, by the celebrated Russian painter, who is now in New York



LYDYA KORENIEVA, AS LISA
For sheer pathological suggestion, the work of Lydya Korenieva has rarely been equalled. Grigoriev has, in this portrait, perfectly interpreted her impersonation of the morbidly nervous, crippled daughter of Madame Hohlakova, in "The Brothers Karamazov"



VASILI KACHALOV, AS THE BARON
An impressive impersonation in the repertoire is that of Kachalov, as the degenerate aristocrat in Gorky's "Lower Depths"



NIKOLAI ALEXANDROV, AS THE ACTOR (Right)
Alexandrov, in "The Lower Depths", presents a haunting picture of an old actor who, an addict to vodka, has lost his ability to remember his lines



VASILI LUZHSKY
This is not a character study, but a personal sketch of the actor whose portrayal of the aged Bubnov is one of the outstanding impersonations in the Moscow Art Players' production of "The Cherry Orchard"

The Triumphal Return of the Famous Moscow Art Players

Portraits of Some of the Visiting Russian Actors, Drawn by Boris Grigoriev



Walter Hampden, as Cyrano de Bergerac

A STEICHEN PORTRAIT

This Glamorous Portrayal Celebrated the Opening of Mr. Hampden's Repertory Season at the National Theater

The Higher Aesthetic of the Necktie

A Plea for Unabashed Self-Expression in Sartorial Investiture

By HEYWOOD BROUN

BIOLOGICALLY speaking, a necktie is a vestigial remnant of romance. It constitutes a throwback in the apparel of modern man; and should serve to remind us of braver days, when virility was not held to be wholly incompatible with lace sleeves and plum colored hose.

Fashion has decreed, within the last century, that all mankind shall be dun. The necktie remains alone as a thin loophole overlooking a dead and glorious sartorial past. In the narrow confines about the neck it is permitted us to play the swashbuckler and the cavalier. A tiny band of silk remains as the only opposition to the serge of mediocrity which has enveloped us from from hat to shoe-top.

There are men so base that they yield even this little kingdom of cravat to sullen black and dull-spirited brown. It is my notion that rebellion is the only proper function of a necktie. Unless it strikes a note of protest, the necktie had best say nothing.

When one saw the hat of D'Artagnan, it was not even necessary to peer under the brim at the countenance itself to know the man. And there was Navarre, who won a battle by rallying his forces behind a white plume. Today, the hatters provide nothing for which a man would care to die.

Sartorial Swashbucklerdom

SHOES, coats and trousers are held fast in the tyranny of convention. A man of imagination can do practically nothing except with his necktie. Here is the chance to express a flaming scorn for the customs which hem us in. Perhaps the cravat is but a tiny candle, yet it may shed its beams far into a docile world. Its tone should be loud, ringing, clear. And in some form or other the message conveyed by the irreconcilable bit of ribbon ought to be "Is that so!"

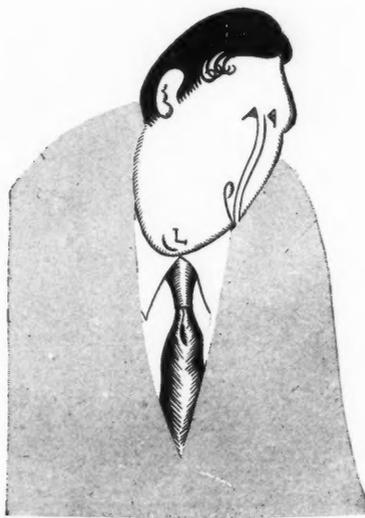
Let us have no tory ties, which knuckle under and blend submissively into the general timid grays and browns. Scarlet, orange, pink and purple, separately or in tumultuous combination, are effective in expressing the longing of man to be once more gay and compelling.

Dishonor and violence has been done to nature itself. The prevailing civilization of our community wars against forces older and wiser than itself. Among the more elemental animals, it is the male who is gifted with gaudiness. Nature knows that the perpetuation of the race demands all possible adventitious aids of richness of apparel to the male. Even a well-conducted and carefully trained Miss among the peacocks may succumb without shame, for she has been seduced by the rainbow. It is possible to conceive a young woman's feeling friendship, admiration or even tenderness for a young man in a blue suit with white piping, but it is hard to consider the possibility of passion.

But recklessness can be captured in a necktie. The haberdashers grow bolder. Within the last two years, it is possible to note the rising tide of color in the shop windows. Shades which were once never seen beyond the confines of a pushcart, now stalk boldly upon the counters of Fifth Avenue shops. The bolder spirits may now climb up to the paint pots, joggle them a little, and descend to the busy

mart of trade, inspirited by flecks of lavender.

It is not my intention to pose as a completely liberated adventurer, who has come scot free from the inhibitions of sartorial spiritlessness. I still see neckties which are at least a century or so beyond my capacity. Once, in front of a Greenwich Village display of neckties, I caught myself exclaiming, "Radicalism is all right, but criminal anarchy is something else again." No sooner were the words out of my mouth than I felt ashamed. Tolerance is the noblest quality open to man; and who am I to scorn an individual who dares to mix his purple with a little pink?



HEYWOOD BROUN, AND HIS NEW TIE

This parody portrait of Mr. Broun is by Miguel Covarrubias, a young Mexican artist in New York who has lately, with his deadly pencil, assaulted many of the better liked lads of the village. Manhattan's master critic is here depicted in low relief against his new rose-tinted necktie, the heat and passion of which has brought summer back to Broadway.

The path of progress lies in the proper acclaim and recognition of the necktie maker. Man has lived upon this world some hundred thousands of years, and yet in all that time, to the best of my knowledge and belief, an authentically great necktie has never been achieved. We have had promising neckties, interesting neckties, and gross after gross of adequate neckties.

If all neckties were signed, it seems to me that we might do better. In such a world one might hear, "That's a fine first necktie. Obviously he hasn't suffered enough yet to do a truly great one, but that will come in time."

The thing which puzzles me is the singular indifference of otherwise aesthetic folk toward neckties. A man about to buy a painting will stare long, squint, view the canvas over his right shoulder, ascertain the effect of advancing upon it, or retreating, and consider it under a strong sun, electric light or a new moon. Being satisfied with all the tests, the man will pay a huge sum for the picture and hang it upon a distant wall in his house, where he will come in contact with it twice in every month.

That same man will go into a haberdasher's

and say, "I want a necktie." And when the clerk remarks, "I wear one of these myself," the purchaser will nod assent and go away with the tie in a package. And this is a potential work of art, which is destined to be much closer to the aesthete than any picture could be. He is going to *live* with this necktie, which he has so casually acquired. And it will be a relationship openly and publicly proclaimed.

Another thing which probably discourages genius from expressing itself in terms of neckties is the short life of this particular art form. There is, as far as I know, practically no demand for old masters. What is needed, as much as anything, is a collector to add glamor to the field. If the day ever comes when the Metropolitan Museum of Art adds a new wing to include a necktie gallery, the world may be more ready to believe that the artistic potentialities of this activity are limitless. In that day, one can imagine an art lover stopping another with the remark, "That's a beautiful necktie you have on;" and being answered, "Yes, it's a Sargent."

Thus far, sincerity is lacking in neckties. There are a few which say something, but more than that is necessary. They must *mean* it.

For an Open-Minded Contemplation of Neckties

ONE distinct reservation blocks man's conquest of colors. The edge of tolerance has been won only for a single season. Society is indulgent toward debauches into stripes, splashes and spots during the summer; but as soon as the leaves begin to turn, it is held that man should do likewise. A tie which will pass as nothing more than slightly liberal in July, becomes the most offensive sort of heresy if flourished in October.

Such procedure seems to us without weight of logic. Trees, meadows and gardens do pretty well for man even without the aid of haberdashers during the opulent periods of the year, but he should make an effort on his own account when the rest of the world turns barren. The sap which leaves the tree ought to be diverted into socks, handkerchiefs and neckties. When January sulks outside the window, there should be an opportunity for us to turn our eyes indoors and be refreshed by the sight of Uncle Robert. Man can be more than his environment. When the wintry blasts howl, it is certainly the bounden duty of the unconquerable human to let his tie speak up in answer. It is appropriate that silk, pinched by frost, should turn rosy.

The curious part of New York's conservatism is that it is by no means thorough-going. As a community, we are by no means insensible to color. The customers flock in droves to see the reckless Mr. Ziegfeld and his ally, Urban, incarnadine the "Follies", to the end that the American girl may be glorified. And yet these same enthusiasts remain indifferent, if not contemptuous, of all efforts to glorify the masculine neck.

The feeling seems to be that color is to be classed among the stimulants and narcotics. For the purposes of an occasional spree, it is well enough; but it has no place in everyday humdrumery. For routine, color is allowed to us in quantities of one-half-of-one-percent.

The Pleasant Art of Caricature

A Pungent Page of Character Studies, from the Pen of a Newcomer

By MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS



AVERY HOPWOOD

Here we have America's premier exponent of the naughty-naughty, nightie-nightie farce. His latest creation is a departure, being the musical comedy, "Little Miss Bluebeard", to which Miss Irene Bordoni adds her enticements. He is our most successful playwright, if we may believe the box office, upon which he, as illustrated, keeps an eye



ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

In the above, how perfectly the artist has caught the owl-like wisdom of New York's well known dramatic critic. It is with this penetrating gaze that Mr. Woollcott pierces the veil between the false and true on our stage. A kind fate has placed him on this page, where he can gaze adoringly at Mrs. Fiske—his favorite pastime



MINNIE MADDERN FISKE

No page of contemporary celebrities would be complete without Mrs. Fiske in a place of honor. The present season is already notable in having supplied this brilliant artist with a most congenial rôle in "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary", which sounds like a musical, but which—quite contrary—is a sparkling comedy of manners



EVA LE GALLIENNE

The poetic beauty of Eva LeGallienne has never been more convincingly shown than in the current hit, "The Swan", of which she is the bright star. The artist has very evidently caught certain of the swan-like characteristics which so obviously fit this daughter of a poetic father for her new honors



CHARLES CHAPLIN

The world's greatest screen actor, having discarded the wistful make-up of his immortal other self, now stands before us as the pre-eminently successful producer of "A Woman of Paris". The portrait above was done by Mr. Covarrubias, just after his subject had finished reading the reviews of the play



RALPH BARTON

To the right, we see illustrated the fact that one caricaturist is never safe from another. Mr. Barton, having challenged the young Mexican artist in artistic combat, is here shown—or is it shown-up?—by Mr. Covarrubias—in that posture of embarrassed amusement which all who know him will recognize



MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS

And here we have Ralph Barton's caricature of Covarrubias, the clever young Mexican, whose witty pen and pungent genius have lately created a real sensation in New York. Mr. Barton's recognition of his fellow artist was followed by a similar understanding between their respective governments



“I’m Going Back, Back, Back to Akron, O-hi-o”

A Universal “Mammy” Song, Dedicated to Those Who Like to Sing About Their Dear Old Homeland, Even If They Wouldn’t Return to it on a Bet

By ROBERT E. SHERWOOD. The Portrait by HOGARTH, JR.

I’ve got a little old gray mother
In my home in Tennessee,
And that is just the reason
California beckons me.
I’ve got a little sweetie waiting
On the desert by the Nile,
And so I’ve borrowed a
Fare to Florida;
And this is why I smile:

And Now, the Chorus:

I’m going back, back, back to Akron,
O-hi-o;
It’s my dear old Homeland,
So I’ll be resting soon
Beneath the sunny South Sea moon:
'Cause I can see my mammy
And the roses round the door;
And that is why I’m yearning
To be returning
To the River Shannon shore (in Alabammy).

By Loch Lomond,
Underneath the evening star,
Little Cho Cho San
Waits for her man
As she strums her old guitar (and mur-
murs):
“Don’t you remember
Where the cotton-blossoms grow,
Back, Back, Back in Akron, O-hi-o.”

(The singer here obliterates a tear, with a horny and rather furtive hand; then, with that far-away look in his eyes, he proceeds with the second verse):

There’s a cosy little love-nest
Underneath the banyan tree,
And it’s built for two—for me and you—
For you, my babe, and me,
By the shores of fair Killarney:
With the thistles in the dells,
There are shrinking violets,

Clinking castanets,
And tinkly temple bells.

Again, the Chorus:

I’m going back, back, back to Akron,
O-hi-o;
To my dear old mammy.
I’m going to start today
On the road to Mandalay,
With all the ukuleles strumming
On the beach at Waikiki;
And the ’coons and ’possums,
The cherry blossoms,
Down beside the Zuyder Zee.
I’m so lonesome
For that mammy dear o’ mine,
That I’m off again to sunny Spain.
In the days of auld lang syne,
I’ll tell ’em:
“Yes, I remember, and I’m comin’, Old
Black Joe,
Back, Back, Back to Akron, O-hi-o!”

Follow My Leader

A Remark upon the Cardinal Qualifications for the Leadership of a Possibly Less Phlegmatic Future State

By ALDOUS HUXLEY

FOR suggesting that human beings ought to live without leaders or governments—virtuously, and by the light of pure reason—Shelley's father-in-law very nearly got himself clapped into jail. Luckily for him, the book in which he expressed these dangerous views was published at the price of three guineas. For those who could afford three guineas, this mild, millenarian anarchism would not, it was felt, be very harmful. Godwin was not destined to see the inside of Newgate.

We may well wonder, today, why he was not ushered into Bedlam. The views which were then criminal, now appear merely a little imbecile. Man being what he is, we can see that it is biologically impossible for him to do without governments and leaders. A society of locusts or lemmings can dispense with leaders, because each individual is internally governed by instincts which allow him no freedom of action; at any given moment, there is only one thing he can do. A race of superior beings, like Milton's angels, for example, could equally dispense with leaders; they could be trusted in any crisis to do the virtuous and the rational thing. Men fall between two stools. Most of us are only too happy to shift the greater part of our responsibilities to other shoulders; we like to be told what to do, which way to go.

And, fortunately, there are always shoulders ready and eager to accept the burden. Guides offer themselves to us as importunately as those shady gentlemen who, in imperfect English, tender their services on the Boulevard des Italiens to every Anglo-Saxon who longs to see the night life of Paris. For among the innumerable many, whose destiny and desire it is to be led, there are always a few who have the ambition to lead.

What are the capacities which, in the world as we know it, qualify a man to become a leader? And what are the qualities which, ideally, he ought to possess? These are interesting questions, which I will try to answer to the best of my ability.

The Will to Power

TO begin with, there must be the ambition to become a leader. All of us, I imagine, have a certain lust for power. But the desire varies greatly in intensity, and the objects over which it is desired to exert power are not always the same. An artist, for example, lusts for domination, not over his fellow men, but over words, over colors, over bits of stone; above all, over his own thoughts. The philosopher, more ambitiously, longs to tyrannize over the whole universe. With a truly Procrustean love of neatness and symmetry, he chops and stretches the untidy facts of experience until they fit his favorite system. But philosophers and artists, after all, are rare monsters. The power most people desire is over their neighbors. When that desire is very strong—so strong that it does not shrink before any expense of labor or of thought—the man who feels it may be said to be ambitious to become a leader.

The ambition has now to be satisfied. To do that, it is almost essential that a man should be endowed with a good dose of what the quacks of an earlier age called "animal magnetism". This quality, which seems to belong in part to the graces of the body, in part to those

of the mind, expresses itself in varying degrees of intensity. At its most amiable, we call it charm. At its most formidable, it is that queer power which enables certain people to inspire confidence and, sure of obedience, to command. The would-be leader should also possess—the essential complement to this endowment—a certain gift of the gab. Eloquence enables him to exert his magnetism at long range and over a number of people at the same time.

Next, I may enumerate one or two of the common cardinal virtues. Without a few of them, no leader can hope to be successful. The two most important are courage and resolution. Chastity, in this age of virtuous public opinion, has great practical value. (Poor Parnell!) But prudence, the virtue which prevents one from being found out, will be found by some leaders the easier to practice. Finally, there is honesty. But this is by no means essential to success. Indeed, a would-be leader possessing no other quality but this, is almost inevitably doomed to failure. After a month or two of Mr. Baldwin's ingenuous honesty, we all began to sigh for a little of Mr. Lloyd George's cleverness.

The Insignia of Leadership

IT is unnecessary here to do more than mention those adventitious aids to success which, in one form or another, almost all leaders have employed. I refer to the distinguishing badges of office and, in more modern times, to the peculiarities of physique and dress which leaders always cultivate in order to make themselves easily recognizable. It is one of the achievements of democracy to have abolished the badges and liveries which were once worn by every man in the social hierarchy, from mechanic to king. Everybody now looks like everybody else; the Prince of Wales is no more than the type and model of Vanity Fair's Well Dressed Man.

In order to make themselves promptly recognizable—which is as important for a politician as it is for a patent medicine or a breakfast food—leaders are compelled to cultivate little personal eccentricities. Gladstone had his collar and his prophetic hair. The latter waves, an hereditary liberal symbol, from the skull of Mr. Lloyd George. Chamberlain had his eyeglass and orchid; so has his son. But Joe also happened to have political ability. Tirpitz has his fabulous whiskers; Clemenceau has his drooping ones, and William Hohenzollern his aspiring moustaches. The old method of dressing up the ruler in feathers, robes and coronets was perhaps the more satisfactory; for these trade-marks of power had the advantage of being fixed and hereditary.

We have now to consider the intellectual qualities of the successful leader. These are, in the first place, a prompt and practical intelligence, and a touch of cunning. Almost equally essential, if success is to be steady and anything like permanent, is a good dosage of the current prejudices. Certain leaders, it is true, have been relatively free from the prejudices of the led, and have succeeded in imposing upon them unfamiliar, and therefore unpopular ideas. But their efforts, though often fruitful in the future, have rarely met with an untroubled success during their own lifetime.

The typical successful leader shares the prejudices, however platitudinous or false they may be, of the society in which he finds himself, and prefers the teaching of tradition to that of experience. He belongs almost invariably to the class which Trotter has called the stable-minded. Successful leaders are rarely remarkable for their purely intellectual capacities; indeed, it is difficult for a man to be very intelligent and to accept the prejudices of the society in which he lives. They are rarely subtle or skeptical; they do not like the scientific suspense of judgment, preferring always to believe one thing passionately, rather than another, and to make definite decisions even when they have no rational excuse for doing so.

Men possessing these qualities have succeeded in the past, and still continue to succeed. They are the leaders whom we know today. The state in which the world finds itself in the present year of grace is not, it must be confessed, a very glowing testimonial to their capacities. But while, acting as individuals, we dismiss incompetent and dishonest servants without a character, we continue, in our collective capacity, to employ the same rulers who, in the past, have reduced us to ruin.

The fact is, that we can find nobody else; the ruler shortage is even more acute than the shortage of servants. We are compelled, for lack of anyone better, to employ those whom experience has taught us to regard as bad. Tradition, however, which is more powerful than experience, still teaches us to respect them; so that the glaring stupidity of our action is not clear to us.

An Uneasy Dominion

TRADITION, too, makes us imagine that we are still living in the sort of world where these leaders could function without doing too much mischief; where they could even be positively beneficial. In a society of stable traditions, a stable-minded leader was entirely in his element. At the head of a relatively small, sparsely peopled and self-supporting state, where social, economic and intellectual change was slow, the most narrow-witted of traditionalists could do no harm; and, by consolidating the people in their traditional virtues, he could frequently do good.

But the leader who now comes to power finds himself at the head of a profoundly unstable society, large sections of which have lost their traditional respect for the established order of things. He finds enormous populations dependent for their livelihood on an industrial system, shaken by external events and unsteady from its own inward rotteness. He finds universal discontent. He finds, in every department of life, changes going on with a dizzying rapidity. He finds material unaccompanied by mental development—huge hordes, with the minds of neolithic men, armed with trinitrotoluol and tanks.

To rule such a society, a man should be a philosopher and a scientist. He should possess vast knowledge. He should be exquisitely sensitive to every lesson of experience. He should be quick to seize on every new idea, to judge it, and to assimilate the virtue contained in it. He should, in a word, possess all those

(Continued on page 82)



DRAWING BY FISH

How to Spend New Year's Eve, Modern Style

A Quiet Evening Along the Far Famed Broadway Cabaret Belt

Indications point to a very quiet New Year's Eve, along Broadway. The police have issued their warning call: definite restrictions, prohibitions, and inhibitions have also been suggested. We are told that we must all behave and support a program of solemnity. Curfew will ring at nine P. M., and at midnight the belfry towers will toll the passing of the old year. In the gilded halls of all the popular cabarets, quiet gatherings will conduct their seemly celebrations. There must be no alcohol, no roistering, no impromptu visits from one table to another, no confetti, no corkscrews, and as little make-up as possible. Ladies will please all remain ladies—so far as they conveniently can—and gentlemen will carefully refrain from boistrousness.

To the muted strains of Schumann's "Traumerei", the middle-aged visitors may discuss last Sunday's sermon, while at home the young folk; between the ages of ten and twenty, will, it is hoped, be tucked away in bed. Proponents of our newest and bluest laws urge that the midnight hour be fittingly celebrated by community singing, and other ceremonies in keeping with the seriousness of the occasion. Thus, we are told by the police and our other guardian angels, we will attain that virtuous dignity which is so much to be desired. All the same, in the interest of veracity, we present to our readers a picture of New Year's Eve as it will actually be celebrated at any one of six or seven hundred cabarets and restaurants along the Great White Way.



AS THE NURSE
The sight of a helpless child in its nurse's arms is one sure way of stopping traffic in all four directions. Life-size baby dolls can be bought in any toy shop, and the simple addition of a nurse-maid's cap and ribbons makes progress through traffic, for our little Louise, both comfortable and safe



LOUISE, THE HEROINE
This is Louise, most charming of chickens, whose urgent problem is how to cross the road without perishing amid the ever-growing press of motors, taxicabs and busses. Beauty, alone, will not soften the heart of a taxi-driver. She must appeal to his better nature, if any. Mark some of the ways in which she does it



AS IF IN AFFLICTION
Physical disability makes a sure appeal, even to the most wolfish drivers. The costume indicated on the left is more elaborate than some, but is a most excellent collision-insurance. Thus attired, our heroine always has the right of way, while still seeing perfectly well as through dark glasses, darkly



AS THE WIDOW
Even the charioteer of a Yellow could not be so saffron-hearted as not to respect our Louise as a widow, lost in the darkness of her overwhelming grief. Simple mourning outfits are available at moderate prices, or, for the economically minded, three yards of mosquito netting dyed black will do nicely

Sketches by
AUGUST HENKEL



AS IF IN OLD AGE
Respect for old age is one of the marks of a civilization which includes even the chauffeurs of public vehicles. The Salvation Army has a large supply of last year's Santa Claus make-ups, which are available, for chickens, at bargain prices

How Does a Chicken Cross the Road?

Especially If the Road Happens to be a Crowded Thoroughfare in New York

Famous Events Which I Have Nearly Seen

A Dignified Lamentation, with a Special Reference to an Uncanny Quality in My Make-up

By GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

I AM always missing things. All my life I have been an ardent follower of athletic contests, sporting classics and, from time to time, cultural manifestations. And something always thwarts me. I never see them.

Frankly, my stature has something to do with it, for in height I am four inches below the average citizen. This fact alone has cheated me out of many a great spectacle, though I might qualify as an expert in back hair, shoulder blades and other details of the posterior façade of life. But it is not merely this limitation of physical altitude which exerts its baleful influence, but something much more mysterious, something terrible and yet fascinating which always thwarts me.

From me must emanate a hidden power which completely upsets all human arrangements. If I am not visually prevented from seeing whatever may be on the program, the entire program crumbles. Theaters close, earthquakes happen, nature rises in arms to prevent my ever seeing anything. Let me give you a few examples of both sorts of disappointment which have blackened the brightest expectations of my days.

The first large-scale demonstration of my fatal futility happened many years ago, when, as a striping, I attended a gala performance of the Paris opera. It was the Parisian *première* of *Die Walküre*, and the house was humming with excitement. For many months prior to the raising of the curtain, this importation of Teutonic culture had raised a hubbub of diverse opinion. In the palpitating audience sat followers of the two camps, the pro- and the anti-Wagnerites—those who had come to cheer, and those who had come to hiss. The management had given the opera its finest setting and most competent cast. Everything was set for a lovely party.

Obstacles in the Way of Art

BEING a student, living on an allowance, I took my humble place in the line to whom were allotted the most exalted locations, at the lowest price. My seat was in the top balcony, in the top row, and at the extreme end of the curving semi-circle. I was the last nail of the uppermost horseshoe.

It was here that fate seemed to step in and say distinctly, "Well, here you are—but you aren't going to see anything." My physical height had nothing to do with it. My discomfort was accomplished by a combination of forces that can only be attributable to a malign influence working in secret.

On my right was a blank wall, against which I was flattened by a huge Frenchman whose solid, beefy body and ponderous shoulders surged beyond the confines of his chair to complete my extinction. I was wedged so tightly in my place that I could only occasionally escape from the surrounding pressure, lean forward for an instant to inhale a breath, and then sink back into duress.

On one of these occasions I ventured a remonstrance, couched in my best New Haven French. It was not good enough. He delivered himself of one torrential sentence in what sounded like a mixture of French and Icelandic, accompanied by an exhalation of onion sandwich, rivaling acetylene in its intensity. Then, seeing my entire lack of comprehension, he

I shall stand before the Celestial Port!

It was during the later years of my student life in Paris that the great "*match de boxe*" was arranged between lion-hearted Georges Carpentier and that jolly old institution, Bombardier Wells, of London, England, in which metropolis the bout was staged. At that time France had but recently come into her now frantic enthusiasm for fisticuffs. Previously, there had been a deep-seated conviction on the part of all Gaul that *la savatte*, the art of kicking a man in the face, was *the* thing. But a series of encounters with second and third rate English boxers finally convinced the sporting fraternity that the man with the punch could knock the man with the kick for a row of pop-ears. Then Carpentier developed, and France began to foam at the mouth.

Should we go to the fight? It was a grave question. The trip was expensive, and the cheapest seats cost more than ten dollars. There was work to be done, and all reasonable arguments pointed to a decision in the negative. So we decided to go.

Two of my friends and I crossed by a night boat from Boulogne to Southampton, because we happened to be in that part of France at the time and the rate was cheapest. I slept between decks, with a headroom of three feet, next to a *maitre d'hôtel* who lay, mag-

nificent in his dress suit, ever and anon sighing heavily and brushing my ear with his long black beard as he turned in his sleep.

Going up from Southampton, a frightful thing happened. There was a mix-up outside of Crewe. A goods-van had left the metals, it appeared, and the line was in a snarl. My temperature alternately rose and fell. We were going to miss the fight after all! But no, we creaked into London, late, but still in time for the main event, if we cast economy to the winds and chartered a cab.

Adventures at the Ringside

WE reached the arena. Joy! we were just in time. The principals had come into the ring and wereshaking hands: Carpentier, a lithe, graceful tiger; Wells, solid, calm, bull-like. Our seats were excellent. With thrilling heart I thought, "Now I am going to see a real battle. Ah, it was worth it to come all this way."

As the men shook hands, I turned to thrust my folded overcoat under my seat. The bell rang, and simultaneously came the sound of a blow, followed by a thud. All this happened before I could straighten up and look around. The fight was over. Wells was being counted out; and, as America's most beloved actress says, "That's all there is: there isn't any more".

Prize-fights apparently are completely taboo in my dooms-book. Undaunted by my previous experience, I bought me a handsome ticket for the Dempsey-Firpo fight. O, yes, I was there! I was there, standing

(Continued on page 92)



MR. AND MRS. RODOLPH VALENTINO

Two of the surprisingly lifelike dolls, executed by Hélène and Mathilde Sardeau, which have recently been exhibited at the Arden Galleries

turned away with a shrug of his bullock torso and dismissed me from his mind.

But more than by this bull-headed creature, I was baffled by the opera house itself. If Charles Garnier, the architect whose monument this is, had had me specially in mind when he designed it, he could not have put me out of the picture more completely.

Directly in front of me, obscuring the last remaining glimpse of the stage, was a Cupid's foot. My readers may recall that over the boxes in the Paris opera house are great, sprawling Cupids, fat, lumpy, Rubenesque creatures. They look quite cute from below, but, ye gods!—ye gallery-gods!—from my point of view, they were overwhelming. The foot was the size and shape of a hot water bottle, each toe a series of adroitly jointed sausages, the ankle and calf—ugh! I can see the horrid bronze things now. And at these I had to glare.

Meanwhile, great things were going on below. From time to time a burst of cheering, and frantic cries of "Bravo! . . . Magnifique! . . . *A bas . . . Assez . . . Bis-s-s-s*", would tell me that the battle was on. The music tore and raged; and when, with the final curtain, the red fire and the standing, screaming audience, Siegfried stepped down to the extreme edge of the stage, I saw his feet!

That night, as I knelt to ask that I be made a better boy, I put in a request that something be done to Charles Garnier; something which I may not repeat, even at this late date. That prayer will do me injury, on that day when

The Spirit of Mah Jong

An Inquiry into the Fundamental Principles of the Game, Which Should Govern Its Rules

By R. F. FOSTER

EVERY game has a soul; the vital principle that underlies its motives and actions. Until a person is able to stand off and see the game as a whole, noting the manner in which one part reacts upon another, one is liable to pay too much attention to some particular feature, and to overlook its essential unity.

I have been called upon to write about almost every game and I have always found it necessary not only to play the game, but also to get at the spirit of the game itself. There is a certain architecture about games. They belong to a style or family, and inherited traits are easily found in the history of the group from which they sprang. The Whist family is a conspicuous example. Other games, like hearts, are sporadic, and therefore a law unto themselves; but they still have a certain unity of architecture.

If any one will carefully study what might be called the psychology of Mah Jong, whether taken as an individual, or as one of the Comquian family of games, he will see that it is governed by two principal interlocking motives; luck and skill. Upon a closer examination it will be found that the luck part is not entirely beyond the control of the player. Certain channels may be skilfully opened for it, so that no matter which way it comes, it will answer some purpose. The skill depends on the powers of observation, judgment, and inference, tempered by the individual's courage or timidity; optimism or deep-rooted despair.

THE element of luck comes in the original hand and then in the draw, or the opportunities to take discards. If a player finds in his original hand two pairs, all ready for pungs, and three white dragons, that is pure luck, and he can take what the god of chance has been good enough to send him. But when it comes to the remaining six tiles, and the question of taking the discard or drawing from the wall, he brings to bear the exercise of judgment, and the knowledge gained from experience. As the game progresses, and the discards and grounds of other players unfold before him, he adds to his judgment and experience the observation of what is going on around him.

These factors all contribute to influence his decision in following or abandoning certain original schemes of play with regard to what we shall call the flexible part of his hand. The lucky part, although left to itself, may suggest changes that would not otherwise have been undertaken. A player who finds himself unexpectedly in possession of three or four doubles, may cease to strive for Mah Jong, and devote his attention to getting a big count.

Taking all these factors into consideration, one easily arrives at this underlying principle. Whatever part of the game is within the control of the judgment, skill, or courage, of the player, should be rewarded if successfully carried out. The luck is its own reward. It does not matter whether one gives up sequences to try for pungs, or sacrifices Winds to get Dragons, or risks missing Mah Jong to get a big count. He should be rewarded for the success of his plan, whether he goes Mah Jong or not.

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MAH JONG PROBLEMS No. 1

READERS of this magazine are invited to send in any interesting or difficult situations that they meet with. They are also invited to try their skill on some simple problems, which will be given from time to time, of which the following is an example.

East is the prevailing Wind, and his first discard is the 8 of Bamboos. South holds this hand:



What should South do with this discard? If he uses it, in what way? If he refuses it, why?

Now Ready

A 36 page Pamphlet, entitled

THE LAWS OF MAH JONG

(PUNG CHOW, etc.)

for 1924

As Proposed for the American Game

By R. F. FOSTER

IN the preparation of this pamphlet, more than forty books on Mah Jong (Pung Chow, Mah Chenk, etc.), by various Chinese and American authors, have been codified and analyzed, and numerous teachers and expert players have been consulted, in order to arrive at a Complete, Simplified, and Standardized Code of Laws for the American System of Playing and Scoring, as now practiced by the majority of good players.

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19 West 44th Street New York, N. Y.

To put it another way; any score in the game which can be played for, whether obtained by good luck or good management, should be credited to the player who succeeds in getting that score, whether he also succeeds in going Mah Jong or not. That, it seems to me, is the true spirit of the game. We all try for pungs, and thankfully accept kongs, with the hope that we shall get enough of them to go Mah Jong, perhaps with the aid of a sequence or two. If we do not succeed in getting a complete hand, we are paid for what we did get, which we gathered on our way.

LET us glance at a few of the elements of luck. There are 136 tiles in the playing set, leaving out of consideration the Seasons, which have nothing to do with making up sets or going Mah Jong. You hold 13 tiles at the start and see East's discard; or you are East, and get a 14th tile. This leaves 122 unknown tiles. The proportion of these to the number of tiles that you want, gives us the probability of your getting it.

To begin with an open-end sequence. Any one of 8 tiles will fill it. That is one-fifteenth of the 122, so it is about 14 to 1 against your getting it on a draw from the wall. But the next time around, you will have twice as many chances, as East has to draw and discard, and he may discard one of the eight tiles you want, or you may draw it. This gives you two chances on one play, and makes it one-half the odds, or only 7 to 1 against your filling out your open-end sequence.

It is pung you want, there are only two tiles that will help you out, and the chances are therefore 2 in 122, or 60 to 1 against your drawing it. But as you can take a pung from any of the three players at the table, you increase this chance to four times, and reduce the odds to 15 to 1 against your getting it by either pung or draw once around.

Some persons will tell you that they get it much oftener than once in fifteen tries; but they forget that this is a matter of averages, not single instances. Ask them how often they have held four, five, or even six pairs, and never matched one of them before some one went Mah Jong.

THESE odds are reduced by the number of tiles discarded that do not show the tiles you want, because of the number of known tiles that must be deducted from the original unknown 122. On the other hand, the odds increase rapidly if any of the tiles you want are grounded by other players, or discarded before you can use them in sequences. Suppose you have a pair, and another player grounds a third as part of a sequence. Even if there are now only 100 unknown tiles, your chance to draw what you want is a 100 to 1 shot; but as you can still take it from any one, this reduces the odds to 25 to 1, as all four players are practically drawing for your hand.

When there are three tiles available, as in waiting to fill the eyes, if none are discarded or grounded, and there are only about 75 unknown tiles left, you have a 25 to 1 chance to draw it yourself; but as any of the others may discard it, this reduces the odds to about 6 to 1.

(Continued on page 86)

Some Makers of Ecstasy in the Theater

Past Masters of the Gay: Inveterate Enemies of the Dull

By GILBERT SELDES

THE gay arts on the stage are the most fleeting things in the world. You see a great actress create a magnificent character in three acts; and occasionally a critic, like Bernard Shaw, can make those hours imperishable in prose. But the lesser arts are not so constructive. The great moment is often actually a moment—an ecstatic fraction of time suspended, perhaps, between long hours of dullness. Yet these moments have their own perfection. The minor arts, too, have their intensities: and these are left without record, and their creators are unrewarded even by the tribute of a word. You cannot say when this moment of ecstasy will come. It is an unpredictable event; but there are those on whom one can count to approach it. My memory goes back to some of these occasions, trying to fix the incredible moment again.

It will be impossible to communicate even the sense of it, unless the material be dissociated from the event. Surely there is nothing exquisite in the roaring charwoman created on our stage by George Monroe. He had, to an inspiring degree, the capacity to be one of those vast figures in Dickens—Mrs. Gamp to perfection—and it is odd that another impersonator, Bert Savoy, should have created, in Margie, Mrs. Gamp's own confidante and admirer, the devoted Mrs. Harris. George Monroe's creation was huge and cylindrical in shape, more like a drain-pipe than a woman. There was no effort at realism, for Monroe roared in a deep bass voice, and his "Be that as it ma-a-y" was a leer in the face of all logic, order and decency. There was in it an unrestraint, a wildness, an independent commonness, which rendered it immortal.

THE creation of Bert Savoy was at the other extreme. It was female impersonation, and the figure was always the same—the courtesan whose ambition it was to be a *demi-mondaine*. Savoy made capital of all his defects, down to the rakish hat slanting over one eye. His repetitions, apparently so spontaneous, were beautifully timed and spaced; the buzz and pause in the voice—"You muzzt com' over," or "You don't know the ha-ff of it, dear-ie"—fix themselves in our memory. He is remembered for the excellent stories he told, and they were worth it; but the interpolations were funnier than the climax. His audacity was colossal and disarming. The occurrence of a character out of Petronius on our stage is exceptional in itself; that it should, at the same time, be slightly vicious and altogether charming, funny, immoral and delicate, is the wonder. Last year, there was an added touch, when Savoy danced while he sang a stanza about the Widow Brown. It was as delicate, and it passed



BERT SAVOY GENTHE
The most deft entertainer, among our female impersonators, whose tragic death has saddened theater-goers everywhere



FANNY BRICE STEINMAN
Of the "Follies", who can be depended upon, in each appearance, to arise to an ecstatic-poignancy of dramatic expression



GILDA GRAY JOHNSTON
In whose trembling fleetness and wild grace is sometimes caught the moment of perfect abandon which might be called ecstasy



GEORGE MONROE WHITE
As the vast and uproarious charwoman, the character in which he achieved a remarkable effectiveness in coarse banality

as quickly, as a moist breath on a window-pane.

(This much was written before Bert Savoy was killed by the inscrutable, but disproportionate, activity of Nature. It is even too late to write an epitaph; one changes "is" to "was", and the raucous voice dies away, the terrible, high, roaring laughter fades out. Broadway, which he exemplified, is perceptibly dimmer. "How much better we have spared. . .!")

I repeat, the material does not matter. For Leon Errol has nothing but the type drunkard to work with, and he is wonderful. In his case, it is easy to analyze the basis of the effect—it is in the loping dance step into which he converts the lurch of the drunkard. The tawdry moment—funny enough, if you can bear it—is always Errol's breathing into someone else's face; the great moment comes directly after, when the lurch and the pall are worked up into a complete arc of dance steps, ending in three

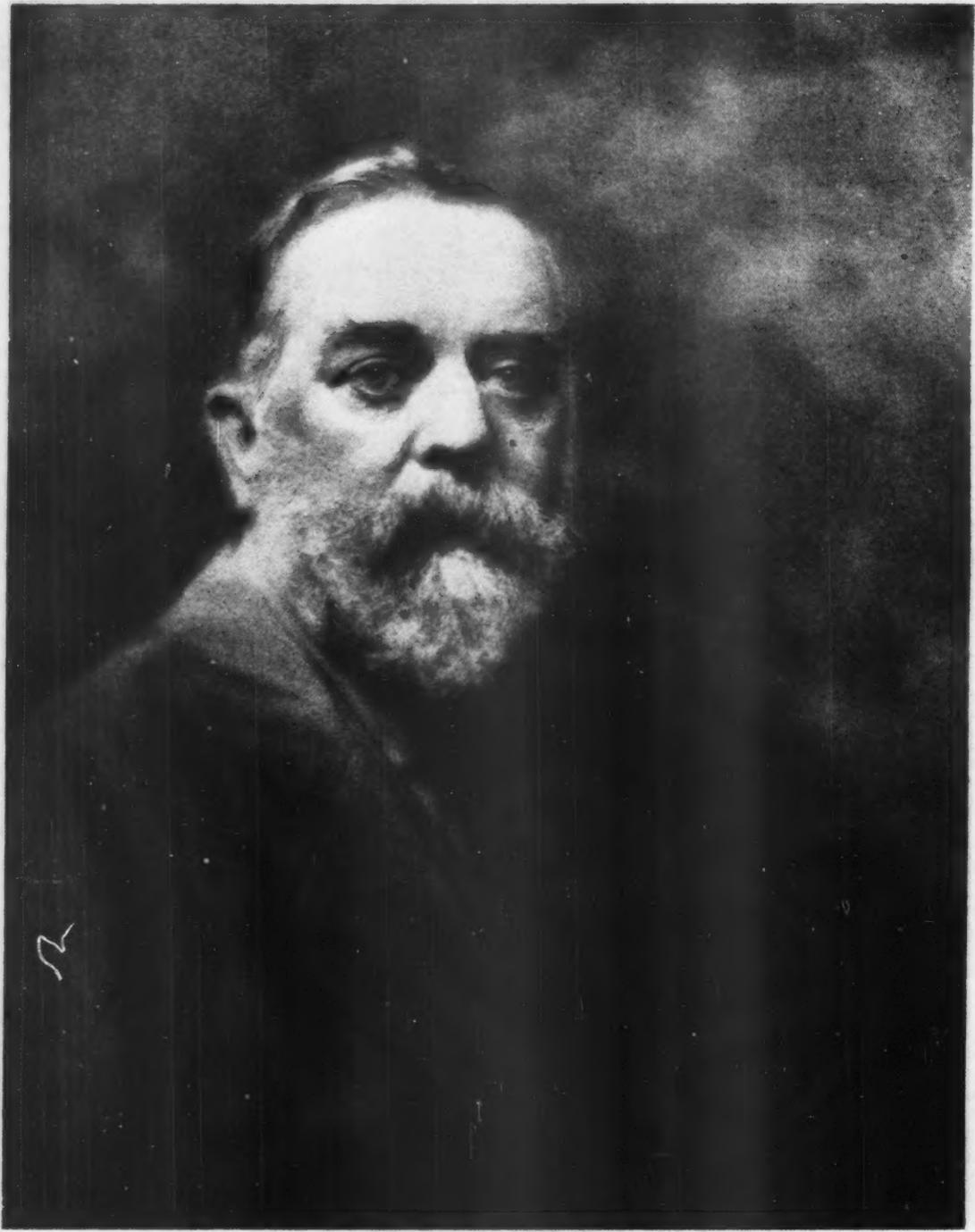
little hops, as a sort of proof of sobriety. Jimmy Barton has the same quality in his skating scene—he uses less material, and the movement round the rink is beautiful to watch. But of him it is useless to speak. Someone has pointed out that he can slap the bare back of a woman, and make even that funny!

IT is interesting to note how many of the people who possess this special quality arrive out of burlesque.

Harry Kelly is another. I recall him first with "Lizzie, the Fish Hound" in *Watch Your Step*, and last in a quite useless musical comedy, *The Springtime of Youth* (textually, that was the title—and in 1922!). For two acts he was wholly wasted. In the third, he was magnificent. He was playing the obdurate father: "No son of mine shall ever marry a daughter of the Baxters", was his line. He was informed that she was, in fact, an adopted daughter, and that her uncle had left her the bulk of his fortune. For precisely a minute and a half, Kelly played with the word "bulk"—one saw it registered in his brain, saw an idea germinating, and felt it working forward to the jaw before the cavernous voice gave it utterance—and again, one felt the conflict of pride and avarice. It was remarkably delicate and fine—so is all of Kelly's work, when he has a chance. His spare figure, long hands and unbelievable voice, always create a character—and it isn't always the same character.

Bobby Clarke's scene with the lion comes at once to mind (it is another burlesque act), and Bert Williams—in many scenes—always soft-spoken, always understating his case. There were five minutes of Blanche Ring and Charles Winninger, once, at the old Winter Garden; to my surprise, there were more than that for

(Continued on page 100)



John Singer Sargent: An American Painter

SIDNEY R. CARTER

Who, More than Any Native Painter Since Whistler, has Brought European Recognition to American Art

Today in History

Another Series of Heroic Addresses, Designed in Commemoration of Notable Events

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

August 1, 1798

Nelson's Victory of the Nile

THIS was the day
(It's a good long while)
Of Nelson's Victory of the Nile;
And people say
In the course of the wreck,
A boy stood on the burning deck,
Till the English Admiral, wrapped in flannel,
Yelled, "Clear the deck, and buoy the
channel!"

August 3, 1811

Wellington Crosses the Pyrenees

IT was August third,
In a gentle breeze,
When Wellington mounted the Pyrenees;
From the loftiest notch
The Highland Scotch,
The men of the Glorious old Black Watch,
Made their way into France,
Without any pants,
Ma Gracious! A Scotsman takes a chance!

August 11, 1535

Jacques Cartier Discovered the St. Lawrence

THIS is the day
When Cartier
Came sailing up to the Saguenay.
He found the St. Lawrence
Without a chart.
O, wasn't Cart
Exceedingly smart!

August 15, 1870

Manitoba Becomes a Province

NOW everybody, drunk or sober,
Sing loud the praise of Manitoba;
Throw back your head, inflate your chest,
And sing the glories of the West;
Sing, without slackening or stop,
The jubilation of the crop;
Sing of the bending ear of wheat
That stands at least some fourteen feet,
And soft its tasselled head inclines
To flirt with the potato vines:
Sing of the prairie covered over
With cabbage trees and shrubs of clover,
While English settlers lose their way
In forests of gigantic hay.
How wonderful, be it confessed,
The passing of the bygone West;
The painted Indian rides no more,
He stands—at a tobacco store;
His cruel face proclaims afar
The terror of the cheap cigar.
Behold his once down-trodden squaw,
Protected by Provincial Law;
Their tepee has become—Oh, gee,
A station on the G.T.P.,
And on the scenes of ancient war,
Thy rails I.C.O.—C.P.R.

The first series of "Today in History" appeared in the December issue of Vanity Fair. This is the concluding installment.

August 17, 1896

Gold Discovered in the Yukon

THIS is the day,
In a climate cold,
They found that wretched thing called Gold;
That miserable, hateful stuff—
How can I curse at it enough!—
That foul, deceitful, meretricious,
Abominable, avaricious,
That execrable, bought and sold
Commodity that men call gold!
How can I find the words to state it,
The deep contempt with which I hate it;
I charge you, nay, I here command it,
Give it me not; I could not stand it:
You hear me shout, you mark me holler?
Don't dare to offer me a dollar.
The mere idea of taking it,
Gives me an epileptic fit.
What use is Gold?
Alas, poor dross,
That brings but sorrow, pain and loss,
What after all the use of riches?
'Twill buy fine clothes and velvet breeches.
Stone houses, pictures, motor cars,
Roast quail on toast and large cigars,
But oh, my friends, will this compare
With a fresh draught of mountain air?
Will wretched viands such as these
Compare with simple bread and cheese?
Nay, let me to my bosom press
The gastronomic watercress
And hug within my diaphragm
The spoon of thimbleberry jam;
And while the wicked wine I spurn,
Quaff deep the wholesome mountain burn;
The simple life, the harmless drink
Is good enough—I do not think.

August 18, 1577

Birth of Rubens

THINK it not idle affectation
If I express my admiration
Of frescoes, canvases and plasters,
In short, the work of Ancient Masters.
You take a man like Botticelli,
Or the Italian Vermicelli,
Rubens and Titian, Angelo,
Anheuser Busch, Sapolio,
John P. Velasquez and Murillo,
Fra Lippo Lipp, Buffalo Billo,
Pilsener, Lager and Giotto;
Admire them: why you've simply got to!
What if you do not understand
Just the idea they had in hand?
What if they do not quite convey
The meaning that they should portray?
What if you don't exactly find
A purpose in them? never mind:
Beneath the coat of gathered dust,
Take the great geniuses on trust.
If you should see, in public places,
Fat cherubs whose expansive faces
Wear a strong anti-temperance air,
The work is Rubens, you may swear;
Fat ladies in inclined position
You always may ascribe to Titian,
While simple love scenes in a grotto,
Betray the master hand of Giotto.

But if you doubt, do not enquire:
Fall into ecstasies, admire,
Stare at the picture, deeply peer
And murmur, "What an atmosphere!"
And if your praises never tire,
No one will know you are a liar.

August 19, 1897

Introduction of the Horseless Cab

FAREWELL, a long farewell, Old Friend;
'Tis the beginning of the end.
So there you stand, poor, patient brute,
Dressed in your little leather suit;
Your harness, buckles, straps and bows
An outline parody of clothes.
Speechless, confined, without volition,
It seems to me that your position
Is with a subtle meaning rife,
A queer analogy of life.
A depth of meaning underlies
Those blinkers that restrain your eyes;
I see a melancholy omen
In straps that cramp your poor abdomen.
I could supply, would it avail,
Sad speculations on your tail,
So docked that, swishing at the fleas,
Its arc is only nine degrees;
But more than all, I seem to trace
Analogies in your long face,
So utterly devoid of humor,
Long ears that hearken every rumor,
A sweeping snout, protruding teeth,
And chinless underlip beneath;
So joyless and so serious,
Well may your features weary us.
For musing thus, I think perhaps
Your life is ours: the little straps
The shafts that hold us to the track,
The burden ever on the back—
Enough; the theme is old, of course;
I am 'an ass, you are a horse.

August 20, 1896

Fridtjof Nansen's Ship, "The Fram", Returns Safely to Skjervoe

WHAT a glorious day
For old Norway,
When the Fram came sailing into the Bay
To the dear old fjord,
With its crew on bjord,
All safely restjord
By the hand of the Ljord;
And they shouted, "Whoe!
Is this Skjervoe?"
And they rent the ajer with a loud Hulljoe
While the crowd, on skiis,
As thick as biis,
Slid down
To the town
On their hands and kniis.
And oh! what cries
When they recognize
A man with a pair of sealskin pants on
And thjere, I decljare, is Fridtjof Nansen!

(Continued on page 98)

The Proper Study of Mankind

And the Discovery of Uncharted Channels in the River of Human Consciousness

By D. H. LAWRENCE

IF no man lives for ever, neither does any precept. And if even the weariest river winds somewhere safe to sea, so also does the weariest wisdom. And there it is lost. Also incorporated.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan.
The proper study of mankind is man.

It was Alexander Pope who absolutely struck the note of our particular epoch: not Shakespeare or Luther or Milton. A man of first magnitude never fits his age perfectly.

"Know then thyself, presume not God to scan.
The proper study of mankind is Man"—

with a capital M.

This stream of wisdom is very weary now: weary to death. It started such a gay little trickle, and is such a spent, muddy ebb by now. It will take a big sea to swallow all its alluvia.

"Know then thyself." All right! I'll do my best. Honestly, I'll do my best, sincerely to know myself. Since it is the great commandment to consciousness of our long era, let us be men, and try to obey it. Jesus gave the emotional commandment, "Love thy neighbor". But the Greeks set the even more absolute motto, and in its way a more deeply religious motto: "Know Thyself".

Very well! Being man, and the son of man, I find it only honorable to obey. To do my best. To do my best to know myself. And particularly that part, or those parts of myself that have not yet been admitted into consciousness. Man is nothing, less than a tick stuck in a sheep's back, unless he adventures. Either into the unknown of the world, of his environment. Or into the unknown of himself.

Allons! the road is before us. Know thyself! Which means, really, know thine own *unknown* self. It's no good knowing something you know already. The thing is to discover the tracts as yet unknown. And as the only unknown now lies deep in the passionate soul, allons! the road is before us. We write a novel or two; we are called erotic or depraved or idiotic or boring. What does it matter? we go the road just the same. If you see the point of the great old commandment, "Know Thyself", then you see the point of all art.

The Self and the Infinite

BUT knowing oneself, like knowing anything else, is not a process that can continue to infinity, in the same direction. The fact that I myself *am* only myself, makes me very specifically finite. True, I may argue that my Self is a mystery that impinges on the infinite. Admitted. But the moment my Self impinges on the infinite, it ceases to be just myself.

The same is true of all knowing. You start to find out the chemical composition of a drop of water, and before you know where you are, your river of knowledge is winding very unsatisfactorily into a very vague sea, called the ether. You start to study electricity; you track the wretch down, till you get some mysterious and misbehaving atom of energy or unit of force that goes pop under your nose and leaves you with the dead body of a mere word.

You sail down your stream of knowledge, and you find yourself absolutely at sea. Which

may be safety for the weary river, but is a sad outlook for you, who are a land animal.

Now, all science starts gaily from the inland source of "I Don't Know". Gaily it says: "I don't know, but I'm going to know." It's like a little river bubbling up cheerfully in the determination to dissolve the whole world in its waves. And science, like the little river, winds wonderingly out again into the final "I Don't Know" of the ocean.

All this is platitudinous, as regards science.



D. H. LAWRENCE

NICKOLAS MURAY

The most vehemently disputed English psychological novelist, who has accomplished a noteworthy eminence in literary criticism, abstract psychology and, especially, in poetry. Mr. Lawrence, in this article, discusses the most impressive fact which man must consider today, and suggests the course of the novel of the future

Science has learned an uncanny lot, *by the way*.

Apply the same to the "Know Thyself" motto. We have learned something by the way. But as far as I'm concerned, I see land receding, and the great ocean of the last "I Don't Know" enveloping me.

But the human consciousness must never finally say: "I Don't Know". It has *got* to know, even if it must metamorphose to do so.

The Crises of Temptation

NOW, as soon as you come across a Thou Shalt Not commandment, you may be absolutely sure that sometime or other you'll have to break this commandment. You needn't make a practice of breaking it. But the day will come when you'll have to break it. When you'll have to take the name of the Lord Your God in vain, and have other gods, and worship idols, and steal, and kill, and commit adultery, and all the rest. A day will come. Because, as Oscar Wilde says, "What's a temptation for, except to be succumbed to?"

There comes a time to every man when he has to break one or other of the Thou Shalt Not commandments. And then is the time to Know Yourself just a bit different from what

you thought you were. There is no escape.

So that, in the end, this Know Thyself commandment brings me up against the Presume-Not-God-to-Scan fence. Trespassers will be prosecuted. "Know then thyself, presume not God to scan."

It's a dilemma. Because this business of knowing myself has led me slap up against the forbidden enclosure where, presumably, this God mystery is kept in corral. It isn't my fault. I followed the road. And it leads over the edge of a precipice on which stands a signboard: "Danger! Don't go over the edge!"

But I've *got* to go over the edge. The way lies that way.

Flop! Over we go, and into the endless sea. There we drown.

No! Out of the drowning something else gurgles awake. And that's the best of the human consciousness. When you fall into the final sea of "I Don't Know", then, if you can but gasp "Teach Me", you turn into a fish, and twiddle your fins and twist your tail and grope in amazement, in a new element.

That's why they called Jesus "The Fish" = "Pisces". Because he fell, like the weariest river, into the great Ocean that is outside the shore, and there took on a new way of knowledge.

The God Within Ourselves

THE Proper Study is Man, sure enough. But the proper study of man, like the proper study of anything else, will in the end leave you no option. You'll have to presume to study God. Even the most hard-boiled scientist, if he is a brave and honest man, is landed in this unscientific dilemma. Or, rather, he is all at sea in it.

The river of human consciousness, like ancient Ocean, goes in a circle. It starts gaily, bubblingly, fiercely, from an inland pool, where it surges up in obvious mystery and Godliness, the human consciousness. And here is the God of the Beginning, call him Jehovah or Ra or Ammon or Jupiter or what you like. One bubbles up in Greece, one in Egypt, one in Jerusalem. From their various God-sources, the streams of human consciousness rush variously down. Then begin to meander and to doubt. Then fall slow. Then start to silt up. Then pass into the great Ocean, which is the God of the End.

In the great ocean of the End, most men are lost. But Jesus turned into a fish; he had the other-consciousness of the Ocean, which is the divine End of us all. And then, like a salmon, he beat his way up-stream again, to speak from the source.

And this is the greater history of man, as distinguished from the lesser history, in which figures Mr. Lloyd George and Monsieur Poincaré.

We are in the deep, muddy estuary of our era, and terrified of the emptiness of the sea beyond. Or we are at the end of the great road that Jesus and Francis and Whitman walked. We are on the brink of a precipice, and terrified at the great void below.

No help for it. We are men, and for men there is no retreat. Over we go.

Over we must and shall go, so we may as
(Continued on page 90)

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JOHN BARRYMORE
"Be thou a spirit of health
or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from
heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or
charitable,
Thou comest in such a
questionable shape
That I will speak to thee."



E. H. SOTHERN
"For though I am not splenitive
and rash,
Yet have I something in me
dangerous. . . ."



WALTER HAMPDEN
"'S blood, do you think that I am easier to
be played on than a pipe?
Call me what instrument you will, though you
can fret me, you cannot play upon me."



SIR JOHN MARTIN-HARVEY
"But I have that within which
passeth show;
These but the trappings and the
suits of woe."

A Group of Hamlets Challenging Success on Broadway Actors Who Are Giving Us Their Own Interpretations of the Melancholy Dane

The Theater of Max Reinhardt

A Comment upon the Work of the Great German Master of Stagecraft, Who is Now Visiting New York

By RICHARD ORDYNSKI

THERE is nothing surprising or disturbing to the Continental friends and old lieutenants of Max Reinhardt, in his descent upon Broadway. In the days before the war, Reinhardt was not only the greatest force in the European theater, but he was its one international figure. His art and his sympathies were wide-ranging, eclectic. The repertory of his two theaters touched all times and all countries—the Greece of Sophocles and Aristophanes, the Merrie England of Shakespeare and the witty London of Wilde, the Russia of Gorky and of Gogol, the France of Molière and Maeterlinck, of Becque and de Flers, the Spain of Calderon and the Italy of Goldoni, the Low Countries of Heijermans, the Scandinavia of Ibsen and Strindberg, even the young America of Percy MacKaye and his *Scarecrow*, of Hazelton and Benrimo and their *Yellow Jacket*. There were classics by Goethe and Schiller next to *diableries* by Wedekind; Offenbach operettas side by side with the morality play *Everyman*. From the founding of the cabaret and from the naturalism of the Volksbuehne, Reinhardt passed on to circus productions of Greek tragedy and to the Theater of the Five Thousand, his most idealistic performance.

Such a range was bound to carry Reinhardt outside Germany. In 1910, he began his experiments in the Esperanto of dumb-show—the one truly international language—with *Sumurun*. This carried him to London, where, in 1912, he produced for the first time on any stage the gigantic pantomime *The Miracle*, which now brings him to New York. Here this amplification of the Sister Beatrice legend, with action designed by Karl Vollmoeller and music by Engelbert Humperdinck, will be further internationalized by the presence of Lady Diana Manners, the English beauty, as the Madonna, and by the costumes and scenery of the young American artist Norman-Bel Geddes.

REINHARDT is not a stranger to the American theater. I had the privilege of assisting, in 1912, in the transference to Broadway of the company and the production which had given *Sumurun* so successfully in Berlin and London. The tradition of *Sumurun* has dwelt in America ever since, side by side with the international fame of its producer. That happy little spectacle—fresh, direct, and so very moving—exhibited all of the producer's cunning and finesse in contriving the essentials of acting and the essentials of atmosphere. The simple and glowing scenes of Ernst Stern struck the imagination of American artists and producers, and opened the way for the new stagecraft in America. The "flowery way", which carried the actors to the stage over the heads of the audience, became the runway of the Winter Garden. Under the stimulus of *Sumurun*, students of the theater, as well as a few managers and actors, visited Reinhardt's playhouse in Berlin, and brought back impressions and an inspiration that have immeasurably enriched the American theater.

There is, somehow, a mysterious sort of

union between all the theaters of the civilized world. Inwardly and outwardly, something seems to connect their activities and to lead them towards a new and common growth. There is no city in the world where the outcome of this subtle and mystic force—all the new



MAX REINHARDT

The foremost German producer, who is now in the United States directing the performances of the spectacular musical pantomime, "The Miracle", by Karl Vollmoeller and Engelbert Humperdinck, at the Century Theater



RICHARD ORDYNSKI

The eminent Polish director who, was associated with Reinhardt in the American production of "Sumurun"

MARIA CARMÍ

Who, in 1912, created the rôle of the Madonna in Reinhardt's original production of "The Miracle"



methods and ideas in playwriting, acting and production—can be so freely displayed and experimented with as in New York. Here these tendencies can all meet and cross and struggle and fuse, sure of a sincere, interested audience. The last few seasons in New York have plainly manifested a real progress in the choice of plays and in the form of their presentation. Eagerness, energy and ultimately discrimination; a demand for a certain standard, and an exciting quality in plays and in their theatrical frame—these qualities predominate today. It is at a most fortunate moment that Reinhardt re-enters the American theater. Our audiences and managers are perhaps better able to appreciate, his genius now than at any other time in the history of the American theater; and his influence will be exercised in many ways.

If the faculty to absorb the meaning of a play completely, and the power to project this meaning vividly and luminously, is the art of the theater, Max Reinhardt is the epitome of that art. He grasps all the means at hand. He focuses and fuses all the instruments of the theater towards an ultimate harmony. He permits no waste of energy or material. Every step of labor advances to a contemplated goal. The theater of Max Reinhardt is the theater in all its completeness, with all its colors, all its music, all its movements.

Much of Reinhardt's fame rests on his dexterity in re-animating the classics. They have been English and French, Italian and Spanish, as well as German classics. Of his work with Shakespeare, it has been said that his interpretations are not English enough; but no one could deny that the poet's characters never received such pregnant, precise and human impersonations as on the stage of the Deutsches Theater. The wonderful animation which Reinhardt forced into these performances have played a great part in the abiding interest and unflinching success of the plays of the English Shakespeare on the German stage.

The beginning of Reinhardt's reputation, some twenty years ago, came with his productions of thoroughly "modern" authors, notably Strindberg, Ibsen, Wedekind, Gorky, Tolstoy and Maeterlinck. Their plays all unfolded before him their inner, secret intentions, that he might clothe them with both subtle realism and poetic beauty. Many Russians have admitted that his production of Tolstoy's *Living Corpse*, given in America as *Redemption*, came nearer to absolute perfection of atmosphere and detail than any other foreign presentation ever achieved.

INTERNATIONALLY, Reinhardt's fame has gone farthest through another type of stage accomplishment—the spectacle. In England, his pantomimes *Sumurun* and *The Miracle* won him almost a riot of enthusiasm. In his own country, another kind of spectacle has gained more applause—the classic tragedies of Greece, presented at first on a magnificent scale in circus arenas, and finally in a gigantic playhouse, the Grosses Schauspielhaus, especially built for this unique kind of elaborate theatrical production.

To complete the picture of Reinhardt's genius, I must speak of the frolicsome entertainments in which he unites all his extraordinary craft with the playfulness of a child. A rare charm and a most whimsical sense of humor pervade his revivals of old comedies, and a very masculine and very sensuous quality characterize his productions of operetta. The works of Nestoy, the Viennese George M. Cohan, have always been his favorites among the old comedies, and he has made them perfect gems on the stage. Offenbach is always the beloved "music master" of his lighter recreations, and he has immortalized him.

Reinhardt is coming to America, intent upon exhibiting his genius as an "artist of the

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HUGH CECIL

A British Actress in Her American Début

Lady Diana Manners. Who May Share Honors with Maria Carmi, as the Madonna, in Reinhardt's "The Miracle"

Jean Cocteau: A Master Modernist

A Sketch Portrait of This Literary Flâneur and Leader of a Dozen Artistic Revolutions in Paris

By CLIVE BELL

IT is still popularly supposed that Jean Cocteau is the last word in modernity; and so, in a sense, he is. He is modern, because he happens to be thirty-odd years old and completely himself; he is, from time to time, a last word, because he happens to have genius. That, however, is not what the public means; that is not why the moment some new literary movement forces itself to the front, Cocteau is proclaimed its father; that is not why the Dadas even were said to be his children—as, in a sense, they were: even their attitude towards him being that of most modern children to their parents—dislike, tempered by fear. For the next ten years, it may well be the same with each little movement that struggles into the open. Cocteau will be reputed its organizer and prophet. For another ten years, I dare say, he will stand in the public mind, as he stands now, for all that is most modern. I think I can see why.

Superficially, in his early effort, in his vocabulary, his themes and in his way of life, Cocteau did seem to have been touched by that pervasive and essentially modern spirit which, blowing from your side of the Atlantic, began some dozen years ago to charm with its siren voice and southern perfumes the ears and noses of young Latinity. I call it the Jazz spirit. It induces a wild, and perhaps slightly injudicious, admiration for what I suspect of being not quite the best that America can do. At any rate, since very few Latins can read English, it has led to Mr. Louis Hirsch and Mr. Irving Berlin being esteemed by continental experts far above Henry James and Mr. Conrad Aiken. This up-to-date spirit manifests itself, not only in a religious enthusiasm for brazen sound and electric light, but in an awestruck humility before Atlantic liners and a touching belief in "business men, hard and merciless, who dominate the millions with their writing and adding machines".

The Magnate after Office Hours

IN England, we are tolerably cynical about hard and merciless business men. Like you, we know too much about them. We know that, rather than hard and merciless, they are apt to be flabby and sentimental; and that, after five o'clock, there is nothing they like so much as crying their eyes out over Mary Pickford. Also, though we have far fewer typewriting machines, we have enough and have had them long enough to breed that familiarity which breeds something worse. At least, we have grown sufficiently used to these chattering Yojos to treat them as something less than fetishes. Wherefore Jazz-fever is less catching here than in Latin countries; and had Cocteau been born in London, he would probably from the first have written less reverently of steamships.

This early dalliance with a dusky love is not, however, what makes him appear sometimes the most modern of men. It is his prodigiously open mind. Though he cannot quite boast that *nihil humani aivenum esse putat*, if for "*nihil humani*" you substitute "no idea", the ancient saw holds good.

There are many people whom no idea frightens; the extraordinary thing about Cocteau is that no new idea wounds his vanity by seeming

to rob him of painfully acquired prestige. Though Dadas and Post-Dadas may please themselves proclaiming that by their inventions and discoveries they have rendered his published writings obsolete and his talents and culture superfluous, Cocteau is quite willing to enjoy any drop of sack that can be squeezed from their intolerable deal of bread. He does



JEAN COCTEAU

The "enfant terrible" of Parisian art: novelist, playwright, poet, musician, orchestral conductor, ballet master, critic, and leader of all the recent artistic revolutions in France

not feel, as most of us feel, an instinctive dislike for, a desire to denigrate, any novelty that appears to make hay of his past; and in the explanation of this virtue, we shall discover the very core of his attitude to life and art. Cocteau is never hampered by his past, because he never leans on it. Somewhere or other he has said: "If you want to remain young, you must always be making a fresh start". Cocteau is an eternal *débutant*.

Cocteau's Attitude to Life

ONE can easily fail to realize what a prodigious gift this is. Many modern critics have asserted at one time or another that one must walk on one's own feet, that one must not lean on the past; but Cocteau refuses to lean even on his own past. Most of us feel about new ideas, about new theories of life and art, much as the honest tradesman who has worked his way up in the world feels about communism: we feel that our hard-earned savings are being filched from us. Cocteau does not live on his income; and he is always ready to start afresh beside the youngest apprentice in the shop. He asks to be judged, if he is to be judged at all, not by what he has done, or what he has acquired, but by what he is.

In a little book called "*Le secret professionnel*" (1922)—a little book which, in my opinion, is the best criticism and appreciation of the movement of contemporary ideas that we pos-

sess, and quite one of the most remarkable publications of our day—Cocteau throws out one of those illuminating, deep-sinking observations of his which hitches very neatly onto the one I quoted above. "What I propose", says he (I paraphrase freely, because some people seem to find his French difficult) "is to dispense with a style. Let us have style, instead of having a style. No one, as a matter of fact, gets rid of a certain gait which, to the eye of a delicate observer, gives a family likeness to all his works. But let us carry our style next the skin, instead of wearing it on our sleeve; let us bother about having good stuff to our coat, rather than about putting smart patterns on it."

Here is the same preoccupation with escaping from the personal *diché*. The artist is not to lean even on his own past. Each time that he wishes to express something, he must quarry the material in which it is to be expressed fresh from the depths of his being. Like a silkworm he must spin his own cocoon, not keep a cupboard full of neat "sections" as a bee-master does, or a schoolmaster.

His Intelligent Literary Method

AND, to do him justice, Cocteau practices what he preaches. His style is closely knit; he tightens his words over each idea until they fit like a glove; padding there is none. Invariably, he kills with the first barrel; there is none of that "tailing" with the right and bringing down with the left about his prose. In a word, his style is perfectly classical and in the great French tradition. If sometimes it seems difficult, that is because he makes a habit of using images, not, as most writers do, merely to illustrate ideas, but to express them. We are grown so much accustomed to images which merely illustrate without pushing forward the argument, that we expect to be able to read them carelessly without losing the thread. Not so can you treat Cocteau's writing. The images are an essential part of the argument which travels inside them. Wherefore, an inattentive or unintelligent reader, who shuts his eyes as the image leaps, finds himself at the close of a sentence on the far side of a hedge in an unknown field, and cannot make out where the devil he has got to.

Yet you must not suppose, because he explodes the tricks of professors and pokes fun at obsolescent schools, that Cocteau belongs to the modern. That is a common error; it is an error, none the less. Schools of any sort are not to his taste—not even his own school; and he despises the imitators of the moderns, if possible, more than the rest. To repeat what has already been said, and said once and for all, by Picasso or Stravinsky or Tzara or Cocteau himself, is just as silly as to repeat what has been said by Sophocles or Shakespeare. Most futile of all is the ambition of being "the last word"; for, as Cocteau brilliantly says, "when the clock of genius strikes, instantaneously all the clocks in the world go slow". To fuss nervously about being punctual is, as everyone knows, the sign of a fool. Time was made for slaves.

So far I have written only of Cocteau, the thinker, the man of ideas the most brilliant of his interesting generation—the man who has

(Continued on page 82)



THE BRIDE AND GROOM

The wedding party in this amusing burlesque enter, as Cocteau says in his stage directions, like dogs walking on their hind legs in trained animal acts. Like the other characters in the piece, they wear large papier-maché masks. The Bride is immovably demure, the Groom of an Adonis-like expressionlessness, as they go to the festival



A BRIDESMAID AND AN USHER

Two of the charming young people who assist at the wedding breakfast. It appears that it was once a custom for bourgeois wedding parties in Paris to celebrate their wedding breakfasts on the Eiffel Tower. It is at such a prosaic festivity that the strange events of the ballet, which represents an uproarious satire of these occasions, take place

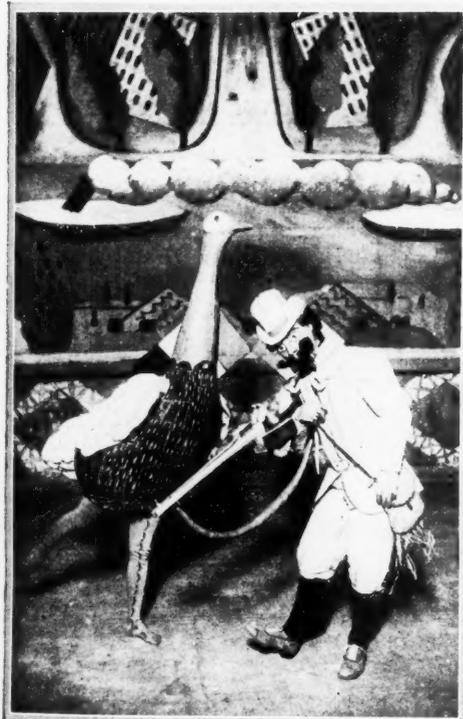


THE LION

The Lion unexpectedly appears from the Photographer's bewitched camera, and incontinently devours the General, who, being old and in his dotage, insists that the monster is not real but merely a mirage such as he has often seen in Africa

THE CHILD (Below)

The Child is perhaps the most annoying of the apparitions produced by the camera, when the apparatus has been thrown out of gear by the escape of the ostrich. He is a sort of prophetic vision of the future issue of the marriage



THE OSTRICH AND THE HUNTER

Every time that the Photographer took a picture, he had always been in the habit of saying: "Watch for the little bird!" On the day in question, however, when he pronounced the familiar words, the actual bird suddenly appeared, in the form of an ostrich. It was patiently pursued by a hunter all over the Eiffel Tower until it returned to the camera



THE BATHING-GIRL AND THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Among its other surprises, the camera produces a full-blown bathing beauty—one of those alluring creatures depicted on French colored post-cards. The Photographer is the soul of politeness and amiability, but he has unfortunately become hunch-backed by looking under the apron of his camera

An American Sculptor's Impressions of the Spanish Bull Ring

Hunt Diederich Temporarily Abandons Marble and Bronze for Black Paper

The Silhouettes by HUNT DIEDERICH



THE BEGINNING OF THE FIGHT

In this silhouette, Mr. Diederich has secured a happy effect which, perhaps, he did not anticipate when he originally created the design. The effect we allude to is the suspicion of shadows, and is caused by the fact that the silhouettes were not pasted flat upon the sheet but pasted quite loosely, so that in photographing them a pleasant effect of shadows is secured in the reproduction. At the outset of the bull fight, we see the agile banderillero, deftly avoiding the wicked horns of his enraged adversary and, in a single graceful movement, plunging his frilled darts into the designated four-inch square of the bull's neck. Mr. Diederich has been extraordinarily successful, in this drawing, in grouping his figures in such manner as to round out the decoration, while in no way detracting from the rapidity of the action.

HUNT DIEDERICH

More, perhaps, than any other American sculptor, Hunt Diederich has made a fetish of perfecting himself in a variety of artistic mediums: painting, pen drawing, metal working—in lead, zinc and silver—achieving in each an effectiveness of craftsmanship which has so signalized him, that he has found a high place in the esteem of European collectors and critics. In the field of silhouettes, for example, he is not (as most silhouette artists are) satisfied first to make a design with pen and ink, and then to cut the design with scissors. His is an intrepid talent, which makes him prefer to cut the design as he goes, without help from the pencil. Mr. Diederich has chosen the Plaza de Toros as a setting for some of his most interesting work: and, indeed, the Spanish national sport, demanding of its participants an unusual degree of grace and agility, lends itself with a singular felicity to his delicate and spirited art. The bewilderingly rapid succession of decorative groupings into which flash toro and torero, have engaged the artist to a compelling degree; the result of this fascination may be observed in the masterly execution of the silhouettes shown on these pages. Perfect grace has been admirably combined with the swiftest motion, in such a manner as to unite the two elements in a perfect and decorative whole.



A CHARGE ELUDED

The lithe Don Benito has successfully eluded another charge. His fighting cape swings free as El Toro, his deadly horns just grazing the fighter's body, blindly rushes past. A few feet beyond, he will turn for a fresh onslaught; and Don Benito must keep his wits about him if he hopes for another evening on the Prado. Mr. Diederich's primary mastery of the technique of sculpture, and his preoccupation with matters of design peculiar to sculpture, enable him to produce in his silhouettes an extraordinary illusion of weight, contour and strength, which will be noted in the figure of the bull as it charges against its adversary.

A TENSE MOMENT (Left)

Suddenly the bull, crafty in his rage, turns on his tormentor. But the agile Benito, seasoned in many close fights, is quicker than his adversary. Again the red capa is flaunted before the pointed horns. A quick sidestep, and he is safe. The fight-mad multitude in El Sol cheers wildly. Another such pass, and his prowess will have won over even the aristocrats in El Sombre. And then, what showers of cigarillos, pesetas and applause! Surely a brave torero can ask no greater reward.





THE PURSUIT

But El Toro is not to be dismissed thus easily. Again he wheels and launches his huge bulk against the torero. He seems a bellowing Nemesis. This time he has almost succeeded in impaling the capa on his upthrust horns. Benito is beginning to tire; he had best make for the barrier. Mr. Diederich, the originator of these designs, is the nephew of Richard and William Hunt, who were at one time among the chief artistic figures in America, one as an architect of the first magnitude, the other as a famous artist and a lecturer of great acumen and knowledge

THE ENTRANCE OF THE CHULO
(Below)

And here we see the entrance of the chulo, whose task it is to supply fresh horses to the picadors when theirs have either tired or gone the way of all flesh that enters the bull ring. The chulo has anticipated the mishap to his friend, the picador, and is leading another mount into the arena. With what cleverness has the artist imbued the animal with the suggestion of spirit, almost of hauteur. Note the dashing demeanor of the tail



FIRST BLOOD TO THE BULL (Right)

Before the picador can recover control of his frightened horse, the bull is upon them with a furious charge. The fear-blinded horse is impaled upon the cruel horns, tossed upon them, and sent spinning with his rider through the air. Our picador will owe thanks to the Holy Virgin if he is so fortunate as to escape a terrible goring. It is designs like these which have served as the basis of Mr. Diederich's finest craftsmanship



THE PICADOR TO THE FORE (Below)

Now comes the turn of the fierce picador. His decrepit nag sidles gingerly into the arena, curvetting and prancing in fear; but the picador couches his iron-tipped lance and, plunging his spurs in his horse's flanks, gallops straight at the bull. But the horseman's intrepid rush avails him little. El Toro, grown crafty, makes a sharp turn; and the lance glances harmlessly from his shoulder, while the frightened horse rears and plunges. Note in this group that the sculptor has formalized and exaggerated, almost to the point of archaicism, the figure of the bull. This is a liberty quite permissible in an artist primarily interested in decorative form. Hunt Diederich enjoys nothing better than to model and mold—in pewter or lead—designs of this character. After completion, these serve either as paper weights, door stops or weather vanes; and in such practical fields he has led the way among American craftsmen. Another artistic detour of his, as characteristic as it is amusing, is the creation of a series of tea trivets





This is Mr. Bellows' most recently completed canvas. It will be exhibited, for the first time, at the show of the New Society of Artists, which is to be held at the Anderson Galleries, Park Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, New York, from January 3 to January 31. The painting, which is five feet by six, is rich and velvety in tone, and is one of the artist's most important canvases.

The Crucifixion. A Painting by George Bellows

A Much Discussed Canvas, in the Modern Manner, Shortly to be Put on Public View

The canvas reproduced on this page is one only among the notable pictures and sculptures which will be seen for the first time at the exhibition of the New Society of Artists, a group of painters and sculptors whose importance in the cultural advancement of America can hardly be overestimated. With practically no exceptions, they are the leaders in their particular schools; and, again with hardly an exception, are vigorous and forceful exponents of the American note in painting. Few of them follow, or feel, foreign influences. Mr. Gari Melchers has once more been elected President of the Society. This is their Fifth Annual Exhibition, and it is gratifying to note that the public following accorded their annual show has, during the past three years, grown to amazing proportions, over a thousand people having visited it last year in a single day. Mr. Joseph Pennell is the secretary of the society, while the Council includes Gifford Beal, John Flanagan, Paul Dougherty, Eugene Speicher, George Bellows, William J. Glackens and Elie Nadelman, the sculptor.

A glance at the names of the men who compose the New Society will convince us of the highly diversified character of its membership. The contributing artists for the coming show include: Chester Beach, Gifford Beal, Reynolds Beal, George Bellows, Stirling Calder, Robert Chanler, Timothy Cole, Randall Davey, Hunt Diederich, Paul Dougherty, Guy Pene Du Bois, John Flanagan, James Earle Fraser, Frederick E. Frieseke, William J. Glackens, Charles Grally, Samuel Halpert, Robert Henri, Rockwell Kent, Leon Kroll, Gaston Lachaise, Albert Laessle, Ernest Lawson, Hayley Lever, Jonas Lie, George Luks, Dodge MacKnight, Paul Manship, Henry Lee McFee, Gari Melchers, Jerome Myers, Elie Nadelman, Andrew O'Connor, Maurice Prendergast, Joseph Pennell, Van Deering Perrine, Edmund Quinn, Boardman Robinson, F. G. R. Roth, Elmer Schofield, John Sloan, Eugene Speicher, Maurice Sterne, Albert Sterner, Edmund Tarbell, Irving R. Wiles, Gertrude V. Whitney and Mahonri Young—altogether, a notable group.

The Past, the Present, and Mr. H. G. Wells

An Attempt to Rectify a Common Misconception Concerning the Period of the Novelist's Social Vision

By PHILIP GUEDALLA

A WITTY lady, whose novels must be almost as much pleasure to write as they are to read, has discriminated wisely between the things that are and are not News. "Crime is News; divorce is News; girl mothers are News; fabric gloves and dolls' eyes are, for some unaccountable reason, News; centenaries of famous men are, for some still stranger reason, News; and the wrong-doing of clergymen is News; strangest of all, women are, inherently and with no activities on their part, News, in a way that men are not . . . If you do wrong, you are News; and if you have a bad accident, you are News; but, if you mysteriously disappear, you are doubly and trebly News. To be News, once in one's life—that is something for a man. Though sometimes it comes too late to be enjoyed."

High up in that enviable category, to a degree which surpasses the public interest in such literary trifles as a posthumous fragment of Jane Austen or a belated reappearance of Mr. Thomas Hardy, or even the secret marriage of a lady novelist who seemed to have been reading one of her own stories, Mr. H. G. Wells is, beyond any other member of his calling, News. His activities have attracted that mysterious measure of public attention which is necessary in order to take a writer out of those inglorious little paragraphs in which alarmingly well-informed gentlemen prattle artlessly about forthcoming books and the startling holiday adventure of a well-known literary favorite, who upon one occasion . . . Popular interest has landed him in the rougher waters beyond the breakwater, where the news items of the real world jostle one another for our attention, because Mr. Wells is no longer a literary item—he is News.

The Perversity of a Thesis

IT is, perhaps, his ardent, his obstinate connection with the real world which gives him his distinctive position. But at the same time, it has gone a long way to deprive him, in the appreciation of fastidious persons, of that rank in the hierarchy of English prose to which he has better claims than almost any of his contemporaries. They might have pardoned him, one feels, the inelegance of being widely read; even Mr. Conrad's *chic* has survived his popularity. But Mr. Wells has committed a graver indiscretion than success. He has written steadily for more than a quarter of a century, and during the whole of that time he has invariably written *about* something. It was a tragic lapse.

He and his characters have maintained an almost trulent connection with reality that is profoundly distasteful to the delicate palates of our connoisseurs. One may be sure, to name only three popular effigies, that if Monsieur Swann had interested himself actively in child welfare, if Captain Marlow had played a prominent part in agitating for an amendment of the Merchant Shipping Act, if old Mr. Verwer had taken an intelligent interest in the amelioration of labor conditions in America, the reputations of Marcel Proust, Mr. Joseph Conrad and Mr. Henry James would have suffered a grave deterioration. That is why Mr. Wells is often out of favor with the Illuminati. A thesis is not lightly forgiven.

Yet it is rarely safe to assume that because an artist is interested in subject, he is necessarily ignorant of method. A slender talent may be capable only of one or the other, but a master is equal to both; and if you subtract from Mr. Wells the whole of his vivid interest and his fun and his practical significance, you will find that there remains enough bare technical accomplishment to furnish two or three ordinary reputations. He wrote short

starry stitchwort lifted its childish faces and chorused in lines and masses. Never had I seen such a symphony of note-like flowers and tendrils and leaves. And suddenly, in its depths, I heard a chirrup and the whir of startled wings." There is much more in that than the mere skill of a clever writer of scientific romances, or the alertness of a sharp observer.

But, after all, the thing said, whatever critics may pretend, is infinitely more important than the manner of saying it; and with Mr. Wells one has always the agreeable certainty that his interest is far more in his subject matter than in the literary process. Indeed, there are moments when he seems to be so eager to deliver his message as to stray rather outside the frame of the picture in which he is conveying it. But his message (if one may employ a term with offensively evangelical connotations), the thing that he is attempting to say, is always the most important matter about Mr. Wells and his work. There are other writers, pure stylists and mere literary performers, of whom one may say (with Mr. Albert Chevalier) that it ain't exactly what they say, but the funny way they say it. With Mr. Wells, however, it is quite the reverse. Posterity will read him (and it *will* read him) for the sake of things that he says, for the vivid image that he conveys of mind, manners, morals, politics, and all the rest of it in late Victorian, Edwardian, neo-Georgian England.

On a Night of Rain

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

THE raindrops through the dark, an invisible
Net of music, tangling your thought and my
thought.
We beat against the scarcely palpable, wavering
Mesh in vain. Beloved, beloved, we are caught.
We must hold the unspoken, guarding the
silence,
Hearing, blown to and fro over it, ever the
sound
Of thinly woven silvers, hiding the morning,
Hiding our fear and our sorrow, keeping us
bound,
Softly, steadily swings the intangible shuttle,
Weaving from you to me, from my heart to
your heart again.
Whole as the wind is love, immaculate as
music,
Love that is the lightnings, and the endlessness
of rain.

stories with enormous skill in the days when the magazines were a crowded competition between Mr. Kipling, Mr. Barrie, Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Henry James, Mr. George Gissing, Mr. Joseph Conrad, Mr. George Moore, and all the names of the Nineties. He has contributed, perhaps more than any other writer, to the widening, the enlivening, the greater elasticity of the English novel, which has left it as an almost perfect vehicle for anything that a writer has to say.

Wells as a Master of Prose

AND through it all he has handled the awkward, the incomparable instrument of English prose with that rare skill which simple readers take for spontaneity. It has conveyed the sharp thrusts of his wit and the broad, slow smile of his, and Mr. Polly's and Uncle Ponde-revo's humor. It has described life and death and love and violence with a singular vividness. And more often than one is apt to remember, it has painted beauty, sometimes with the bright touch of Mr. Lewisham's "Scandalous Ramble", and sometimes with the slow magic of that enchanted garden behind "The Door in the Wall", or the exquisite brushwork which made a green hedge in a fairy tale about a comet. "It was a very glorious hedge, so that it held my eyes. It flowed along and interlaced like splendid music. It was rich with lupins, honeysuckle, campions and ragged robin; bedstraw, hops and wild clematis twined and hung among its branches, and all along its ditch border the

An Uncongenial Designation

IN one popular estimate, that has survived obstinately from a distant past in which his imagination was entirely engaged by the progress of mechanical invention and the march of the Fabian Society towards its strictly hygienic Utopia, he is still widely regarded as a specialist in the Future. Yet he would probably prefer to be thought of as the most judicious exponent of the Past, as the first historian to find something more in history than the record of a single nation, or even of the human race.

But the whole of his work leaves one, somehow, with a different impression, with a conviction that his supreme achievement is his steady and vivid reproduction of the Present, of the passing moment and the contemporary mental atmosphere in which he is writing.

Mr. Wells has always reflected with astonishing accuracy the mood and outlook of his time. His thought never lacks the sweep and vigor of a startling original mind. But his speculations invariably start on their bold career into the Future from a thorough understanding of the Present. His real merit as a prophet is not so much his evocation of the world in 1960, as an incomparably clear vision of the world in 1923. One hesitates, in a time when it is sufficient to dress carelessly and write incoherently, to be called a genius, to put a name to his gift. But that clear vision, which enables Mr. Wells to depict men and women and wars and cities and bishops and Chinamen and shop assistants, to see the drive of a tendency across the plains of America and the little fields of Europe, and the slow drift of mankind down the broad stream of its history, in his peculiar possession. One thinks of him as a pair of bright eyes, watching the world alertly, and not without malice.

We Nominate for the Hall of Fame:

GEORGE LUKS
(Below)

Because he has long been a successful teacher of painting; because he was at one time a light weight wrestling champion; because he is one of our most arresting and engaging speakers; because he is, in everything he paints, an inveterate foe of the flabby, the pretty and the insincere; because he believes intensely in the Yankee scene and manner; but chiefly because he is recognized abroad as one of the ten representative American painters



GENTHE



JEAN LOUIS FORAIN
(Below)

Because he has been for forty years an outstanding figure in European art; because he inherited the glowing, if sinister, genius of Daumier; because, at the age of seventy, he still seems the most youthful of the artists in France; because he kept ablaze the morale of the French people during the war; but chiefly because he is a past master, not only in oils, water color and pastels, but in pen and ink, lithography, and etching as well



H. L. MENCKEN

EDWARD THAYER MONROE

Because he has contributed more to the popular understanding of Nietzsche than any other American; because he brings an audacious and castigating pen to bear against sentimentality, prudishness, and false ideals; because his intelligently hospitable criticism has proven an invigorating and purgative influence on the younger American writers; and finally because, with George Jean Nathan, after retiring from the editorship of "The Smart Set" he has inaugurated a new periodical, "The American Mercury"



WINSTON CHURCHILL

Because his maternal grandfather was a popular and distinguished New Yorker while his grandfather on the paternal side was the seventh Duke of Marlborough; because he has made something of a mark for himself as a painter, writer, orator and wit; because he is a low handicap man on the polo field and golf links; because he has written an admirable history of the Great War; but chiefly because he has held, most of the highest political offices in Great Britain

ROBERT BRIDGES

Because, since 1913, he has been Poet Laureate of England, to which post he succeeded upon the death of Alfred Austin; because he has had a distinguished medical career; because in his verse he exemplifies the best traditions of the Late Victorian period; because he has written astutely upon Milton and Keats; and finally because he is considering the invitation of the University of Michigan, to spend a year in the United States, lecturing upon English Literature

Mr. Zimbalist, the "Titian" Strad, and Antonio Stradivari

An Account of the Famous Stradivarius Violin Recently Acquired by Efrem Zimbalist

By SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF

EFREM ZIMBALIST, the eminent violinist, collects violins. Those who have made a study of hobbies and their peculiar relations to the persons who ride them will consider this a paradox, since it is the primary duty of a hobby to be as removed from the profession or business of its rider as the two poles. A banker, for example, may have for his hobby the collecting of butterflies; and if he chooses to equip a costly expedition to search for specimens in Thibet, it aises not a stir and seems to everyone, quite in the nature of things. So, too, the predilection of a famous pugilist for costly and esoteric editions of books is, by this mysterious law of hobbies, beautifully felicitous. A noted writer may give satisfaction with a collection of sporting relics, with rare prints of English cock fights and mezzotints of celebrated horses. This is as it should be.

Mr. Waddel, a sausage maker of Glasgow, possesses a rare collection of violins and stringed instruments; and the fact that he cannot himself play on them and will not lend them out to performers of ability, does not outrage the sensibilities of the most sensitive. The possession of beautiful violins is, somehow, rightly expected of a man who devoted his life to the manufacture of sausages. Mr. Zimbalist, arriving from Europe with the celebrated Titian Stradivarius, is, on the contrary, a startling figure, and has his place in the movies in the *Topics of the Week* in the prominence as a conquering pugilist.

IN the beginning of the eighteen hundreds, a shipment of Stradivarius violins to a dealer in London was returned because of the prohibitive sum stipulated as the selling price. This was four pounds a violin! A hundred years later, Mr. Zimbalist, sojourning in Paris, pays, after proper haggling, the sum of \$33,000 for a Stradivarius violin which had never, since it left the Master's workshop in Cremona, been heard in a public performance anywhere on the globe.

This is the Titian "Strad", which made its maiden appearance in concert at Mr. Zimbalist's recent recital in Carnegie Hall. If the artist was a little apprehensive about the carrying power of an instrument that had never made more than a modest appearance in the salon of a chateau, his fears were quickly set at rest. There seemed, to the writer, a compelling intensity in the sounds wafted from the stage, which might easily penetrate the farthest corners of any auditorium in the world. The Titian possesses the luminous

brilliance usually associated with the violins of that other Italian master, the member of the Guarneri family known as Del Jesu; but the deep, "meaty" quality of the tone, pure globular sound, freed magically from contamination of wood, gut and hair, lives only in the violins of Antonio Stradivari. The Titian possesses this quality, unimpaired to

In the year 1680, young Stradivari set up, in the Piazza San Domenico, his own workshop, and proceeded to turn out stringed musical instruments differing in quality and design from the work of his master. It was here the world's most perfect violins were to be made.

The new models of the former apprentice by reason of bigger volume and purer tone,

quickly became popular.

To his workshop repaired the wealthy amateurs of Italy, couriers representing great families in France and agents from Kings and Princes, with orders and solicitations for single instruments or "concertos", consisting each of two violins, viola, violincello and bass; for in those times every great house maintained a small string ensemble, with perhaps an oboe and clarinet added; and the family would gather in the mornings for music as they would for prayers. One can imagine the even quality of tone produced by such a concerto, all the instruments of a like temper, unlike only in range. A concerto was made for the Grand Duke of Tuscany, with fittings and cases designed and executed by Stradivari himself. Of the ornamented concerto made for the Spanish crown, in 1687, the violincello is the only instrument still owned by the present king.

In 1732, Stradivari died, at the fine age of 88. From his eighteenth year until the end of his life, he produced, it is estimated,

several thousand musical instruments, including guitars, lutes, lyres and mandolins. There are, too, records of the romantic Viola da Gamba, made by Stradivari; but none of these are now known to exist. Of the concerto instruments, there are about 1000 extant, the violins alone numbering approximately 600.

THE years 1710 to 1720 were, according to connoisseurs, the finest period of Stradivari's long and productive career; and the violins made in those ten years show a culmination of both the artistic and scientific genius necessary for the production of so beautiful and delicate an instrument. Mr. Zimbalist's "Titian" was made in the year 1715, at the very peak of that amazing interval. It is not on record whether the violin was commissioned by the Count d'Evry, its first owner; but it is reasonable to assume that Stradivari, at the height of his fame, would hardly have found leisure for any work but commissions.

However, the record has it that the Titian was in the possession of the D'Evry family until the end of the eighteenth century.

(Continued on page 88)



E FREM ZIMBALIST

The composer and master violinist, photographed for the first time with his recently acquired Stradivarius violin, known as the "Titian" for its magnificent color. The cost of the violin was \$33,000



THE "TITIAN" STRAD

This redoubtable fiddle created in Cremona more than two hundred years ago, has since been kept in private collections. It was heard for the first time at a public concert, this autumn in Carnegie Hall

the slightest extent, flawlessly, magnificently, for a reason to be found in its history since it left its maker's hands to journey into France.

The town of Cremona today goes sleepily about its business, quite unaware of its former importance to the art of music; but in the seventeenth century the city enjoyed, with the cultured of Europe, a reputation quite equal to any of the art centers of Italy. In Cremona lived Nicolas Amati, the most celebrated maker of violins in Europe; and in his shop worked two youths, Andreas Guarneri and Antonio Stradivari, whose names were destined to become synonymous with the finest achievements of the violin maker's art.



A STEICHEN PORTRAIT

Lucrezia Bori, in the Last Act of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet"
"Her Beauty Makes this Vault a Feasting Presence, Full of Light"

The New Spoon River

A Seventh Group of Epitaphs from the Graveyard of Spoon River

By EDGAR LEE MASTERS

Teresa Pashkowsky

HOW came this Japanese poppy
To bloom alone, far afield in a middle
meadow,
With grasses and yellow buttercups around it,
Lifting its scarlet splendor, bright as a flame,
Like a ruddy moon, like a torch in the earth-
bound hands
Of buried Persephone, high over flowering
weeds?
A wind blew the seed from a lovely garden,
Over the soft, warm waters at night, when the
stars
Fringed down or lifted lashes of drowsy light
For the soothing heat of September.
But whence were you, Teresa Pashkowsky,
Here amid drug stores, movies, squabble and
alleys,
Rising to song, and the soul of Lucia, Thaïs,
And fame in the world?

Sylvester Wilson

YOU will go on forever, Spoon River,
As you have always gone:
Treating each other as if life would last for-
ever,
And that happiness could be taken
After revenge and business were cared for.
You will go on breaking the wills of each other,
Forcing ideas of life upon each other,
Making laws, trampling delight,
Making plans for years to come.
You will go on so, blind to the fact
That property, just property,
Is at the bottom of all this illusion
That life will last forever!

Sterling Sucher

NOW that I was a name in the world,
After thirty years of obscurity,
And my drama was hailed by everyone;
You marvelled—I saw it in your eyes,
That I sought with such persistent hunger
Fellowship and association,
And lingered wherever I could find them.
Here I was on the heights at last—
But my chum of thirty years was there:
Old Loneliness still held my arm,
As I stood on the peaks, and was known at last.
And yet the habit of seeking stayed;
And I sought as I had sought of yore,
And I was as lonely as before.
How strange at this time to die, you thought.
But I was alone, and as hungry, too,
For love as ever I was, my friends—
I had lived too long a life of seeking
Ever for it to leave me!

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Evalena Fayner

EVERY night for a year
Eyes suddenly opened to thrilling silence,
a silence agonized—
Then the clock struck two!
And tossing till day in the torture of memory
Of ruined happiness.
Great weariness becoming my very bones and
flesh.
Past the cure of sleep, could I sleep.
Fears like hovering condor wings:
Fear of walls! Fear of crowds, of buildings!
Fear of poverty! Fear of sudden death!
Sapped, terrified by the smallest demands of
the day!
Restless! Walking about and about
To get away from something! What?
To back away, to run, seek havens of distant
places,
See old friends. Oh, no! Never to be endured!
Suddenly, I found myself in the doctor's office,
Trembling as the door closed to with a gust
and a sigh;
And from somewhere near, Chopin's *Berceuse*.
Now only to get away. Quick! An open win-
dow.
Hey! on the sill. The awful leap!
Thump! Globes of circling lights,
Star showers! Blackness!

Claud Antle

ALL are sent into the thicket of life,
Some to hunt and survive, some to be
hunted to death.
What was it that gave them the scent of me,
Made them pursue, and fortun'd Fate and
Nature
In a league against me, all along the way?
First as a boy, teased and fought by school
mates;
Bitten by dogs, nearly drowned, sick to death
From eating toadstools; always a broken arm,
Or the kick of a horse, or a frozen ear.
Later, betrayed and robbed in business,
Beauty of person, gifts availed me nothing.
I was a deer compelled to live with the hounds!

Seidel Loveman

YOUR curses against life seem at first
To repel or keep at bay,
And to effectually mock and character
Life's disgust, and pain, and defeat.
But at the last, you who curse
Will be as the boy who whistles against the
darkness
And terror of the storm.
Curses are a mocker and a raging.
And when you have cursed your fill,
You will be but a dead snake,
Whose dried and broken skin
Lisps to the air a simulation
Of its dying hisses!

Albert Thurston

WHO lives where the eagle lives?
The lizard!
The lizard crawls at the feet of the eagle.
Who lives where the eagle lives?
The snake!
The snake is coiled by the eagle's nest.
Who soars where the eagle soars?
The vulture!
The condor!
But who clasps the crags in the lonely heights,
With the sun light on his golden wings,
Crowned with the planet of morning?—
The eagle!

Norris Kernan

TO the god Jesus, what sacrifices!
Chastity, the scrubbing of floors, care of
lepers.
Celibacy, hair shirts, poverty, death in life.
Martyrdom, faggots, crosses, wild beasts.
Self-crucifixion, long years of lonely watching.
But there is a god more terrible than Jesus,
To whom Heine, Shelley and Poe
Gave everything of heart and brain,
Of love and life,
Amid dishonor, want, disease,
Hatred, contempt of the world,
And without hope—
O merciless Apollo!

Professor Mackemeyer

MY poverty and suffering and illness at last
Were not due to the sin of running away
With Professor Gardner's wife.
But they followed link by link upon
The act of my wife, in bringing to court
My so-called crime of running away;
And link by link upon
The ostracism of the good,
And the active malice of enemies
Who took this occasion to wreak their hatred,
That never had had a handle before.
And seeing all this, I stripped away
The parrot clatter of moralists:
The Greek tragedies are not studies in Fate,
Nor in the wrath of God—
They are studies in human revenge!

Nicholas Koslowski

OF my many sculptures, keep at least the one
Of the Illini in the throes of hunger,
On the heights, but starving.
In that bitter winter of the war;
You could give coal and food
To the fathers and mothers of soldiers,
All your vision strained to the glory of war—
But no coal, no food for me,
Who by sculpture alone could make you freer,
And democracy wider and more beautiful
Than all the soldiers who ever lived!

(Continued on page 78)

You Can Always Tell by the Dog

Because He is an Unfailing Guide to His Owner's Character



THE POODLE

If you have hateful personal characteristics to hide, avoid owning a dog, or it will bear your secret to the world—on four legs and a leash. Don't you sense, for instance, that there is a definite sympathy of character between these two? A kindred conviction that the world is horrid and full of horrid men and other horrid things like that?



THE BULL

Now you begin to see what we mean. Here is a real HE man, who wouldn't, for anything, have one of those woolly la-di-da things that ladies love so dearly. No, sir, what he wants is a real dog. If we saw this dog first, we could sit right down and tell you that his master was going to look exactly as he looks here—tough, but true-hearted



Sketches by
CHARLES MARTIN

THE LOU-LOU DOG

Here, again: just the sort of dog to be happy while curled up in little silk things, lacey and fluffy and what not. And just the sort of girl to love a dog like that. She probably perfumes it every morning and could kiss it to death, it looks so sweet in its blue ribbon, and everything

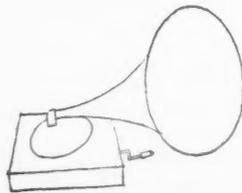


THE HOUND

It may be totally useless—outside of a Bier-und-wurst Haus—but still it's a hound. Look at that keen nose and the gamey cock of those ears! And, of course, its master is a sportsman. You can tell that at a glance by his plus-fours and his fore-and-aft cap

PATHOS

And here is the most poignant little scene of all: a dog with no master and no master's character to express—in fact, no affinity at all. Isn't it all too sad?



THE GREYHOUND

Here we have distinction. "Bon chien de race", and all that sort of thing. Breeding also accounts for the almost ascetic appearance of the dog's mistress—a sort of girl quite easy to find in DeBrett, with, perhaps, the pedigree of the dog appended. They have quite the grand and slender manner

Wanted: A City of the Spirit

Reflections upon the Spiritual Problems Which Confront the Younger Generation in America

By EDMUND WILSON

I HAVE been brooding for a long time on the words of Mr. J. E. Spingarn, uttered a year or so ago in his manifesto to the "Younger Generation". On this occasion Mr. Spingarn urged upon the younger generation the need of faith and ideals. "To destroy a Bastille", he said, "is not to build a city; and we who have destroyed many Bastilles must now turn to men who can answer our new question: What city of the spirit shall we build?"

The men that Mr. Spingarn had in mind were the Italian Idealists, headed, one supposes, by Benedetto Croce. But I doubt whether these philosophers will ever become the spiritual leaders of the youth of America. And I cannot help feeling that it is much more difficult for the young men to answer the question: "What city of the spirit shall we build?" than Mr. Spingarn seems to suppose.

The Young American of the new generation is confronted with probably one of the most confused societies and most dismaying bankruptcies of ideals which the world has ever seen. I speak not merely of the comparatively small part of the younger generation who publish books and so have at least the relief—and glory—of expressing themselves publicly on the subject, but of all the educated young people who find themselves starting life in a disillusioned world and in a society with no harmony or stability and no respectable dominating ideal.

FROM one point of view, I suppose that life in America seems as harmonious and stable as possible; and it is evident that most of the Americans are servants of the same ideal: it is certainly true that they all want to make money. But this appetite is not enough in itself to produce a dignified and well-ordered social structure. It is not a case of people co-operating in the interest of some cultural and political system which they all believe in maintaining—as it was in the Roman State or in the original American Republic—but of people all desperately fighting one another to gain the same sort of private fortune. The United States is not a political ideal; it is the battle-ground of Business. And its tradition has been buried so completely under the avalanche of industry that it no longer provides much living sustenance for intelligent Americans.

What then is the intelligent American to do? He finds business exhausting and without interest; yet business of some kind is his only way of making a decent living. As a rule, he goes on being bored and exhausted and trying to forget it out of office hours. The film companies, the big manufacturing companies, the stock exchanges, the offices of the corporation lawyers—all our prodigious and successful enterprises for living off the populace—are

full of people who regard what they are doing as tiresome and ridiculous.

This is an old cry, I know; yet of late it has taken a new turn. Before the war, the rebels against Business had an easier avenue of escape open to them. They had Liberalism and

it anything better—that Main Street would be less Main Street if it were organized like the Oneida Community, or that Babbitt would be less Babbitt if he were not a capitalist. The moral is simply: look and shudder, and escape somewhere else if you can.

The typical representative of this cynicism is, I suppose, Mr. H. L. Mencken, whose popularity among young Americans who read books and want to think would have been impossible, I believe, at any other time, than immediately after the war. As it was, even more than Lewis, who must himself have been inspired by Mencken, he became their prophet and their leader. The sort of people who read Wells and Shaw—and in America, Walter Lippman—during the era of political idealism, now read *The American Credo* and *A Book of Prefaces*; and here, instead of being intoxicated with international peace and the prospectus of a democratic society, they found eloquence and wit enlisted suddenly in a crusade to disestablish both: democracy meant government by boobs; it would be madness to have any more of it; those who cheated the people out of their rights and made millions of dollars by exploiting them were entitled to all they could get; human life

was a survival of the fittest; the people had no rights to lose; they were incapable of being educated; America was insane, ignoble, obscene—and democracy was to blame.

THERE was a great deal of truth in Mencken's criticisms (along with much that was self-contradictory) both of the condition of American society and of the remedies which the liberals proposed for it; but, unfortunately, he excluded hope; he condemned the people who read him to despair. Even in the almost religious fervor of his onslaught upon Puritanism, he had no more seductive remedial vision to invoke than the jollity of a German beer garden. He extinguished the last sparks of eighteenth century political idealism which might have lingered in the breasts of the young.

And now where, outside the advent of a great leader or some great new turn of the affairs of the world, will Mr. Spingarn find any immediate stimulus to new faith and new ideals? When he tells the young American that he must now turn to the people who can answer the question: "What city of the spirit shall we build?" the young American might reply: "What city indeed? The city I see going up about me and which is making us all into automata? Shall I go in for it, to make myself comfortable? Shall I play it for what it is worth? Shall I become a part of it and try to improve it, or hold myself separate from it and try to make use of the meager margin of time and energy which it leaves me to do something which really amuses me or which I really

(Continued on page 94)



THE YOUTH IN OUR MODERN INDUSTRIAL CITY
M. Remisoff here conveys his impression of the young American intellectual who, in the vortex of the nervous exasperation, the busy intensity and the urgent materialism of metropolitan life, pauses to seek a healthier plane, where his spirit may survive

Socialism. In those days, if you worked on a reactionary newspaper or wrote copy for an advertising agency, you could console yourself by believing that the capitalistic state was soon to be overthrown—just as the anguish of the war was made tolerable by the hope of universal peace. There was really quite a blaze of political idealism in America—among people in the habit of thinking at all—until about a year after the war. Liberty, Equality and Fraternity provided us all with emotional relief.

Then the millennium seemed to fade; the Treaty turned out a fraud; Wilson collapsed; W. Z. Foster capitulated; and the Harding administration, which put political issues to sleep, covered all like the quiet night. Political enthusiasm, which had been so abnormally keyed up, relaxed to utter indifference. People returned to their little tread-mills and ceased to worry about a new world.

BUT they did not cease to react against the old one. They kept on objecting to the ignoble ideals which they were compelled to live among and to serve; but they no longer, to the same extent, fell back on the vision of political salvation. They became more cynical about the whole affair. The popularity of Sinclair Lewis's novels—not only among the intelligentsia, but among the reading public at large—proves that there is a widespread feeling of disgust in America with the conditions of American life. But there is nothing in Sinclair Lewis about ameliorating these conditions; there is no suggestion that there is any material in this sordid and hideous society to build from



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
STEICHEN



FRED STONE AND HIS DAUGHTER

Fred Stone began his professional career nearly forty years ago, as a tight-rope walker in the Sells-Renfrew Circus. Since then, he has become a popular idol to the American theater-going public and one of the most irresistible eccentric comedians on our stage. His daughter has inherited the Stone genius for comedy and dancing.

THE STEPPING STONES

Mr. Stone trained his daughter personally, and has devoted himself during the past six months to rehearsing her for her New York debut. This diligence, coupled with the girl's genius, has made her, at seventeen, one of the major attractions on the American stage and an adept in all the comic grotesqueries which have made her father famous.

DAUGHTER OF HER FATHER

Dorothy Stone can stretch her small mouth into an absurd crescent, the very duplicate of her father's. She can repeat each of his inimitable steps, even his celebrated feat of dancing on his ankles. Most notably, however, she has proven herself a dancer of infinite variety and invention.



Fred Stone and His Miraculous Daughter, Dorothy

Who, as Comedians and Dancers, Have Taken New York by Storm in "The Stepping Stones"

American and British Golf Architecture

A Consideration Especially of the Pros and Cons of the Cross Bunker

By BERNARD DARWIN

WHEN the English golfer returns from a visit to America, he is inevitably asked by his friends, "What are American courses like?" and "How are they different from ours?"

As a rule—and I include myself in this criticism—he does not answer very intelligently. "They're very good", he says, and then comes to a stop. After dragging his mental depths for some time, he goes on, "And the greens are closely guarded." Then the fount of inspiration is prone to dry up altogether, and he leaves his hearers very little the wiser.

Now, take the converse case of the American golfer asked a similar question about British courses. He is generally more explicit and puts his finger, I think, on the spot. He nearly always says that what he notices about our courses as compared with his own, is the very small number of cross hazards.

This is a true bill. For the moment we have gone a little astray, worshipping too much at the shrine of the lateral or flanking hazard. Not that America has not plenty of lateral hazards, but it has cross hazards as well; and really, for the life of me, I cannot see why the two cannot exist together, each supplementing the other in a joint effort to destroy us.

Iconoclasts nearly always go too far, and we have knocked down too many of those hideous, rectangular ramparts stretching across the fairway which were the idols of an earlier generation. It was really the fault of those who built them in such a supremely inartistic way. If they had made them better, we should never have knocked them down with such fanatical zeal. We ought to have remodeled, not destroyed them root and branch. When the golf boom came to England, courses were laid out by the nearest Scottish professional—a capital golfer, and often a capital fellow—but with rudimentary notions as to architecture. He built his walls of earth at regular intervals across the fairway, and then declared (or if he did not, then the Secretary and the local newspaper said he did) that those few muddy fields would make a course "second only to St. Andrews".

Storming at the Ramparts

AFTER a while, people got horribly bored with the ramparts. The fat old gentlemen said they were forever having to play short of them from the tee, and the slim, slashing young gentlemen said that they were forever driving into those meant to catch their seconds; and both classes united in saying that the ramparts were so high that they could never see what they were aiming at. Prophets of great eloquence arose, who preached the doctrine that any fool could hit the ball in the air, which is only half a truth, if it is one at all. There was a general crusade against the ramparts, and down they came. At the same time, there came one or two very skilful architects, disciples of those prophets we have mentioned, who raised the art of making lateral hazards to an extraordinarily high level. And so altogether, as is always apt to be the case in any reformation, the pendulum swung too violently in the opposite direction.

Let us now, as Mr. Chadband would say, "inquire, in a spirit of love" as to the merits and failings of the cross bunker. Admittedly, it is one very difficult to place for the tee shot. If it is far enough away from the tee to give the young slasher something to think about, it is quite outside the compass of the old gentlemen. Something can, indeed, be done by making the bunker diagonal in shape, and giving an advantage to the man who dares cut off the biggest chunk; but even this will seldom at once test the slim and appease the fat.

There are exceptions. Two of the finest and fairest carries from the tee that I know are at the third and seventeenth holes at the National. The cross bunker is likewise difficult to place for the second shot, for if it is to be carryable by the short drivers and so afford them any interest, then it may be at such a spot that the long driver, with the ground hard and the wind favoring, will put his tee shot into it, and call down fire from Heaven on the architect's head.

Giving the Golfers Pause

BUT it is not difficult—or not nearly so difficult—to place as a guard immediately in front of the green. I suppose even here some people will complain that they have to play short and are robbed of their fun, but it simply is not possible to make a course equally amusing for everybody. And there is no doubt of one thing: let a player be as good as he pleases, a big cross bunker at a really crucial moment, that he must get over and can't get round, makes him think. Sometimes it even makes him take his illustrious eye off the ball.

The odd thing is, that all the time we have been abolishing cross bunkers, we have possessed two or three holes with cross bunkers which were universally admitted to be admirable. To my mind, there is nothing like a good, yawning chasm guarding the eighteenth green; it keeps the pot of excitement boiling to the last; and three of our championship courses have such last holes. Westward Ho! with its black and oozy burn, Hoylake and Muirfield, with good deep old-fashioned bunkers that take a great deal of jumping, even by the very liveliest of balls.

Those bunkers have made brave men timorous. When Herd won his championship at Hoylake, he was so anxious to get over that bunker with his last shot that he went over the bunker, over the green, and very nearly over the garden wall beyond it. And the same bunker very nearly made tragic history in Taylor's case. It was in the qualifying rounds. The great man had done very badly, but had pulled himself together and seemed safe at last. He only had to do the hole in five to qualify; he hit a perfect tee shot, and was left with a simple iron shot to the green. But there was that brutal, bludgeoning, uneducated sort of bunker in the way, and the best iron player in the world gently pumpled his ball into it. Well, he got out, holed a very nasty putt for his five, and then on the following two days ran away with the championship by a whole pocketful of strokes, but it was what the Duke of Wellington called the battle

of Waterloo—"a demmed close-run thing"—and it makes me cold at the pit of the stomach to think of it even now.

American courses have some fine cross hazards to make formidable the eighteenth hole. The last hole at the Country Club at Brookline is not much to look at, with a flat polo ground to play across; but it is redeemed from mildness and dullness by the formidable bunker that guards the green. The eighteenth at the National, which I think the finest last hole in the world, has got a cross bunker to be carried in the second, though it is not close in front of the green.

Pine Valley has a really terrifying combination of bunker and water hazard. Inwood, where Bobby Jones won his laurels, has, as I gather from pictures, a water hazard, and it was that which made his last shot against Cruikshank at once so daring and so glorious. If there had been only side hazards, that finish would never have gone down to history; but with the cross hazard, a man must often "put it to the touch to win or lose for all," and therein is the fun and the agony. Moreover, the cross hazard is there all the time. Supposing you do have to play short in two, you have still to get over in three. People talk as if all the interest had gone out of the hole when they cannot go for the long slash over with their seconds. My friends! have you never fluffed a short pitch into a bunker in front of your eminent noses? If not, you are exceptional.

In this question of cross hazards, it is difficult not to be a little influenced by the type of shot that one plays best, and likes best one's self; and so I take some little credit to myself for impartiality, because I am conscious of having no great ability to get the ball up into the air. People talk airily, as if it were a simple thing to do; but to hit a carrying brassy shot from an unflattering lie is anything but simple. It is a stroke that makes the flat swinger envious of such players as Vardon and Duncan, who with their comparatively upright swings can hit the ball high into the air with easy witchery, and make it fall lifeless on the green. Speaking as an essential scuffler, I hold that the art of playing golf in the air is not to be lightly esteemed.

Criticism of American Courses

SO far I have been rather belittling my own country's courses. Now let me take the other side for a moment. If I may criticize, I think that the cross bunker is just a little overdone on some American courses, so that the perennial high pitching approach becomes monotonous. I should like to see more holes giving scope for the running approach, to be struck at once delicately and firmly up to a plateau. It is a distinct golfing stroke, and can give, if well played, an exquisite thrill.

There is another point in regard to which there seems to me something of sameness in America: namely, in the rigid difference between the rough and the fairway. It is a defect to be found here also, and is one hard to eliminate from inland courses. On some of our great sea-side courses, such as St. Andrews and Rye, there is practically no definite fairway, but bunkers and hazards in plenty; which adds greatly to the gaiety of the play.

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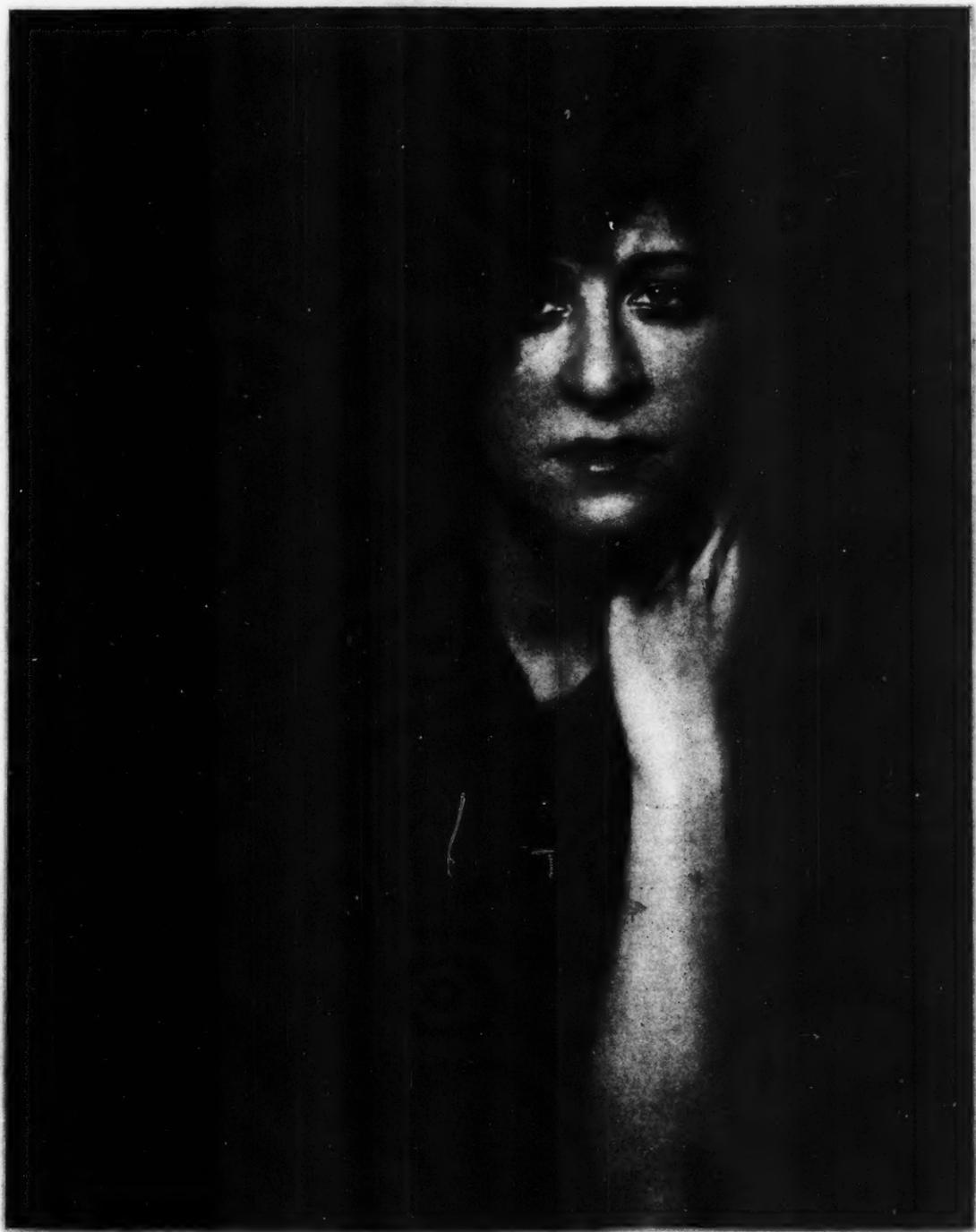
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page 80)



A STEIGER PORTRAIT

Fanny Brice, A Tragic Comedienne

Who has Exhibited, in the New "Follies", a Consummate Mastery in Four Dramatic Moods



SKETCHES BY CARL HASLAM

Common sense and originality are the elements that go to make up the kit of the winter sportsman. Common sense prescribes sweaters, mackinaws, leather coats and breeches, and originality allows one to run riot in color schemes

For the Well Dressed Man

Suggestions for the Contents of the Luggage of Those Going North and South

TAKING it all in all, there are very few occasions when a man is tied down to conventions in matters of dress. However, liberties may not be taken in combining the accessories with dress clothes, dinner jackets or morning coats. The conservative man of business does not take liberties with his lounge suit, for he wishes to look like his fellows, and the one thing that distinguishes one man from another during the business day is the fact that one man's clothes are more perfectly cut than another's. But in the matter of sports clothes of all kinds and dress for informal occasions, any amount of liberty may be taken, provided one's ideas are always based on what is comfortable and practical.

In this instance, we will take up the subject of winter sport clothes. Above all others, they must be the acme of practicability. At the average mountain resort, where winter sports are made much of, a man's breeches, sweaters, boots and caps are the most important



A chamois leather coat with knitted cuff bands and collar, worn over a flannel shirt and a thin slip-on sweater, is ideal for skating

articles in his luggage. No two men are dressed exactly alike; but all, however varied their costumes, are essentially practical in theory.

Knickerbockers and breeches are essential for freedom of action for winter sports. Breeches are, however, by far the better, for the obvious reason that they have not the fullness of the knickerbockers. Next to these, a pair of stout boots is the essential thing. They should be heavy soled and waterproofed by means of inverted welts and other technical details of the boot maker's art that nowadays achieve this result. It is the habit generally among

winter sportsmen to buy an over-sized pair of boots, so that they can be worn over a pair of golf stockings and a thick pair of the ordinary socks, which are rolled over the top of the boot so as to keep out the snow and cold. Felt boots with heavy soles are also practical. Felt does not stiffen up with the cold and dampness; and, therefore, remain soft and comfortable on the foot after hours in the cold.

Great, heavy coats and clumsy garments are unnecessary impediments to the active winter sportsman. A flannel shirt over which a thin sweater, and on top of that a thicker one, is worn, is an excellent combination to top off the breeches. In some cases, a thin sweater is worn under a mackinaw or leather chamois coat, which is equally practical because it is short, yet warm. For long sleigh rides and the like, the racoon or fur-lined coat is ideal; but for active sport, it is too clumsy. The climate at any winter resort is so clear and dry during the day that it is like mild spring weather for the active participant in sports.

At St. Moritz a sweater is all that the skater ever wears on the rink. However, at sunset, the bitter chill of winter sets in and there is no moonlight sleighing party possible without the heaviest of

An oversized heavy walking boot worn over two pairs of stockings—golf stockings and socks rolled over the top of the boot—is the best type of winter sport foot gear



furs and wraps, so these must be included in the luggage for the traveler to such resorts.

Winter sports clothes should be of the brightest hues and gayest color combinations possible. Either of the figures on the other page could be wearing bright colored knickers or breeches in homespun or whipcord, with golf stockings to match and bright red, yellow or henna stockings rolled over the boots. Sweaters of canary or blue, purple or red, or more daring combinations are the right choice, for only the most vivid colors stand out in the brilliance of the snow-clad landscape. It is the one great opportunity of a man's life to indulge in the color schemes of his wildest conception.

For the Tropics

FROM the gay, brilliant plumage of the winter sportsman, we will turn to consider the more sophisticated and less colorful, but equally effective regalia of the properly turned-out man for Palm Beach, California, or the Riviera. There was a time when the average man invariably appeared in white flannels and white buckskin shoes, with a contrasting lounge coat of a dark or neutral shade for country wear in warm weather. Today this is still done, but it is not by any means the smartest turnout. The Beau Brummel who is always a little ahead of the times, but who is an excellent indication of what we will all be doing a year or so from now, has given up white flannels and white knickerbockers for taupe and tan, gray-blue, or greenish trousers or knickers in flannel, linen and twillette that almost exactly match, in color, the country jackets with which they are worn. This prophetic figure is chiefly wearing flannels in mixed colors and in the ever popular herring-



A suitable kit for beach wear is this double-breasted sack suit of gray and white herring-bone flannel, soft white pleated linen shirt with collar attached showing green lines, tie of broad stripes of gray and white, gray socks with lighter gray stripes, and white buck shoes with black rubber soles

One of the most interesting of these flannels to be found in London this spring was pistachio green mixed with pearl gray. It would have made a suit only fit to wear at Newport, Deauville, or Palm Beach, but whenever worn it should have been combined only with pale green or white. Any note of red, yellow or blue, with which it might have been worn, would have made it obvious and conspicuous.

Apropos of this idea of blending rather than contrasting colors when assembling the accessories for day dress, it is well to mention the most important thing about clothes—the cut. The most soberly dressed man is the best dressed man among many, when his clothes are perfectly cut. No amount of style can overcome the faults of a badly cut suit. An indifferently cut suit may often be fitted to overcome some of the bad features. In every case, the appearance of the cut of the suit depends greatly on the fitting. Width of shoulders is essential to every well made suit. In a two or three button suit, the top or middle button should come exactly at the waist line, so that when the coat is buttoned, it is held in at the natural place. A slight shaping at the waist adds height to the figure and indicates an outline of the body which the loose, baggy coat can never give; and this feature is, therefore, especially important to the medium height or shortish man. Sleeves should always be adjusted so as to show a line of cuff. Trousers should be full and wide. This is not a feature of fashion, as many uninformed people imagine, but a matter of common sense; for wide trousers have the advantage of bagging less than those of narrow cuts and allow the proper "stride" when walking.

bone of two colors, such as light blue and brown, green and gray, light weight loosely woven homespuns, tropical weight chevots, colored linens and twillettes.

Twillette is another name for gabardine. It is a material which is becoming increasingly popular. Last summer it was very noticeable that, among the best dressed men at Venice and Deauville, gabardine suits in gray-blue, tan and taupe, and gray-green were extremely popular. They were worn with panamas or soft felt hats and brown and white, or gray and taupe, buckskin shoes.

The taupe and brown buckskin shoe is going to be very popular in America. At the moment, there are only a few shops in New York which carry these, but next summer will bring them into the market, and they will undoubtedly achieve as much popularity here as with the Englishman who has had them in his boot closet for the last ten years. We have often referred before to the merit of these shoes and the fact that they not only harmonize with the neutral tones and the new idea of color harmony, but that they are extremely popular with the unvaleted men and for knockabout country wear.

The New Color Harmony

CONTRASTING colors in men's dress is not so smart now as blending colors. Instead of wearing a gray flannel suit with a blue shirt and a gray and blue striped or contrasting tie, it is much newer to chose a flannel suit of gray and blue mixture and combine with it a gray shirt, a gray-blue tie and steel blue socks. Mixtures of two colors, as has already been stated, are the smartest thing in suiting materials, and give the foundation to a color scheme of two colors, which, when well treated, is quite interesting enough without introducing a third color.



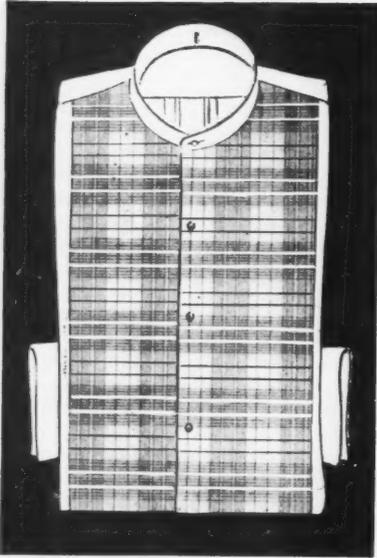
Golf and lounge kit of jacket and waistcoat in thin light brown homespun, with paler brown cotton knickers, stockings in blue and brown mixture, brown calf shoes, white shirt, blue and brown tie and informal tan felt hat with stitched edge



Lounge mixture of flannel combined with twillette—two-button French blue flannel jacket, full twillette trousers in lighter shade of blue, with indication of a stripe, brown antelope shoes, blue shirt, dark figured foulard tie, panama hat

Our London Letter on Men's Fashions

Smart Linen in Bond Street



The horizontal line is a noticeable feature in the new shirting materials. Its predominance is evident in this plaid shirt, the body and cuffs of which are in a solid color

WHEN anything is really well done there is never any appearance of effort, and this is why the Englishman is probably the best dressed man in the world: there is absolutely no effort about his clothes.

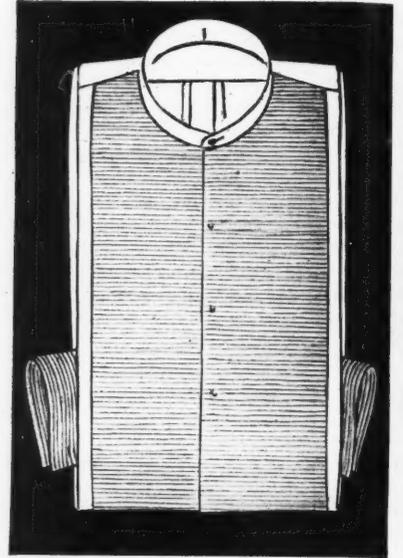
He appears to have put on whatever was nearest to hand, and somehow this seems always to be most suitable to the occasion. There is a distinction about his ensemble, but no one article of clothing appears more noticeable than another; and until one has carefully studied a well dressed Englishman, one does not realize how well dressed he really is. The man who has achieved this distinction rarely indulges in clothing of striking materials, for they are apt to destroy the general ensemble. This is particularly true in regard to shirts. Bold patterns and colorings in shirting materials are generally avoided by the wise man.

Personal taste is of course a very large factor in his choice; and though bright colors are no longer worn, there is still one noticeable tendency in the shirts of today, and that is, that horizontal stripes are coming back. But these stripes are not the crude efforts of yesterday; there is nothing decisive about them. They are composed of a series of transverse hair stripes, very subtly interwoven and almost forming a check; yet the horizontal stripes—five or six hair lines in a group forming one large line—are deeper than the vertical stripes. One of these shirts is illustrated. The front and cuffs are made of a very heavy Oxford shirting; the horizontal cross lines are ribbed. This material being too heavy for the body of the shirt, the latter is made of a finer material of the same color. These materials run in white, pink, mauve, and green; the green being particularly smart, but somewhat difficult to wear, and only suitable for one occasion in fifty.

It would not be amiss at this point to mention, that shirts made of Oxford shirting are becoming more and more popular. It is a very good wearing and a very smart material, and



The front of the newest waistcoat should be ironed flat and the adjustment left to the wearer when put on, so that it gives the effect of being drawn in at the waistline



Oxford is another popular shirting material in London, taking the place of cottons, zephyrs, and flannel. The horizontal stripe here is very fine and narrow

has taken the place of cottons, zephyrs, and even flannel shirts. When in the country, the Prince of Wales usually wears a soft white shirt of "Oxford", with a double turn down collar made of the same material; otherwise he generally favors a white ground with a very thin colored stripe.

The front of the shirt is now worn perfectly plain with no sign of pleats. When the transverse pattern is used there should not even be a pleat where the shirt buttons, the two edges being perfectly plain and the horizontal lines exactly meeting in an unbroken face. Great care should be exercised in the cutting of these shirts, for, unless the front lies absolutely flat, the effect is spoiled. In London, to obtain a really good cut, these shirts must be bought from only the best makers, since, as with clothes, only the best makers can cut them perfectly.

Another small detail is that the link holes are made as near the edge of the cuff, and as close to the wrist, as possible—but so far from the edge where they link, that there is just enough room for the hand to come through when they are linked. The tight fit not only keeps the cuff down but has a very smart appearance.

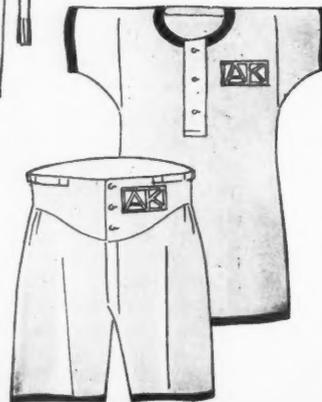
Dress shirts are also being made with the horizontal stripe, a pique material being used, and if this is a heavy pattern, the tie and waistcoat should be of a perfectly plain material. Having the tie, shirt, and waistcoat of the same material has had a very short vogue, and is a good example of the appearance of effect by a mighty effort.

A word on white waistcoats might be said, for there is a new model which is much worn. It is illustrated, and, as will be seen, has a roll front which must not be ironed flat, and which should run in an unbroken line from the shoulder to the top waist button. The effect is based on the old 18th century "fichu", which enhanced the figures of our ancestors. This waistcoat has four buttons, the points are moderate, the front is V shape, and the effect simple if the direction in the caption is followed,



Under-linen and pajamas grow more and more exotic as the outer appearance of men grows less colorful, and more conservative. The pajamas illustrated here are of the tunic variety and slip on over the head

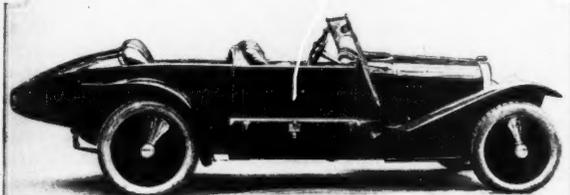
These white silk under-shorts and vest have brightly colored silk binding and bold monograms, and are among the novelties of Bond Street



The French Dictate Coming Automobile Tendencies

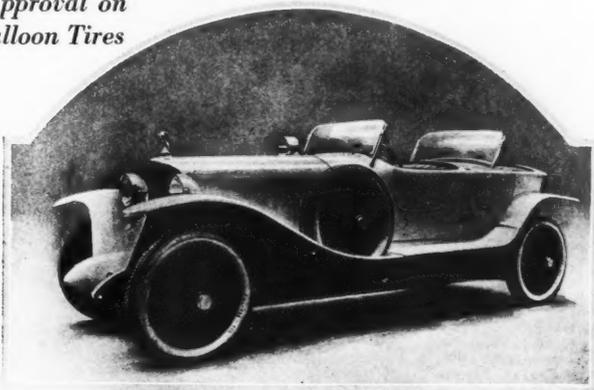
The Paris Salon Places Approval on Four Wheel Brakes and Balloon Tires

By C. S. BISS



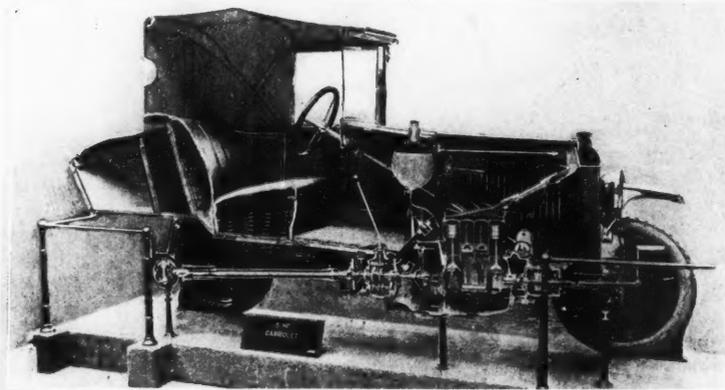
IS THIS TOO RADICAL?

(Above) This is the new standard Voisin sport touring car, introduced at the Paris Salon and the Foreign Show in New York. It is scientifically designed and wonderfully efficient



BEAUTIFUL LINES

(Above) The high note of beauty at the Salon was struck by this graceful Farman sport touring car which, like all other French cars except the Citroen, has front wheel brakes



their use practically unanimous. Today every car manufactured in France is equipped with front wheel brakes as standard equipment, with the exception of Citroen. And you may be sure that Citroen will have them shortly. The delay has been due to the peculiar construction of the Citroen front axle and the fact that this company is manufacturing according to American mass-production methods. At the Salon there were seventeen or more little cars introduced, all of them lighter than your Ford, and all of them equipped

with four-wheel brakes. In other words, the four-wheel brake has definitely arrived in France, as it will arrive in England and America shortly, after the present controversy over the subject in our two countries subsides.

Apparently, the French makers are willing to adopt the balloon tire and give it a fair and impartial opportunity to make good. Although only one French tire manufacturer, Michelin, is making these low pressure balloons, twenty-eight makes of cars at the Salon were exhibited with them mounted on special Michelin steel disc wheels. As in the United States, the motor manufacturers are allowing the public to decide the question of balloon tires for itself. Practically all of them are offering the low pressure tires as optional equipment.

Outside of the acceptance of balloon tires and four-wheel brakes, there were very few unusual tendencies revealed at the Salon. Apparently, France is turning its back on the tiny cycle cars and light cars, which have been in vogue for the past few years, and is ready to accept slightly larger machines of 10, 12 and 15 h.p. Great progress has been made in reducing the fuel

(Continued on page 102)

WHEN French motor car manufacturers get an idea, they go ahead with it. They are the most commercially courageous makers of automobiles in the world.

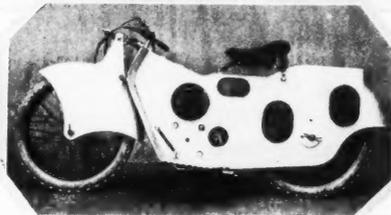
They are not bothered by the conservatism which sometimes rises as an obstacle to the progress of mechanical and body design in England. In order to make a revolutionary change in the construction of their cars, they are not confronted by the necessity of spending hundreds of thousands of dollars for factory machinery alterations, as is the case when the great American mass-production car makers wish to introduce something new. The production of standard cars in large quantities is an unknown thing in France, except in the Citroen, and possibly the Voisin, factories. Therefore, it is comparatively a simple matter to introduce a spectacular innovation of motor car engineering or body building, to try it on the public a while; and, if it does not go, to dismiss it summarily.

Nothing could reveal the temerity of the French manufacturers better than did the recent Salon de l'Automobile, in Paris, where there were more than 840 separate exhibitors of cars and accessories. That exposition forcefully brought out the fact that the French believe themselves natural leaders in matters pertaining to automotive passenger transportation. And, personally, I can see no reason for disputing this leadership on the part of English, American, Italian or German motor car builders, or those of any other country where automobiles are manufactured.

While you in America and we in England are beginning to dabble around with four-wheel brakes, following the lead of Italy and France, the French makers have gone ahead and made

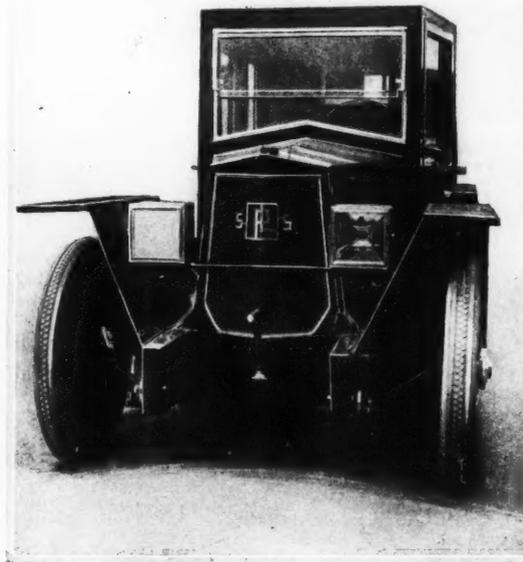
A TRUE "COUPÉ"

(Above) Citroen displayed his 5 h.p. and 10 h.p. cars graphically by cutting them in half. This is the little 5 h.p. coupé. Note the tiny cylinders and other diminutive features



A CLEAN MOTOR-CYCLE

(Left) The R. M. motor-cycle appeared at the Salon, with an aluminum body to protect the rider from flying mud and oil. Motorcycling is quite popular in France



PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. J. IDE AND ENGLEBERT, LIEGE

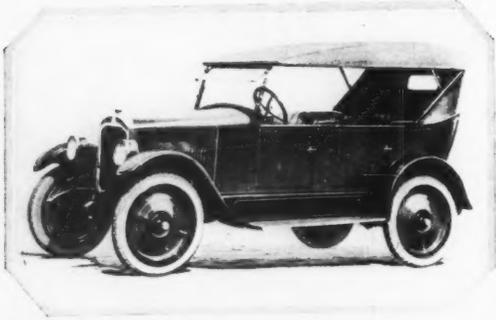
CUBIST ART INVADERS THE MOTOR WORLD AGAIN

Even at the expense of changing the regular Panhard chassis to conform with its ultra-modern views of body building, the firm of Maleval and Vacher went ahead and produced this cubist sedan, with flat mudguards and square body and lamps for city driving

Automotive Thoughts Become Hectic

The Scramble for New Ideas Dominates the National Automobile Shows and Bewilders the Motoring Public

By GEORGE W. SUTTON, Jr.



THE NEW STAR

(Above) Important changes in body, chassis and price have directed attention to the little Star car for 1924. Note the peculiar shape of hood and radiator, the disk wheels and barrel type headlamps.

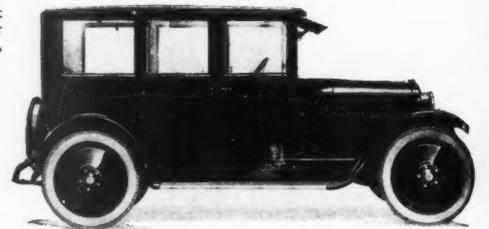


MAXWELL'S BIG-LITTLE TRAVELING SEDAN

This Maxwell for 1924 is remarkable for the manner in which it combines big-car comfort and commodiousness with small-car dimensions and price. It is the new Maxwell Traveler Sedan, and is equipped with disk wheels, large windows, deep, wide seats for five passengers, high sides and low roof with a sturdy luggage rail on top

WELL, here it is Show Time again, and so much going on in the automobile world that it is almost impossible for a single observer to take note of it all. Every day new and revolutionary mechanical changes are being announced on some of the best known cars in the country. The year just past has witnessed the introduction of more new and semi-new ideas than any year since motoring began; and those who buy and use the millions of cars poured forth from our gigantic automobile factories, may well be confused.

The present frenzied developments of new automobile ideas will, beyond a doubt, continue for several years. When the miasma disintegrates and the motorist can again get a perspective on the matters which affect his personal transportation, it will be very interesting to see which of the radical changes now being inaugurated in cars of well known makes have sur-

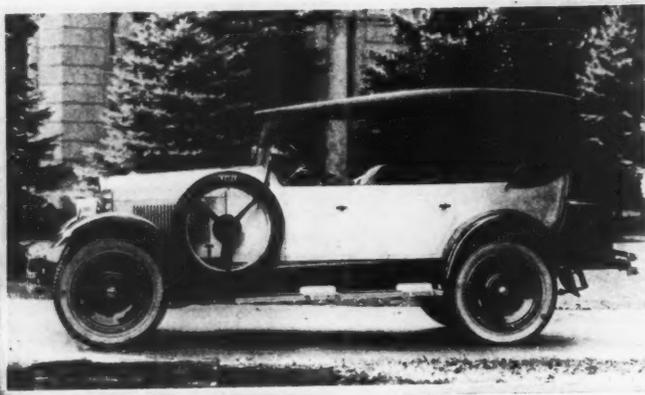
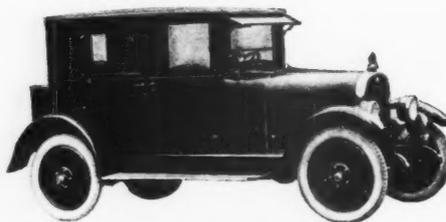


CARRIAGE LINES ON THE DODGE

(Above) A definite attempt to retain the beauty of old carriage lines is noticeable in the new Dodge sedan, where the body meets the cowl. Drum type headlamps, wide windows, disk wheels and a sun visor add to its attractiveness. Only minor changes have been made in the chassis

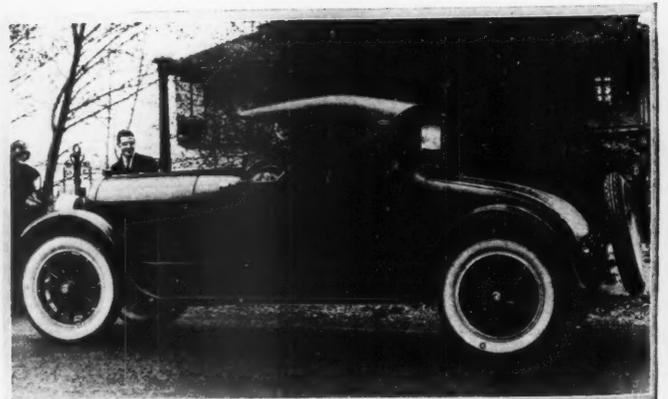
A PRETTY NEW DORT

(Right) Many owners of expensive cars have smaller all-weather machines for everyday use. For this purpose the Dort for 1924 has among its new models this attractive sedan, with sun visor, disk wheels, rear trunk and many other conveniences. It has three doors, two on the right and one on the left



A BRIGHT ALUMINUM VELIE

"Silver Swallow" is the name given this new Velie touring car, which has a bright aluminum body and hood. The body is edged with black walnut molding, the upholstery is pebble grain, black leather and disk wheels, and the fenders are black. It has the Velie 6-cylinder motor, a wheel-base of 118 inches and an unusual spare tire carrier on the front of the running board



RACY LINES AND FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES ON THE CADILLAC

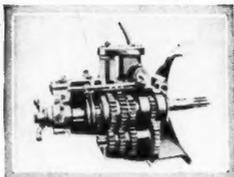
One of the important motoring developments of the year has been the appearance of an entirely new line of Cadillac model V-63 cars, with a new V-type, 8-cylinder motor and many other interesting chassis innovations, including the adoption of an unusual system of 4-wheel braking. This roadster for 1924 has long, graceful lines, and a wheel-base of 132 inches

vived, and which changes have been discarded as impractical, unnecessary, or too expensive to warrant their retention.

Practically all the new thoughts now being offered the motoring public are directly in the line of progress. Some of them are, unquestionably, good. Others are, just as unquestionably, destined to an early demise, owing to the lack of knowledge on the part of their sponsors of the fundamental character of the American public. In spite of the comparative newness of American civilization, the American public is probably more conservative than any other. This is certainly true of the American motoring public. The Englishman or the Frenchman will not hesitate to appear upon the highways in a car so radical in design as to invite the attention of the passing crowd. The American shrinks from such a course. Hence, the existence in Europe of thousands of automobiles, some of them large but most of them very small, of extremely radical design, contrasted with the use here of 14,000,000 cars almost identical in appearance and coloring.

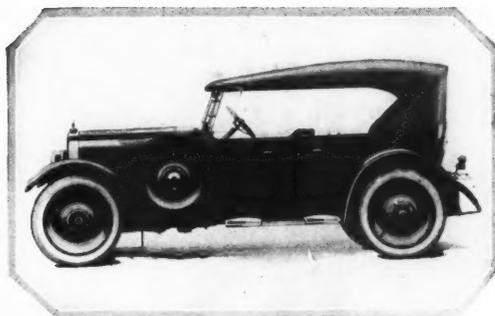
Our great manufacturers of standard cars understand this psychology pretty well and are making no efforts to force the adoption of cars of unusual design or brilliant color schemes. Some of the importers of foreign cars have tried it during the past few years, but without notable success.

In the matter of chassis construction, however, the intense competition now active in the automobile world is bringing



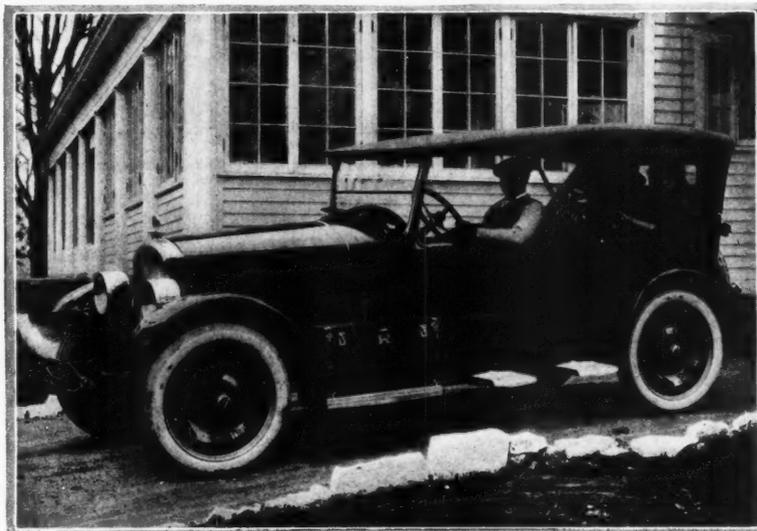
THE GEAR THAT WILL SAVE LIVES

(Above) This is the new Chandler Traffic Transmission, which enables every driver to change gears at any speed without clashing or danger. It will be particularly valuable in saving brakes and enabling the driver to keep control of his car on steep hills



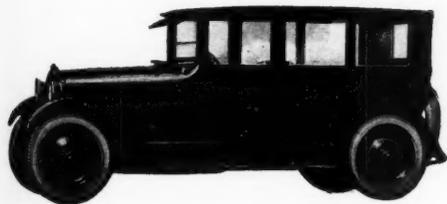
THE ROYAL DISPATCH

(Above) Greatly improved lines, a single piece windshield, windshield wings, two spare wheels, Spanish leather upholstery, mahogany instrument board, polished aluminum trunk rack and body bars, aluminum bars connecting individual steps and an accessible tool compartment, in addition to its new gear shift arrangement distinguish the Chandler Royal Dispatch car for four passengers



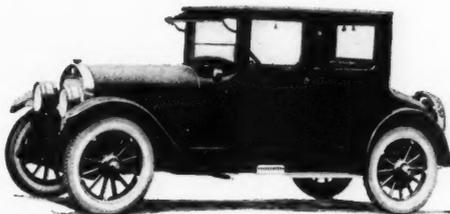
A SPORT CAR WITH TWO TRUNKS

(Above) On each side of the new Auburn sport touring car is a trunk containing a suitcase for comfortable touring. It has a nicked radiator and lamps, Duplex bumpers front and rear, built-in windshield wings which open with the doors when side curtains are attached to their rear edge, and light brown Spanish leather upholstery



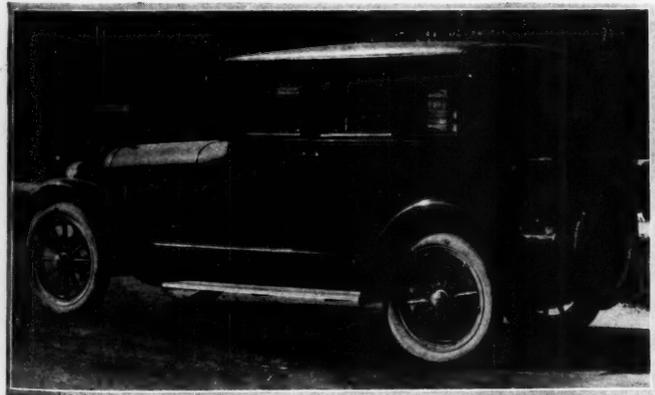
A GRACEFUL REO SEDAN

(Above) The closed bodies on the new Reo cars are unusually well proportioned. This sedan for five passengers has many unusual items of equipment, and its steel disc wheels give additional evidence of the continued popularity of this form of wheel



ANOTHER FOR DURANT

(Left) The Flint car, containing the famous Chrysler motor, appeared only a few months ago in its touring car model. Its enclosed types are just beginning to be seen, among them this coupé for four passengers, with very complete equipment and in a wide range of color designs



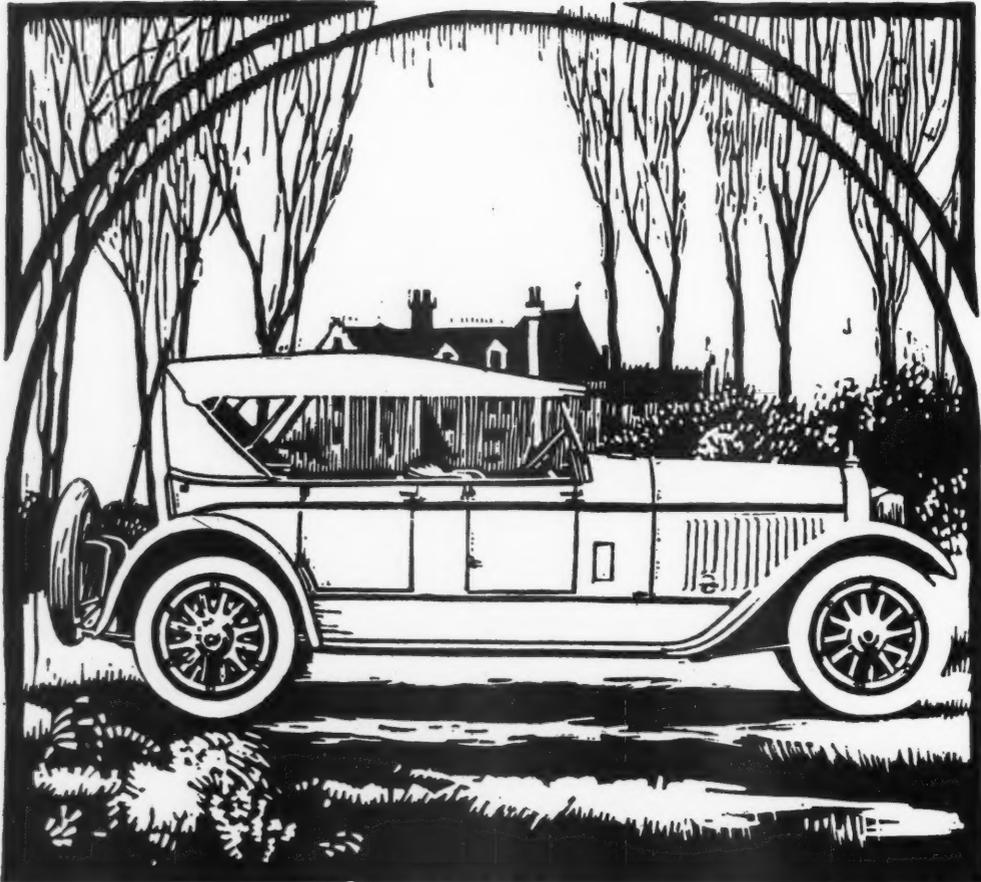
A JORDAN LEADER FOR 1924

Jordan does not bring out yearly models, but springs a new one every so often during the year. This is the latest, the 4-door sedan, which is a close coupled car with a trunk at the rear. The purchaser has the option of Crane-Simplex gray or Jordan car blue for exterior color schemes. The Jordan has a powerful 6-cylinder motor of Jordan design and many useful accessories



INTERIOR CHANGES FOR FRANKLIN

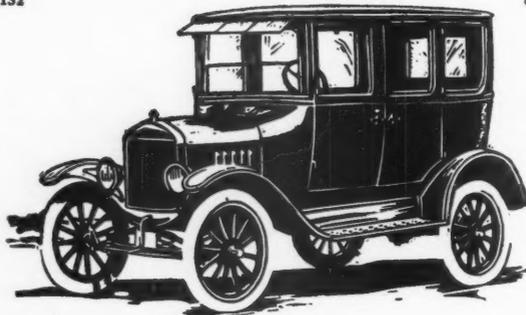
Unless the new and amazing Franklin special bodies, by Mr. Frank DeCausse, become standard models, the Franklin bodies will be practically unchanged for 1924. But many important improvements have taken place in this famous chassis, including the installation of a device known as a vibration absorber and thirty other improvements



A SPECIAL LAFAYETTE TORPEDO TOURER

(Above) This new Lafayette torpedo touring car, designed by LeBaron and built by Demarest for Mr. Julius Fleischman Holmes, of Cincinnati, is mounted on the standard Lafayette chassis of 132 inches wheel base

about most unusual and revolutionary developments. During the past year we have seen the introduction and tremendous exploitation of four-wheel brakes, balloon tires and other important innovations, many of which have been imported from Europe. Superchargers are in the offing, and considerable agitation may be expected over these and other devices to overcome the present needless inefficiency of our cars in the important matter of miles per gallon of gasoline. It may be, also, that some progress will be made here in



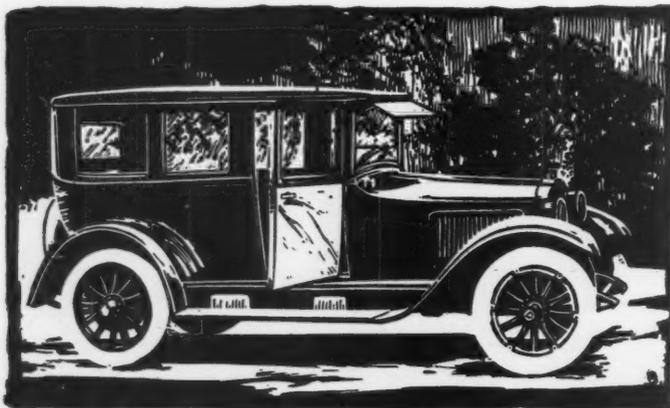
ONE OF THE FORDS FOR NEXT YEAR

(Left) The Ford has felt the urge of fashion and has appeared in new raiment with a higher radiator, a rounder hood and other body changes. The chassis remains as before. Two new closed cars have been added

the development of streamline bodies; but that is doubtful, because the American motorist is apparently well satisfied with the present automobile bodies which are being offered him.

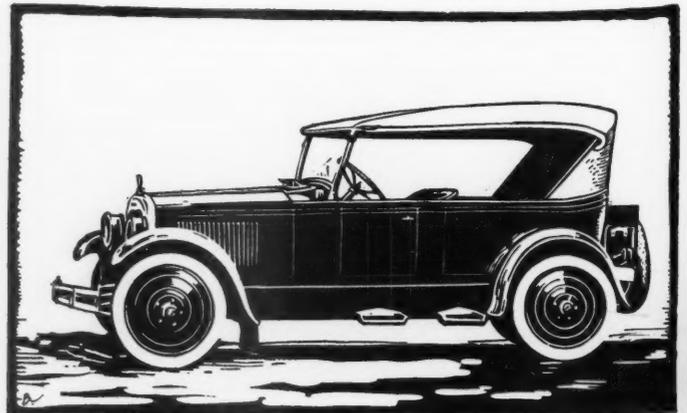
The first session of the National Automobile Show, which opens at the Eighth Coast Artillery Armory in New York on January 5th, will reveal some interesting and important secrets of chassis construction on which a number of the manufacturers of popular cars are now at work.

(Continued on page 76)



A NEW ONE FOR WILLYS-KNIGHT

Grace and sweep of line are apparent in this new 5-passenger Willys-Knight sedan, finished in Japanese purple lake and equipped with many conveniences. This car has the famous Willys-Knight sleeve-valve motor, which remains unchanged for 1924



GREATER POWER IN THE NEW CLEVELAND

The Cleveland 6-cylinder engine for 1924 has considerably more power than its predecessor. Among other features of the new Cleveland models might be mentioned the automatic spark control, a clear vision top without visible supporting bows, higher economy of fuel and a better lubricating system

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

Eating soup every day has become a national habit!

**Better food
Better appetite
Better digestion
Better health**

Because Campbell's offer such delicious soups in such convenient form that everybody everywhere can get and enjoy them, they have taught America to eat soup daily.

People eat soup regularly with their meals and you often find that soup is the principal dish at luncheon or supper or for the impromptu meal.

Soup tastes so good and is so refreshing and so easy to serve, thanks to Campbell's! It means so much to your health, too.

A plateful of Campbell's tempting and hearty Vegetable Soup, for example, is an ideal combination of the different foods that make the well-rounded, healthful meal—15 vegetables, appetizing beef broth, cereals that strengthen. And the taste!



21 kinds 12 cents a can

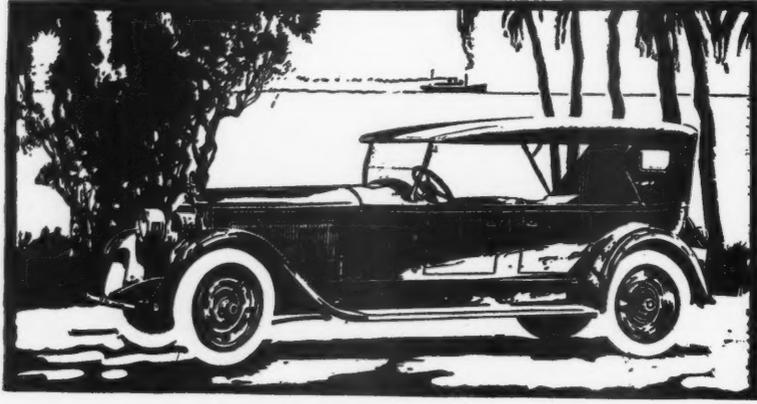


Broth of choicest, meaty beef
Vegetables so fine
Cereals that give you strength
Campbell's here combine!



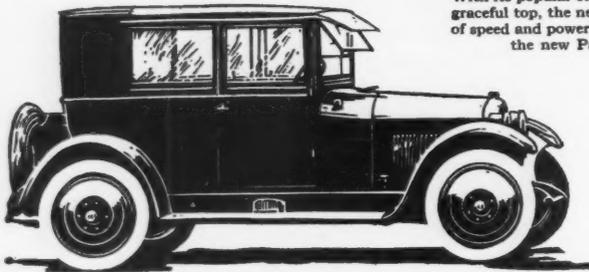
Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



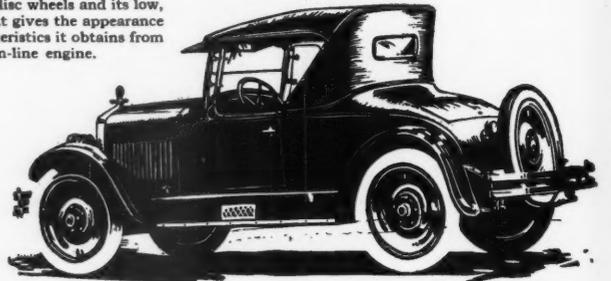
THE LONG, LITHE, SINGLE EIGHT

With its popular straight, sharp lines, its disc wheels and its low, graceful top, the new Packard Single Eight gives the appearance of speed and power, both of which characteristics it obtains from the new Packard eight-cylinder-in-line engine.



NASH'S NEW CARRIOLE

(Above) A new line of Nash four- and six-cylinder cars has appeared for the coming year. The Carriole, finished in maroon with black trim, has a simplified gas and spark control, and greatly augmented equipment



THE SPEEDY OAKLAND ROADSTER

(Above) With an unusual new L-head 6-cylinder engine, four-wheel brakes and distinctive body lines, the new Oakland roadster is a very sporty little car for two passengers. It has disc wheels, and other conveniences

(Continued from page 74)

Some of these we know about, but may not reveal. However, a large number of the 1924 cars are now to be seen, and it is possible to divide a substantial part of the automobile industry into three divisions, namely, (1) those companies which have introduced very radical changes in their cars; (2) those which have brought out new models incorporating important but not revolutionary changes; and (3) those which are continuing

their 1923 models with only minor refinements.

In the first class should, by all means, be mentioned Cadillac, Oldsmobile, Oakland, Buick, Studebaker, Locomobile, Packard, DuPont, Cleveland, Cole, Franklin, Star, Chandler, Anderson Rickenbacker and Marmon.

In the second class might be placed Haynes, Moon, Reo, Overland, Ford, Kissel, H.C.S., Auburn, Flint, National, Jordan, Nash, Velie and McFarlan.

In the third class would come such cars as Hupmobile, Dodge, Davis, Case, R. & V. Knight, Jewett, Gardner, Columbia, Willys-Knight, Wills Sainte Claire, Dort, Lincoln, Stearns, Durant, Premier and Maxwell.

It is quite possible that many of the units

in classes two and three will move into class one by the time this article appears in print.

The cars mentioned in class one embody all the bewildering changes which are now taking place in the American motor world; and some of these innovations are very important from the motorist's standpoint. This is a period of most intense development of new ideas in motoring and it will be interesting to see what further secrets and innovations the manufacturers will bring forth at the shows.



THE PIERCE-ARROW

For 1924, Pierce-Arrow is continuing some of its 1923 models and will introduce some new ones, which are to be announced later. The drawing shows the latest touring car, which possesses many easily recognized Pierce-Arrow features

Give Whitman's Candies for Christmas



Christmas—*The day for Quality Sweets!*

THE SAMPLER—The admiration of candy-lovers everywhere. Chocolates and confections—favorites from ten other Whitman packages.
SALMAGUNDI—Chocolates of the famous Whitman's "super-extra" quality in a gift box of art metal.

FUSSY PACKAGE—For fastidious folks; nuts and nut combinations enriched with Whitman's luscious chocolate.

PLEASURE ISLAND—Give to anyone—young or old—who has a love for romance and color. Pirate's chest weighted with chocolate treasures.

NUTS CHOCOLATE COVERED—Considered an especial luxury by those who revel in whole nut meats richly coated with chocolate.

STANDARD CHOCOLATES—This is the package which built the Whitman reputation—and is still building it.

Write us for booklet illustrating the beautiful Whitman packages. See them at the Whitman agency near you. Hand-painted round boxes and fancy bags, boxes and cases in great variety. Special gift boxes for the kiddies.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

New York Chicago San Francisco



HORSESHOE T I R E S



Copyright 1923
Racine Horseshoe Tire Co.,
Racine, Wis.

The New Spoon River

(Continued from page 61)

Lionel Grierson

HOW often in our chamber, O adored one,
I woke to see the mid-night star, and found you,
Warm and sweet as incense, heard your breathing;
Felt the dreaming love of your constant breast.
Then, in the throes of death, to suffer absence,
And wait for you, and wait for you in vain,
And from our bed—how cold with death and sorrow
To see the star of midnight—what remembrance!
Arielle! Lay your head on this earthen pillow,
Touch my hand of dust with the dust of your hand;
Warm this couch with the passion of your presence;
Sleep by my side forever and give me rest!

Arielle Grierson

HEART-BROKEN that I could not reach your bedside
In those last hours; heart-broken that death took you.
Soon I came to you, soon to your earthen couch.
Sleep now and rest; I am here. The star of midnight
Over us watches, as once in our chamber of life.
My dust has the April longing to turn and mingle
With yours, which longs for mine. What flowers shall blossom
With the color of prima passion from such a union!

John Bussey

ROBERT Fulton Tanner!
You who were bitten by a rat
While demonstrating your patent trap,
And made the rat in the trap the symbol
Of the life of you and the life of man,
Come out of your grave and view my stone,
And the metaphor that I chose:
I made it a cage and not a trap;
I made it a squirrel, and not a rat.
For a rat in a trap can only brood
And cower, awaiting the cat or tub.
But a squirrel is happy racing a cage,
That keeps him racing in turn!

Barbara Caprile

ALWAYS two sets of eyes in the drama
of two:
The eyes of the giver, the eyes of the receiver;
The eyes of the buyer, and eyes of the seller.
What a thing costs, what is the gain in the selling!
Always the loved one seeing with calm, clear sight,
That the lover walks in a vision and sees a star,
A flower, a wonder and light.
So your eyes made me, and I knew, and knew you were blinded
By the light that shone in your eyes because of me.
You knew me as music, sang me, too,
And gave me your soul.
And what was it to me, who sold and knew the gain of selling?—
That I could command you, bend your will to mine,
Wear your flower of love as a trophy,
Live through your strength and sacrifice?
That was my side of these gifts of yours—
Until the Furies took me at last,
Seeing your dead face emptied of all that you gave,
And all that I garnered in pride!

Percival Forman

MORALITY, the good life—very well!
Do you know what is the most sensitive nerve?
The money nerve!
It accounts for all customs, all behaviors,
Do you wish to make a man change his politics?
Pinch the money nerve!
Do you wish him to get religion,
Or to write different editorials or books,
Or to lecture on acceptable themes?
Pinch the money nerve!
Would you break down his will from a clean dedication
To a new life of truth?
Pinch the money nerve!
Do you know of ten men who have not been broken to harness
By pinching the money nerve?
You knew me, eh?
Well, I cleaned up by pinching your money nerves—
I kept items out of my paper for a consideration—
Then I lived as I pleased!

The Unknown

HAVE you ever become conscious of the thrush in the cherry tree,
Only when he ceased to sing?
And then gone out to find him with broken wings
Lying in the syringa bushes?
Have you ever seen a man in the streets
Walking slowly, with head down;
And afterwards learned his fate
When he became articulate on a bed of pain?
Have you known a man clothed with the light of Fame,
And bugles of clearest silver blown for him,
To sink into silence, followed by the tramp
Of the feet of collected hate?
Have you known a man to fall at last,
Incurably wounded by love?
What fate was mine?
I have hidden my name
To hide my story!

Peter Van Loon

JESUS and the mystic: I faith ruined
me,
Spoon River!
For caught in an intolerable place in life,
I endured for the sake of my soul's triumph:
Forgiving daily those who forged and guarded
The cell of my fate day after day.
They profited by my sufferings and struggles.
Whilst I, exhausted by the battle for soul triumph,
Had no strength left for life
After I had triumphed.

Stuart Herring

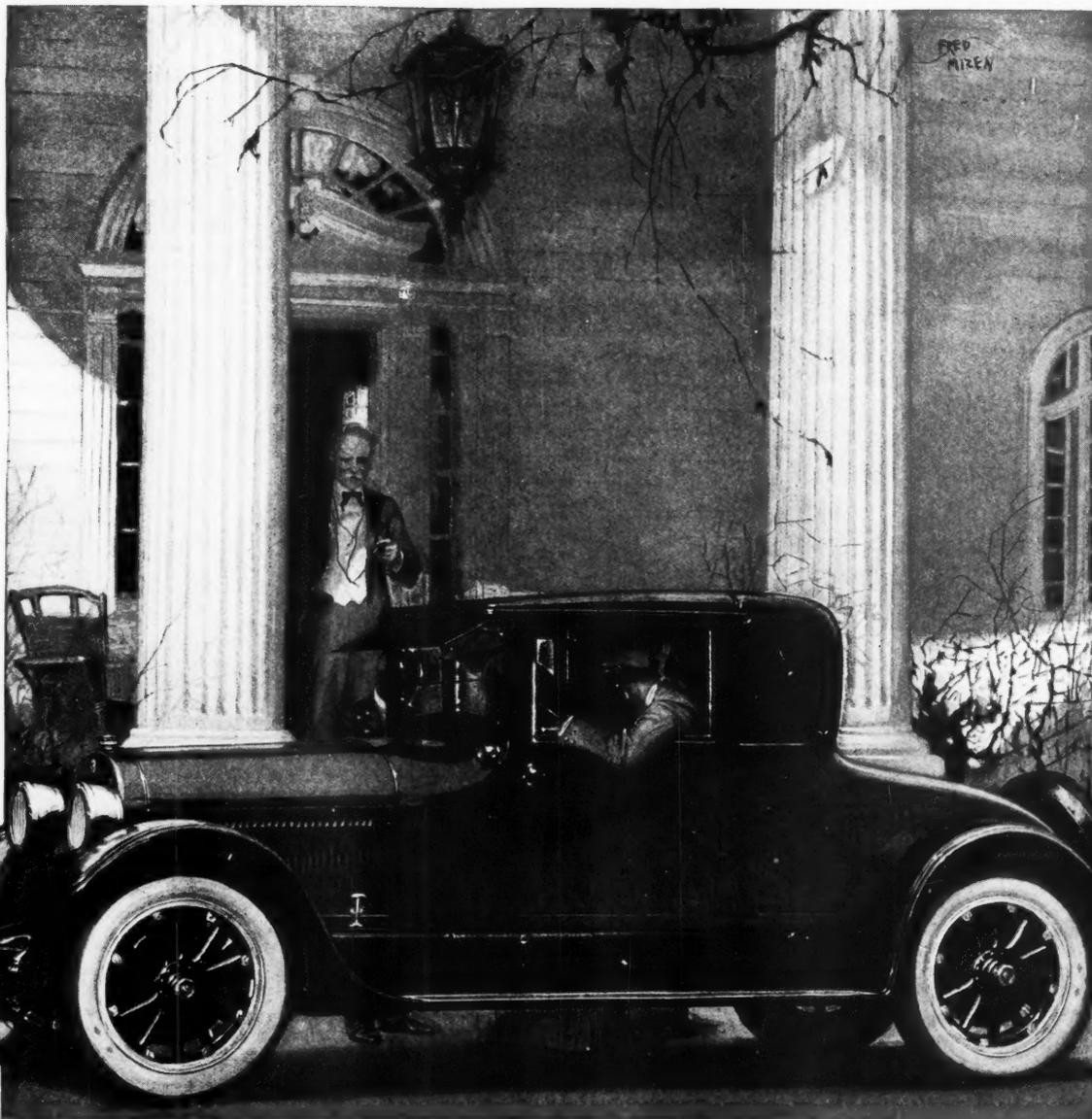
AT forty-five I married and had a son—
He would be of age when I was near seventy.
At forty-five I grew prosperous and built a house.
At fifty I was more prosperous still,
And wrecked my house and rebuilt my house—
Always at least ten years late.
Then money losses and vexations:
The bay window one year, a little plastering the next,
And a part of the porch the next,
Determined to finish the house.
Sixty years of age, and the house not done;
Habituated now to living in an unfinished house,
And even the design forgotten by which I would rebuild it.

A new installment of "The New Spoon River" will appear monthly in Vanity Fair

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Beautiful as is this V-63, Two-Passenger Coupe, its true greatness lies in more vital qualities—in the smoothness and quietness of its harmonized and balanced V-Type, 90° eight-cylinder engine; in its riding comfort; in the safety of Cadillac Four Wheel Brakes.

These qualities can be gauged by no former standards; they are unique and can be appreciated only by actually riding in the car.

Take this ride, in the Two-Passenger Coupe or in any of the new V-63 models, and learn the full significance of Cadillac's invitation to you to *expect great things*.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

C A D I L L A C





Photo by Fairchild Aerial Camera Corp.

Broad Views— for the careful investor

THE far-sighted investor keeps the advantage of municipal bonds in view. They do not yield the highest rates of interest but their exemption from the Federal Income Tax is an important consideration.

By loaning his money through such issues, the investor helps to improve highways, build schools, develop water supplies, and bring many other civic betterments into being.

Great care marks the selection of all bonds offered by The National City Company to the investors of the country. A broad list of recommended bonds, including municipal issues, available for immediate purchase will be mailed upon request.



The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

Offices in more than 50 leading cities throughout the world

BONDS SHORT TERM NOTES ACCEPTANCES

The Systematic Selection of a Lead

(Continued from page 66)

tions. From A Q 10, without the 9, they lead a small card, unless they have seven.

The old king lead, from king at the top of any three honors, is still retained; but with K Q alone, the king is not led with less than seven in suit.

They have apparently definitely settled the long standing dispute between the advocates of leading the ten, or the jack, or a small card, from K J 10 and others, and have come out in favor of leading the jack always.

The Partner's Play

THE chief departures from the old rules to which most players are accustomed will be found in the unblocking tactics. Against no-trumpers they recommend playing the lowest of three, unless the lead is the ace. In that case the highest card is the invariable rule, unless it establishes a trick in the dummy.

Holding four or more small cards, they follow the plain-suit echo with four, playing the second-best to the first trick and the next lowest to the second round. But with five or more, they play the penultimate to the second round.

Another new rule is that if the third hand holds any honor in the suit led, and the lead is an honor, the honor held by third hand should be given up, unless it establishes a trick in the dummy.

Against trump contracts, the Knickerbocker experts confine the down-and-out echo to king leads, apparently; but they allow the third hand to start an echo with the jack and one small. This is contrary to present usage, which considers the echo unnecessary, because if the jack falls on the second round the player is marked with queen or no more. Seeing the jack fall on the first round, the leader might underplay his ace, reading his partner for queen or no more.

They have also evolved quite a number of rules governing cases in which the usual methods of play should be departed from; such as covering an honor with an honor; second hand low; leading through strength and up to weakness, which furnish instructive reading.

Here is an example given to illustrate the importance of not allowing yourself to be led through, when it does not matter whether you can set up a trick for your partner or not.

♥ 8 6 3		♥ Q 9									
♠ A J 9 8 4		♠ Q 6 3 2									
♦ J 7 3		♦ Q 9 8 4									
♣ 9 5		♣ J 8 4									
♥ 10 7 5		♥ Q 9									
♠ K 5		♠ Q 6 3 2									
♦ A K 10 2		♦ Q 9 8 4									
♣ K 10 6 2		♣ J 8 4									
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Z dealt and bid a heart, which all passed. A led the king of diamonds, and B played the nine, new style. Ace of diamonds from A allowed B to complete the echo, and a third round forced Z to trump. Three rounds of trumps followed.

With the entire sequence in clubs between the two hands, Z endeavors to confuse his opponents by leading the seven, instead of the ten. "In this situation," says Whitehead, "second hand should jump in with the king to force the ace from dummy, or hold the trick; because if partner does not hold the queen well guarded, nothing is lost, as the king could not possibly make."

But A did not play the king, and dummy passed up the seven. The declarer trumped the diamond, or would have won a spade lead with the ace, and caught all the clubs, winning the game. If A puts on the club king, it does not matter what dummy does with it. B stops the clubs and Z will have no more to lead, so that game is impossible.

Answer to the December Problem

THIS was the distribution in Problem LIV, which had a rather neat little trap in the opening lead.

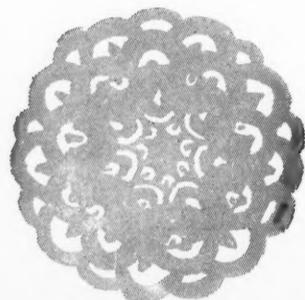
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♦ K J 8		♦ 9 7 6 4									
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	Y										
A		B									
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	♥ A 8										
	♠ A 9 5 4										
	♦ None										
	♣ K 8										

Hearts are trumps and Z leads. Y and Z want seven tricks. This is how they get them:

Z starts with the king of spades. A may as well trump as discard, but whether A trumps or not, Y puts on the ten of trumps and leads the seven. This enables Z to make two tricks in hearts with the eight and ace, whatever B plays to Y's lead. Y discards a diamond on the second trump lead from Z's hand.

If A trumped the first trick, and now discards the eight of clubs; or discarded the eight of clubs on the first trick, Z leads the losing spade, throwing the lead into B's hand. If A sheds a diamond, Y's discard does not matter, as all his diamonds are good, and Z has the ace of clubs. But if A sheds another club, keeping all three of his diamonds, Y keeps the club and lets go another diamond as all Z's clubs are good.

If Z starts with the smaller of his spades, the problem cannot be solved; because Z cannot get rid of the lead at the critical point,



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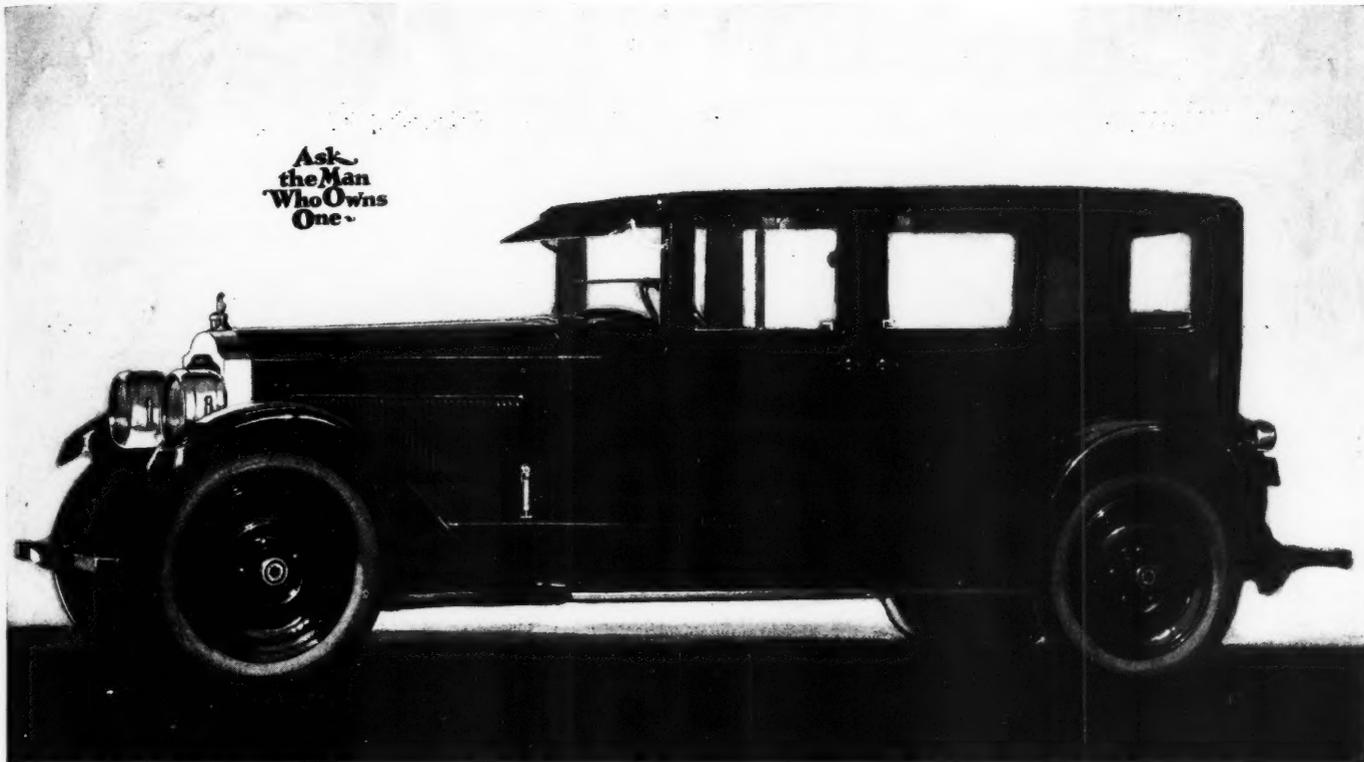
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Why Owners are Enthusiastic

The announcement of the Packard Straight-Eight was followed by a buyer demand greatly exceeding production.

It became necessary almost immediately for Packard dealers to set delivery dates three and four months after orders.

Only now has Packard been able to build the Straight-Eight in sufficient quantity to meet demand.

The great public success of the Straight-Eight was no surprise—

Because this type was Packard's selection for its high-powered car, after 24 years of fine car engineering, and after building and testing all known types of multi-cylinder motors;

Because Packard's reputation for building only the best assured its instant and enthusiastic reception.

Now, however, Straight-Eight drivers know from experience that this new

Packard surpasses all other cars, both domestic and foreign.

This endorsement of the Straight-Eight exceeds any claim Packard has ever made.

Owners tell us the Packard Straight-

Eight gives more in performance than any other car, and in addition—

“Unequaled smoothness of power flow; “Ability in acceleration which no other type of multi-cylinder car can equal;

“Accessibility of parts which readily explains why Packard no longer builds V-type motors;

“Simplicity which no comparable car can claim;

“The easiest control of any car on the road.”

Exclusive Packard four-wheel brakes contain no more parts than ordinary two-wheel brakes. They operate with exceptional ease and efficiency.

You will, of course, want to ride in and drive the Straight-Eight.

A demonstration will immediately show you why this new Packard is so successful.

Study These Reasons for Straight-Eight Success

Exclusive Packard Fuelizer which speeds up acceleration, shortens the warming-up period, reduces carbonization of spark plugs and valves, contributes to fuel economy and lessens crankcase dilution; heavy crankshaft with nine bearings, insuring maximum motor rigidity and durability; new design of steering gear which reduces friction to the minimum and automatically straightens the car out of a turn; three-fold lighting system; extreme depth of frame which gives unusual rigidity, tends to prevent squeaks and rattles and preserves alignment of doors and windows; beauty of finish and upholstery; completeness of equipment.

PACKARD STRAIGHT-EIGHT

The Ideal Gift



At this season recurs that ever puzzling question—

"What shall I give Her?"

What can be safer or more sure to please than

THE GIFT OF FUR?

In buying Furs with the A-JEK-L label you may be sure of definite style authority, highest quality and unsurpassed workmanship, and with this assurance you may add that of price security; prices as low as Furs can be secured for anywhere, where good Furs are sold.

"It pays to buy where you buy in safety"

A. JAECKEL & CO.
Furriers Exclusively

Fifth Ave. Between 35th & 36th Sts. New York

A Master Modernist

(Continued from page 52)

given concrete shapes to winds of impulse; and I have left myself no space in which to write of the artist. Cocteau is a poet; but, as you would expect, he is of the race that depends as least as much on intellect as on temperament—he is nearer to Donne than to Keats.

I have space for just one example. *Les Mariés de la Tour Eiffel* (which was introduced in the United States by Vanity Fair) is a delicious poetical fantasia. Now, the usual movement of fantasia is from somewhere near common sense to topsy-turvydom. Not so with Cocteau: beginning in a world of wildest absurdity, he imposes on each extravagance that arises in his mind a kind of nightmare logic. There is method in his madness. The piece opens thus:

FIRST PHONOGRAPH: You are on the first stage of the Eiffel Tower.

SECOND PHONOGRAPH: Hullo! an ostrich. She's crossing the stage. She's gone out. Here comes the

sportsman. He's looking for the ostrich. He looks up. He sees something. He puts the gun to his shoulder. He fires.

A scene of pure absurdity. Yes; but the ostrich turns out to be that classic "little bird" which is always going to pop out of the camera at the moment when we are invited to look pleasantly at the lens. And so on, throughout.

It is the ludicrous, but highly intellectual, coherence given by a Bedlam logic to fantastic and poetical notions that gives this little ballet its delicious and surprising quality. It affords Cocteau an opportunity of showing all his parts; providing a problem which suits him, in my opinion, better than that of his novel *Le Grand Écart*—the problem of telling a simple story subtly. Nevertheless, *Le Grand Écart* is a fine piece of fiction . . . but to begin writing about that would be to begin a new essay.

Follow My Leader

(Continued from page 40)

intellectual qualities which the typical leader of the past—who is also, alas, the typical leader of the present day—does not possess.

And the worst of it is that it seems almost impossible for a leader to possess these intellectual qualities together with those other qualities which I have already enumerated as being essential to success. One set of qualities seems to exclude the other.

It is in the highest degree unlikely that the pensive introvert, who cultivates his mind until it becomes capable of philosophic breadth and scientific sensitiveness, can also be a man of action, endowed with resolution, practical cunning, animal magnetism and the necessary pinch of charlatanism. In the whole of recorded history, there is scarcely one example of the philosopher king. Nor, until very recent times, was the need of such a type seriously felt. It is only now, when the world is immensely complicated, changeful and unsteady, that he has become a necessity. But it would be unduly optimistic to believe that this new kind of leader will actually make his appearance, however much we pray for him.

And even if a lonely monster of this kind were to appear in one country, he could achieve little or nothing so long as the old type of leader remained in control of the surrounding states. One Poincaré would be enough to reduce ten philosopher kings to impotence. A single, solitary nation cannot possibly afford to embark on schemes of disarmament while its neighbors retain their fleets and aeroplanes. Similarly, no state could afford to

be governed by reason while the rest of the world was governed by the good old fashioned light of unreasoning prejudice.

We are on the horns of a dilemma. There is every reason to suppose, on the one hand, that leaders of the old school will involve the new and complex and unstable world in fresh and even more appalling calamities. And on the other hand, there seems to be not the slightest probability of a new type of leader being evolved; at any rate, in the immediate and, for us, interesting future. The unstable-minded introvert (of whose literary sub-species I may modestly claim to be a member) has neither the initial desire, nor the capacity to turn himself into a busy extrovert.

In the long course of time, humanity will doubtless find some issue between the horns. Stable-minded men will always adhere to tradition and prejudice; but prejudice may as well be in favor of rational conduct as opposed to it. To face reality will become respectable; public schoolboys will be taught that it is good form to learn by experience, to do and to believe nothing but what seems reasonable.

But the distant future can safely be left to look after itself. What we are most anxiously concerned with is the immediate future. It is still by no means respectable to face reality; to believe only what is reasonable; to suspend judgment about the things we do not and cannot know; to act in an unprejudiced and sensible manner. And our leaders belong to the respectable classes. . . .

In the absence of good management, we can only pray for luck.



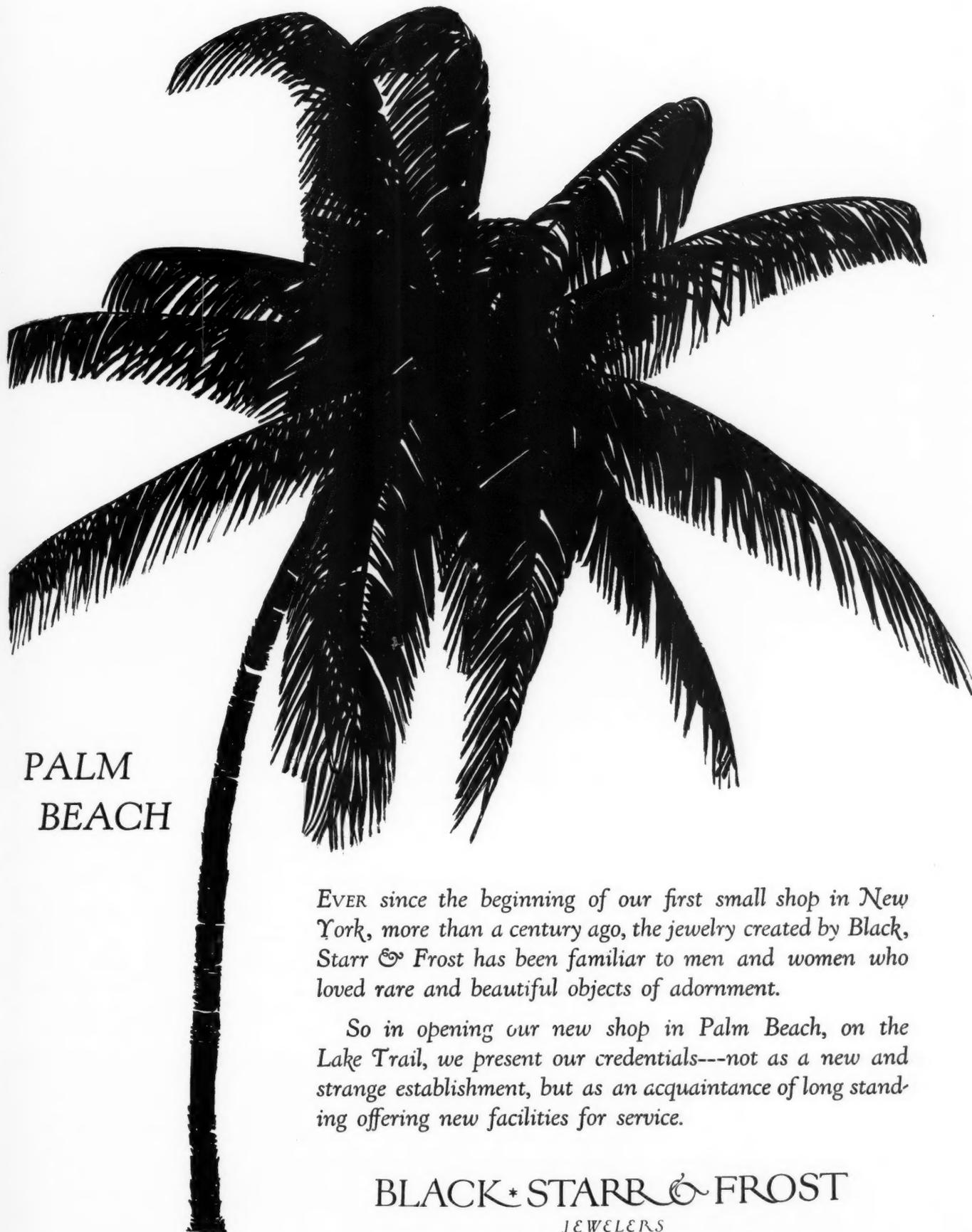
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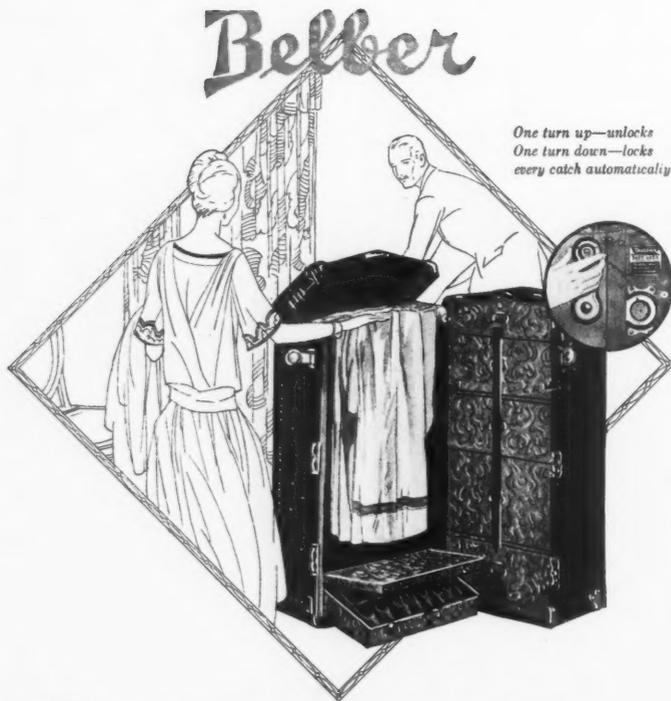
EVER since the beginning of our first small shop in New York, more than a century ago, the jewelry created by Black, Starr & Frost has been familiar to men and women who loved rare and beautiful objects of adornment.

So in opening our new shop in Palm Beach, on the Lake Trail, we present our credentials---not as a new and strange establishment, but as an acquaintance of long standing offering new facilities for service.

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More than the most Fashionable—
the greatest travelling convenience

THERE'S a new pleasure in travelling when you own a Belber Safe-Lock Wardrobe Trunk. Packing or unpacking is made delightfully easy and simple. Each trunk contains a fascinating array of drawers and hangers; a hat box, shoe box, laundry bag—even an ironing board and iron holder.

Plus a wonderful advantage that no other trunk can have—the exclusive Belber Safe-Lock! It eliminates entirely the usual nuisance of struggling with unwilling catches.

Before you buy any wardrobe trunk—remember that it is a lasting investment. For this reason, it is important to select one which will give you the greatest satisfaction and the most advantages. A Belber combines every convenience of the finest wardrobe trunks—plus the exclusive Safe-Lock! You will be delighted with it always. Reasonably priced—\$35.00 and up.

Our attractive booklet, "The Style in Wardrobe Trunks—and how to pack," shows the favorite new models and tells how to pack them. Write for it—free.



It will pay you to look for the Belber name on every bag or suitcase you buy. It assures you the world's finest luggage—dependable in style and service—at prices as remarkably low as its quality is high.

Belber
SAFE-LOCK
WARDROBE TRUNK

THE BELBER TRUNK & BAG COMPANY, Philadelphia
World's largest manufacturer of fine travelling goods



Ambassador Harvey: A Water-Color

(Continued from page 34)

enough. And Mr. Harvey was no ordinary publisher.

That was, perhaps, his foremost attraction. It was felt from the first that Mr. Harvey was a little out of the ordinary. That sprightly figure seemed to afford a welcome interruption of the smooth procession of *personae gratae* who had passed from steamer to banquet, from banquet to unveiling, from unveiling to steamer, and so to a memorial tablet in some London church. Not (be it understood) that Mr. Harvey was unwelcome. His impressive *persona* was quite sufficiently *grata*. But he so obviously was not one of those stately national figures to whom Great Britain, in its patient way, had grown accustomed. One can remember them so well—that grave presence, which the Executive have got so tired of seeing about Washington that it sends it to London, the accumulated wisdom of those long years spent out of active politics.

But Mr. Harvey hustled onto the English scene with a quite different air. Not his startled, deprecatory blink of the sage, exhumed suddenly from the cool darkness of his long retirement and projected into the vivid glare of the diplomatic footlights. He had so manifestly been engaged in doing something up to the very moment of his appointment. Perhaps he was doing it still. That was always, for Englishmen, the exciting thing about Mr. Harvey.

IV

HE seemed to come to us straight out of the mysterious heart of American politics. He was understood to have invented President Wilson. He was even credited with the still more creative work of making President Harding. Great Britain acquiesced respectfully in this remarkable record of prestidigitation and waited to see a fakir who could make banyan trees grow out of nothing and throw rope ladders in the air, from the empty tops of which Presidential candidates emerged fullgrown. It was a pleasant thrill; and British opinion had the comforting feeling that his next invention would not, at any rate, be President of Great Britain.

That was the basis of our respect for him. We rather liked him, because he seemed to have a sense of humor. Our sense of tradition was pleasantly gratified by his sure handling of the familiar opening of the Candid Friend: He began it early and with his foot on the low pedal; but, unhappily, as he became more friendly, his candor seemed to diminish, and one began to hear a lurking fear that he really liked us. That, in an American Ambassador, would never do. A dawning affection for the British people is as fatal to the correct performance of his part as the loss by a British Ambassador at Washington of his sense of a secret superiority. But Mr. Harvey managed to keep it under pretty well: his arrival

was the customary breath of fresh air into the stifling atmosphere of an ancient civilization, and his departure was a graceful shaking of secular dust from progressive feet. It was a conscientious performance of a traditional part.

But his real attraction was his mysterious flavor of American politics. Our knowledge of the world is strangely limited. England is full of men who confidently profess an intimate knowledge of all the politics of the Continent. Not a Bloc can fall to the ground in a foreign Chamber without the reasoned comment of some British expert. They know the Right from the Left and the Center from the Left-Center. They can place the conflicting parties at the appropriate points of the political compass with the accuracy of a cricket captain setting his fielders. Catholic Socialists and Fruitarian Clericals hold no mysteries for them; and they are thoroughly at home in the *coulisses* of every country, except one.

AMERICAN politics strike them completely dumb. They have rarely mastered the difference between a Republican and a Democrat: the connotations of both those terms are bewilderingly similar to the European mind. And when they have once grasped the situation, they are at sea again when those great parties obstinately decline to manoeuvre as two solid units, and insist upon having grave internal differences.

It results from this elementary ignorance that the stately course of public life in the United States is completely missed by the British mind. It sees, instead, a brisk succession of unrelated happenings. Strange things are cast up by the deep and return to it again. Vast Conventions seem to rock with incomprehensible slogans. Sudden tides submerge outstanding figures, whom we had just learned to regard as international landmarks; and the receding waters leave stranded on the beach strange forms, which transcend our limited knowledge of natural history.

From the occult depths of this strange sea, Mr. Harvey came to us; and we were vastly impressed. Locked in his breast, we felt, was all the secret knowledge of a dweller in that mysterious clime. He must know where Presidents came from; and why they came; and where they went to. He was probably aware of the hidden springs of party discord. He might even know what it was all about.

Great Britain reverently stared, and Mr. Harvey played his splendid part. Out of those depths he came to us; and to them, we felt with increasing awe, he would presently return. It was, for the simple subjects of King George, a great experience. We felt that we had seen Arthur: almost we had seen Merlin. And as the ship that carried him into the mist faded out across the sea, we seemed to hear him still faintly crying: "From the great deep to the great deep I go."



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If you want the truth, go to a child

JEPSON had a spectacular record as a salesman. They used to call him "Crash-'em-down" Jepson. And the bigger they were, the harder they fell.

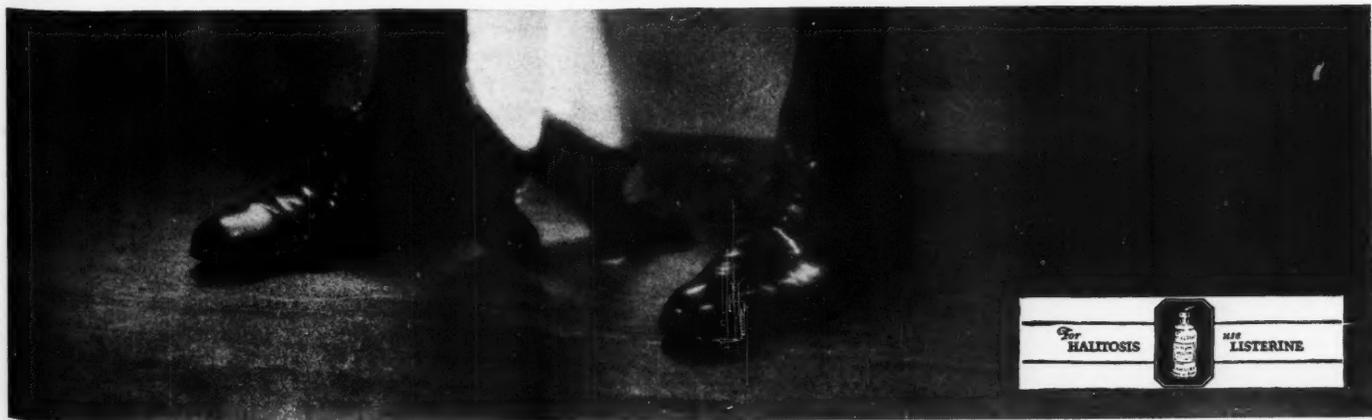
Lately, though, Jepson felt himself slipping. He couldn't seem to land the big orders; and he was too proud to go after the little ones. He was discouraged and mystified. Finally, one evening, he got the real truth from his little boy. You can always depend on a child to be outspoken on subjects that older people avoid.

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for a half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle. *Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*





For Spring—

The latest style tendency is expressed in the Hickey-Freeman Newstone.

The broad, long roll lapels and low pockets give slender, sweeping lines to the two button coat. Straight hanging, ventless back. Wide trousers.

This is the style well dressed men will wear next Spring. It is at its best in the superbly tailored Newstone.

*At leading stores
throughout the country*

Hickey-Freeman Co.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

New York Office, 200 Fifth Ave.



The Spirit of Mah Jong

(Continued from page 44)

Of course, if one or more of these tiles have been grounded, or previously discarded your chances are pretty slim.

In playing for cleared suits, one is not influenced so much by the number of the suit in the hand, as by the number of other suits that must be got rid of. Five Bamboos and four Honors, is a great deal better than seven Bamboos and no Honors. Experience would seem to indicate that the average number of chances to make a play before any one goes Mah Jong is twelve, although this will vary greatly with the caliber of the players.

KEEPING these simple elementary chances in view, let us take a hand of thirteen tiles and see what can be done with it.



These 13 tiles are held by South, with East the Dominating Wind, and East's first discard the three of Circles.

On looking over this hand, it is clear that the two Dragons belong to the element of luck, and as they cannot connect with anything but themselves, they need no attention. There is also some luck in the three fours and the pair of nines, and there are open end sequences in both Circles and Characters. Now let us look into the way that skill works on the material furnished by luck.

In order to maintain the spirit of the game, we must allow this skill to have full play in every department which is under the control of the judgment of the player, and which could in any way affect the result, even to throwing away the good things that luck has sent him. We must remember that a player is not compelled to take anything from the discards, nor to keep anything that he gets from the wall, except Seasons.

Consequently, anything the player takes from the discards, or keeps in his hand after drawing it, comes under the head of skill, as distinct from luck. This is one of the fundamental principles of the game, and must never be lost sight of. Looked at in a casual way, it might be said that every tile taken into the hand that fits something else belongs to the element of luck; the third to a pair or sequence; the fourth to a triplet; the tile that fills the eyes. But when the luck is guided into certain channels in preference to others, it is transformed into skill.

THE management of the foregoing hand presents several alternatives to South, and what he will do with it depends on his conception of the game, his knowledge of probabilities, and his individual skill as a player.

He can play to go Mah Jong by "dogging it", laying down the 3 4 5 of Circles, and discarding North Wind. Or, with his three pairs to start with, he can play for an all-count hand, and refuse to use the three of Circles, drawing from the wall instead. Or, he may lay down the

sequence, and hope to get enough Circles to get a double for a cleared suit. All three ways have Mah Jong in sight as a possibility.

Let us take the dogging play first. After taking the Circle sequence, and discarding North Wind, he is lucky enough later to get the third dragon, and discards the 8 of Characters. In the meantime East has laid down a 7 8 9 sequence in Bamboos. Later, South draws the 5 of Circles, which gives him an open-end sequence again. With the possibility of a clear suit still in view, he lets go his South Wind. East lays down another sequence of 7 8 9 Bamboos, and discards the three of Circles, which South takes, discarding the 4. He is now set for the 4 or 7 of Characters, as a third 9 of Bamboos is impossible. If he wows, his hand is worth 56 points.

Suppose South thinks it better to refuse the first chance to chee, and draws from the wall, getting a useless tile. On the third draw he gets another Dragon, as before, and discards North Wind. Later he draws the 5 of Circles, as before, which gives him another pair, and discards the 8 of Characters. In the meantime East has laid down those two Bamboo sequences, discarding the second three of Circles, which South again refuses, drawing from the wall, and getting another 5 of Circles, discarding the 6 of Characters. As it is now impossible to get a third 9 of Bamboos, his hand is in bad shape for any hope of Mah Jong, but he has succeeded in getting the counts he planned for, and has at least 24 points in hand, as against the 8 which was all the Mah Jong player would have if he failed to woo.

In this case South has refused to take two sequences that might have made him Mah Jong, and has sacrificed everything else in order to play for counting combinations, which he succeeded in getting, but he did not complete the hand in time to go Mah Jong. According to the logic some persons apply to other but similar parts of the game, he should not be allowed to count these triplets, because he did not go Mah Jong; yet every player in the world acknowledges this hand is worth 32 points.

NOW let us look at another way to play South's hand. He takes the three of Circles, but discards the 8 Character instead of North Wind. He gets his Red Dragon and discards another Character. Then he draws another 5 of Circles, as before, and gets rid of his last Character. When he gets the 3 of Circles from East, he discards one of his nines, as East has already grounded two of them. Just before North Mah Jongs, South gets another South Wind, and has a cleared suit, by discarding the other 9 of Bamboos.

He played for a cleared suit from the start, the key being the Character discard, instead of North Wind, and he succeeded in attaining his object. He sacrificed his best chance for going Mah Jong by giving up the Character sequence, and then the pair of nines, in order to get what he was playing for; a double; but he failed to complete his hand for Mah Jong.

In what respect does this differ from the player who refused the sequence in Circles, and impaired his chances for going Mah Jong in order to play for counting combinations, and who succeeded in his object, although he also failed to go Mah Jong? Why should we allow the one to count everything he played for in a partially completed hand and refuse to allow the same privilege to the other? One skillfully and courageously laid his plans for counts; the other for a double, and both got there.



NEW HIGH-POWERED REO SIXES

Four Passenger Coupe Reo

\$1875
AT LANSING, ADD TAX

BODY longevity is as marked a feature as roominess and ultra restfulness in Reo closed cars.

A rugged hardwood framework promotes it. The wood is selected ash with all members extra heavy, and all joints hand-matched and fitted. Drop forged braces add rigidity to the whole assembly.

Panels of steel, beautifully finished, are the covering material. The Coupe, illustrated, is typical of clean-cut contour and harmonizing fittings.

Lasting construction is as marked inside. Superb upholstery, —walnut mouldings, —heavy floor coverings, —3-16-inch plate glass windows, —satin-silver finish hardware, —closed car quality was never better expressed.

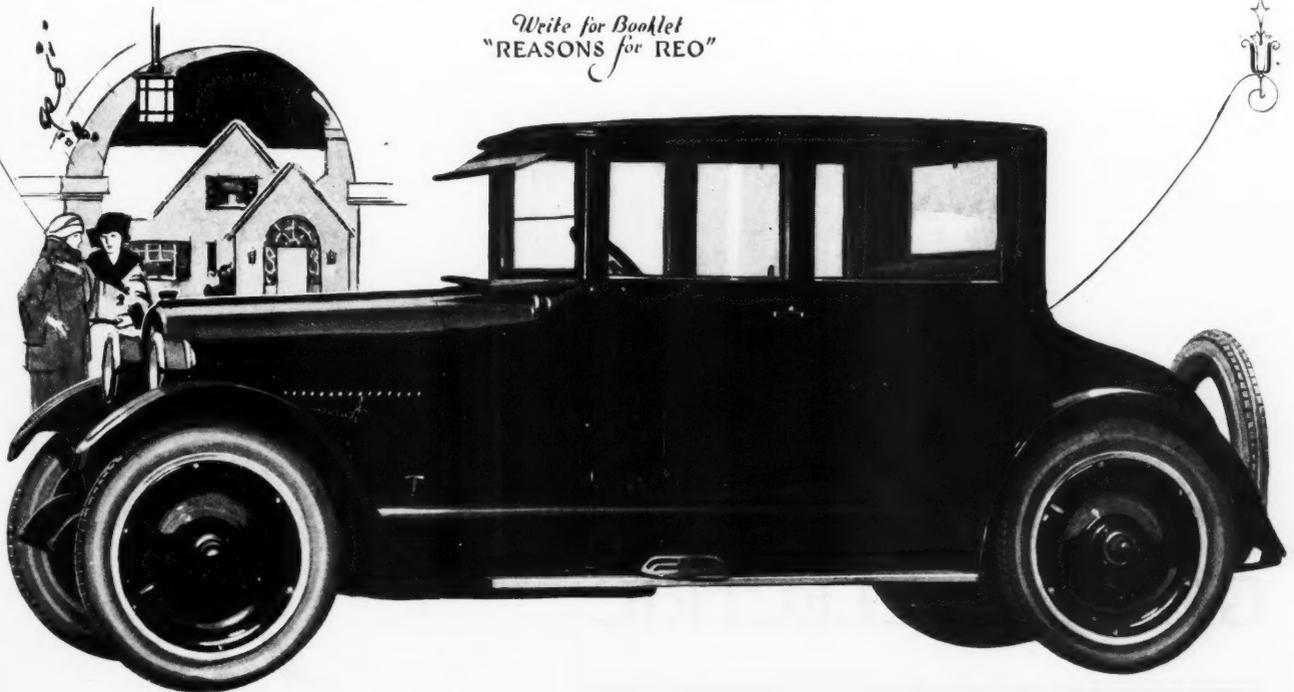
Power for every driving condition is unsparingly supplied by the six-cylinder 50 h. p. engine.

Mechanical correctness is demonstrated by the double-framed chassis, where major units are cradled in an inner frame.

Safety is insured by oversized brakes (15-inch bars; 2½-inch faces), dual foot control, easy steering.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Lansing, Michigan*

Write for Booklet
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Every idle stream or waterfall that is put to work, and furnishes light and power to homes and factories many miles away, means a saving in coal and, what is more important, a saving in human energies.

How far can a waterfall fall?

In 1891 General Electric Company equipped an electric plant at San Antonio, Canyon, for transmitting electric power 28 miles—a record.

Today electric power from a waterfall is carried ten times as far.



Improvements in electrical development do not "happen." They come from the tireless research of trained scientists. The General Electric Company invests in the work of its Research Laboratories more than a million dollars a year.

Some day remote farm homes will have electricity and streams that now yield nothing will be yielding power and light.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Mr. Zimbalist and the "Titian" Strad

(Continued from page 59)

It is agreeable to picture a representative of the family, or perhaps the Count himself, making a tour of Italy, stopping at Cremona to look at the famous workshop at No. 2, Piazza San Domenico, and conferring with the master about the proportions and design of the violin he wished to be made for himself. The Count was doubtless an amateur violinist, and the amateur of that time must of necessity have been a performer of considerable skill, if one is to judge by the violin literature written for him by Tartini, Pergolesi and Corelli, all of whom have since become formidable classics but were then the popular repertoire of the day.

The Count, in his great eagerness, would have the instrument made in haste, that he might carry it back with him to France; and so he might have done were he living now, when true craftsmanship is rare and things are made for the need of the moment, with little regard for permanency. But the great master would not allow any pressure to modify the deliberate and painstaking process which has left the instruments of that period so unapproachable.

Violin making, since the death of Stradivari, has ceased to be an art; and the failure of subsequent makers to achieve an instrument to compare with a "Strad" in beauty of color, tone or design has led to the belief that the material with which the old masters worked is no longer available; that the timber they used has ceased to grow in Italian forests; that the varnish was made by a secret process now entirely forgotten. This is, of course, absurd. The pine forests of the Trentino are not less flourishing than they were two hundred years ago; and as for the varnish, the supremacy of the old was due rather to a conscientious skill in the mixing of the ingredients and an unhurried application to the wood.

It would seem, then, that a modern craftsman would have small difficulty in fashioning a violin of distinction the equal (save for the individual subtleties of the master) of a Stradivarius. But this has never been achieved. The decline of violin making is, in reality, a process of degeneration attributable, paradoxically, to the democratization of musical art, which, concentrating on production rather than on quality, saw in the fine traditions passed on from master to pupil a hindrance to a quick output. The decay and death of the tradition is solely responsible for the decline of that beautiful art.

The impatience of the Count with the careful process of fine craftsmanship must have pained the old fiddle maker and given him a vision of a future vulgarization of his art, when violins, and, indeed, most lovely things, would be turned out

en masse to meet the demands of persons less cultured though not less importunate than his visitor. To impress the Count with the futility of haste, the master acquainted him with the fine points of the craft, showing him first the need of a careful selection of the wood, which must be strong and of a certain right thickness; then, the discretion in putting together the several parts so that each part would be related to the others both in design and in the production of beautiful sound.

It was not, however, until they came to the process of varnishing that the Count was made aware of the reason for the long delay in the delivery of his violin, the old man allowing no one but himself to mix the soft and penetrating oil and applying it with a most careful art, that it might permeate the entire thickness of the boards. It was pointed out to the Count that a spirit varnish would dry more quickly, but would hardly get beneath the surface, with a consequent loss in the quality of the tone. The spirit varnish was then beginning to be used by less scrupulous makers to facilitate production, and has since become general. The violin, being varnished, was set out to dry in the sun. When it was explained that his violin would have to undergo this process of varnishing and polishing several times over, the Count could no longer wait, and departed, entertaining a sober idea of the art and labor necessary for the fashioning of even a small instrument.

It is not known how long the Titian remained with the Count d'Evry, nor how it came into the possession of the Count d'Sauzay, who was its next owner. In 1872, it was sold through the violin dealer, S. P. Bernardel, to a Monsieur Baker, who received a certified history of the violin and an explanation of the name "Titian": ("*Cet instrument baptise 'Le Titien' a raison de son superbe vernis rouge, peut être classé dans 4 ou 5 plus beaux Stradivarius qui existent!*")—and, indeed, the mellow glow of the varnish is like the color of a Titian canvas.

Mr. Zimbalist paid an astonishing price for his latest acquisition, but the beauty of the violin and its splendid state of preservation are even more astonishing. The most careful inspection has failed to discover the slightest crack or imperfection in the wood. The scroll is gracefully imaginative, yet noble and solid; the 'f' holes provocatively irregular; the belly chastely rounded. When it appeared on the stage at Carnegie Hall after a quiet and tenderly guarded existence of two hundred years, it was, outwardly, in the condition in which it left the hands of Antonio Stradivari. Time had not ravaged it. It had only mellowed its color and deepened its tone.



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Among those women who are recognized in their communities as arbiters in matters of taste, the Ford Four-door Sedan enjoys unusually high favor.

They have long recognized its practical efficiency. In the crowded engagements of their busy days, they have found it always ready, always an indispens-

able adjunct to work and pleasure.

Today their taste seconds their judgment in approving it. Their instinctive appreciation of style commends its body lines, its harmonious fittings, and its upholstery in soft shades of brown, as emphatically as their judgment has always approved its economy, convenience and reliability.

Ford

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*Crane plumbing fixtures
set new standards
of household convenience*

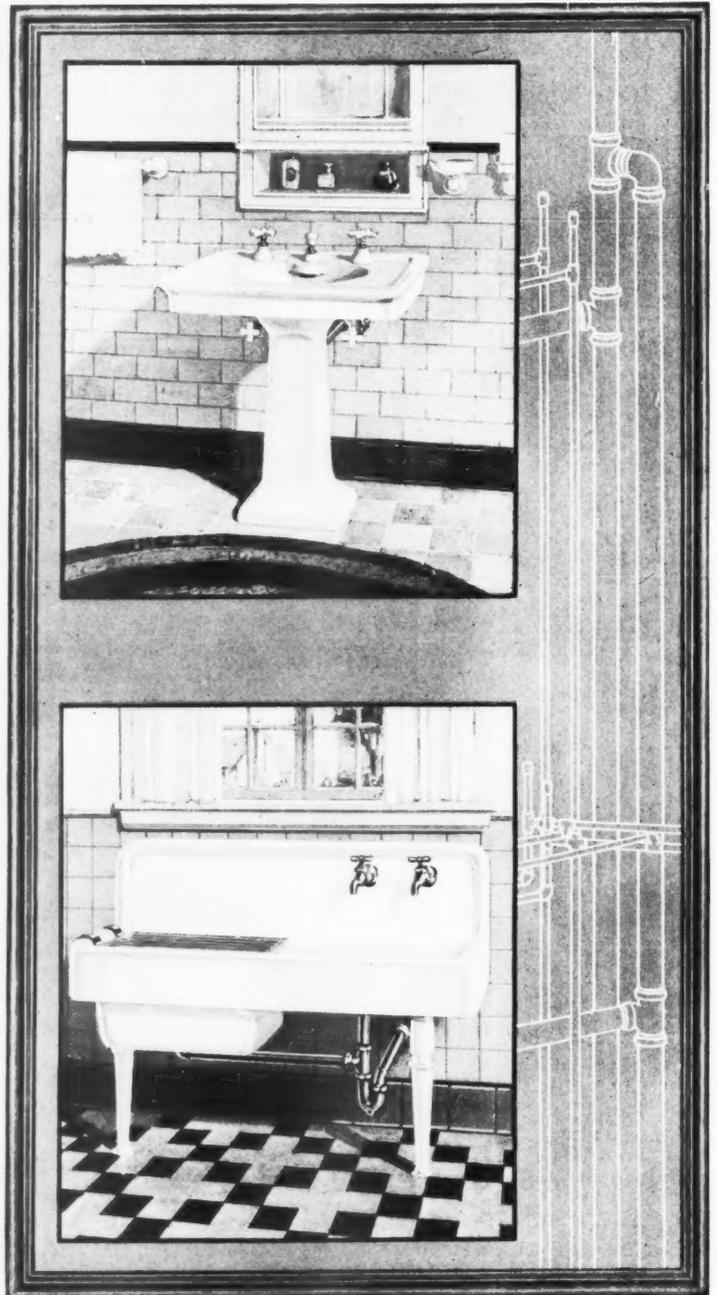
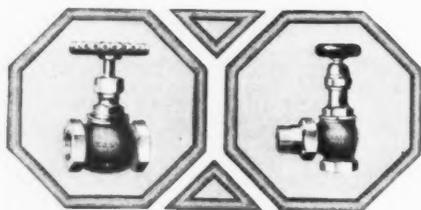


Saving of steps and economy of space—the twin objectives of planning in city apartments and modern small homes—are intelligently served by double usefulness in sanitary appointments.

In the new Crane kitchen sink shown here, a full-size laundry tub beneath the removable drainboard is always ready. If desired, a permanent wooden base for attaching a wringer when the tub is in use can be supplied. For the occasional washing of delicate fabrics or for regular use, a laundry unit close at hand has many advantages.

Comfort as well as convenience marks the design of the "Nova" lavatory pictured above. Its spacious top is 30 inches broad while its deep basin is 13 by 18 inches. Your architect or plumber can get you any Crane fixture made. Crane branches and offices in all principal cities provide a national supply service.

Globe Valve No. 1-B Radiator Valve No. 220

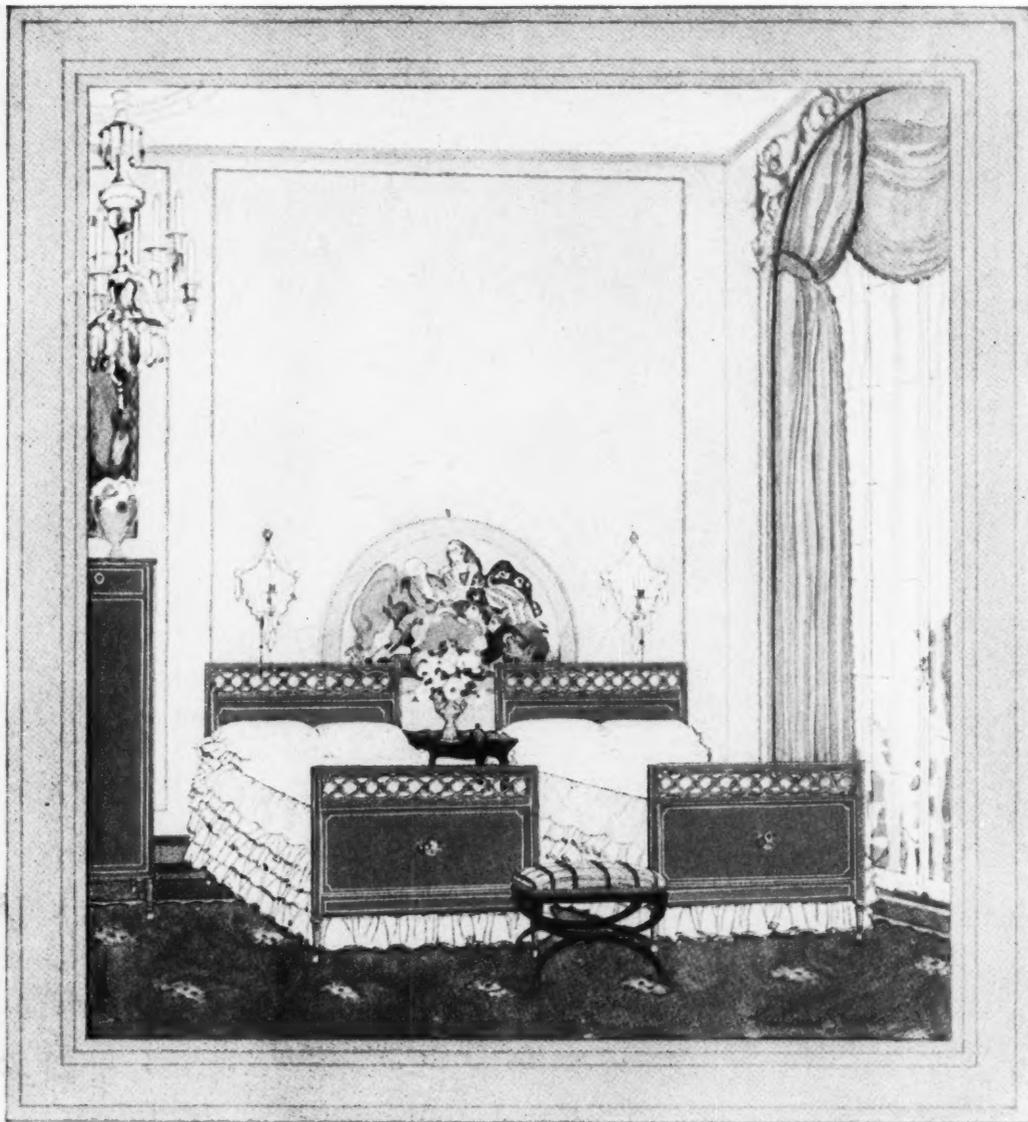


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FANCY, guided by cultured taste, plays a more significant part every day in the arrangement and furnishing of intimate chambers in the modern home of distinction.

An heirloom rescued, treasure-trove of a holiday journey or some feature of the room itself may give the key to a fascinating scheme of decoration.

To find furniture harmonizing with the effect you desire is no longer a task. The new Simmons beds combine charm with dignity in a wide range of modern and period designs,

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For that vital third of your life claimed by sleep, Simmons springs and mattresses supply lasting comfort. Built in many types to suit any pocketbook and sold by leading merchants everywhere. The Purple Label is the most luxurious mattress made.

No substitute equals any Simmons product at the same price. Before you purchase, look for the Simmons label, your sleep and health insurance.

Varied and exquisite color gives interest and fresh charm to this unusual chamber. Draperies are azure blue taffeta. Curtains on the French windows are pineapple cloth or net in a delicate faint primrose. Bed covers are soft peach-bloom taffeta, with primrose flounces. Walls are warm primrose gray. Lunette on wall of painted or embossed silk. Taupe carpet with plum border. Black lacquer slipper seat. Chandelier and wall lights of Waterford glass. Beds and chiffonobe are from a complete new suite of Simmons furniture designed in the spirit of Sheraton, soft jade green finish. For nine similar schemes of chamber decoration, write for "Restful Bedrooms" to The Simmons Company, 1317 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, or to Simmons Limited, 400 St. Ambroise Street, Montreal, Quebec.

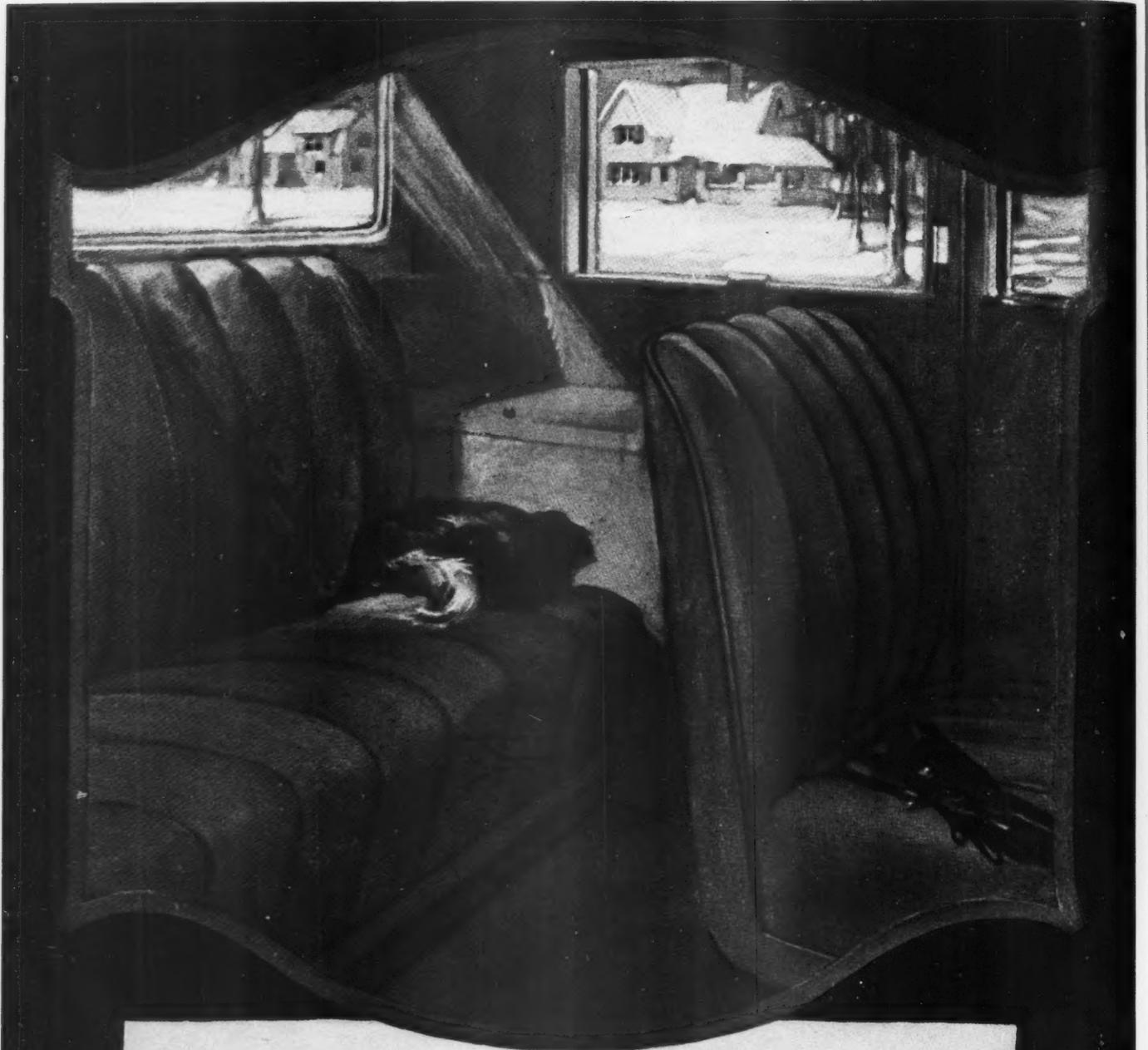
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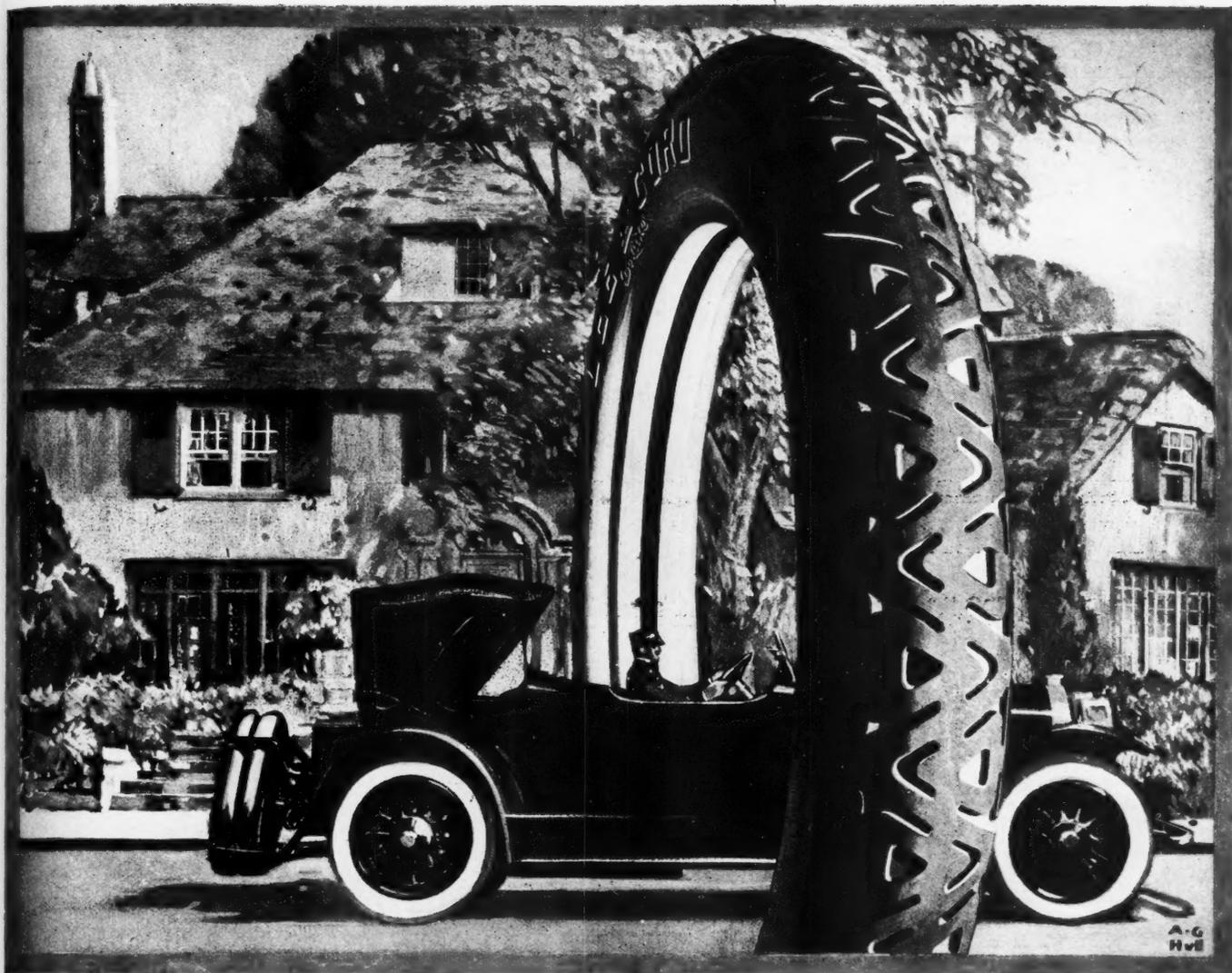
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No one wants to crawl over anybody else—no one wants to be trapped in a back seat.

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THERE are two kinds of tires, the kind that "come with the car," and the kind that the motorist himself chooses. The Lee Cord De Luxe is very definitely of the latter kind. This accounts for the great number of fine cars that you now see equipped with Lee Cords. Have you started using Lee Cords on *your* car?

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Tailored by our own staff in Scotch Overplaids & Shetlands.

[\$16 to \$18 Ordinarily] **\$10.50** Pair

The Tweeds are in 6 shades—(A) Lovatt, (B) Tan, (C) Heather, (D) Brown, (E) Olive, (F) Smoke—all in cross-pattern plaids.

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SCOTCH & ENGLISH BRUSH WOOL Golf Hose

In Heather, Lydett, Grey, Camel's [\$4 to \$6 Regularly] **\$2.95** Pair

Specially Imported GOLF HOSE In the New and Highly favored FRENCH BLUE [\$6.00 Regularly] **\$3.45**

Newly Landed Imports in GOLF HOSE In the New Homospun Colorings—also the Exclusive Smoke shade [\$6 to \$7 Regularly] **\$3.95**

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Originators of "The Pivot Sleeve Golf Suit"

61 CHAMBERS ST. NEW YORK 30 JOHN ST. Address ALL MAIL ORDERS To 30 JOHN Street

The Proper Study of Mankind

(Continued from page 48)

well do it voluntarily, keeping our soul alive; and as we drown in our terrestrial nature, transmogrify into fishes. Pisces. That which knows the Oceanic Godliness of the End.

The proper study of mankind is man. Agreed entirely! But in the long run, it becomes again as it was before, man in his relation to the deity. The proper study of mankind is man in his relation to the deity.

And yet not as it was before. Not the specific deity of the inland source. The vast deity of the End. Oceanus, whom you can only know by becoming a Fish. Let us become Fishes, and try.

They talk about the sixth sense. They talk as if it were an extension of the other senses. A mere dimensional sense. It's nothing of the sort. There is a sixth sense, right enough. Jesus had it. The sense of the God that is the End and the Beginning. And the proper study of mankind is man in his relation to this Oceanic God.

We have come to the end, for the time being, of the study of man in his relation to man. Or man in his relation to himself. Or man in his relation to woman. There is nothing more of importance to be said, by us or for us, on this subject. Indeed, we have no more to say.

Of course, there is the literature of perversity. And there is the literature of little playboys and playgirls, not only of the western world. But the literature of perversity is a brief weed. And the play-boy-playgirl stuff, like the movies, though a very monstrous weed, won't live long.

As the weariest river winds by no means safely to sea, all the muddy little individuals begin to chirrup: "Let's play! Let's play at something! We're so godlike when we play!"

But it won't do, my dears. The sea will swallow you up, and all your play and perversions and personalities.

You can't get any more literature out of man in his relation to man. Which of course should be writ large, to mean man in his relation to woman, to other men, and to the whole environment of men: or woman in her relation to man, or other

women, or the whole environment of women. You can't get any more literature out of that. Because any new book must needs be a new stride. And the next stride lands you over the sand-bar in the open ocean, where the first and greatest relation of every man and woman is to the Ocean itself, the great God of the End, who is the All-Father of all sources, as the sea is father of inland lakes and springs of water.

The Novel Looking to the Sea

BUT get a glimpse of this new relation of men and women to the great God of End, who is the father, not the Son, of all our beginnings: and you get a glimpse of the new literature. Think of the true novel of Saint Paul, for example. Not the sentimental backward-looking Christian novel, but the novel looking out to sea, to the great Source, and End, of all beginnings. Not the Saint Paul with his human feelings repudiated, to give play to the new divine feelings. Not the Saint Paul violent in reaction against worldliness and sensuality, and therefore a dogmatist with his sheaf of Shalt Nots ready. But a Saint Paul two thousand years older, having his own epoch behind him, and having again the great knowledge of deity, the deity which Jesus knew, the vast Ocean God which is at the end of all our consciousness.

Because, after all, if chemistry winds wearily to sea in the ether, or sore such universal, don't we also, not as chemists but as conscious men, also wind wearily to sea in a divine ether, which means nothing to us but space and words and emptiness? We wind wearily to sea in words and emptiness.

But man is a mutable animal. Turn into the Fish, the Pisces of man's final consciousness, and you'll start to swim again in the great life which is so frighteningly godly that you realize your previous presumption.

And then you realize the new relation of man. Men like fishes, lifted on a great wave of the God of the End, swimming together, and apart, in a new medium. A new relation, in a new whole.

The Theater of Max Reinhardt

(Continued from page 50)

theater" in the sense in which Gordon Craig has defined him. His genius is something more than mastery, skill or craft. Reinhardt has created a theatrical world of his own. It is a theater conceived on its simple and essential basis, but it is a theater expanded through beauty and solidity of form and heightened to the most complete and expressive art. I hope that with the right materials at hand, and properly advised, Reinhardt will be able to give his best. He is, after all, an artist and not a manufacturer of pleasing objects; and for an artist to reach achievement, the proper atmosphere must surround him. Then he can spend with utter lavishness all his gifts, and give infinitely to all around him. All Reinhardt's gifts will stay in America, and go into the general treasury of artistic achievement. Properly appreciated and properly guarded and

enriched, they will act as a new incentive for that very arresting chapter in the new life of America which we call The Theater. The only danger is that Broadway will not take the right things, the most precious things, that Reinhardt has to give; that it will be satisfied to borrow those stage effects which necessarily accompany any work of theatrical art, but which do not touch its essentials.

In the years to follow, it will be most interesting for his friends to watch the impact of America upon the art of Max Reinhardt. He is too sensitive a man, too real an artist, not to gain much from this fascinating country. Its sights and sounds, its refinements and its crudities, its odors, its colors, its movement, above all its energy, cannot fail to leave an indelible impression upon this greatest personality of the present stage, and to be recorded in his future work.



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The Duo-Art gives more than any other musical instrument ever made. "Everything in music played by the best interpreters".

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THE Steinway Piano is today, and has been for more than half a century, the greatest piano in the world. In this country and abroad its leadership is unquestioned.

Combined with the Duo-Art, this superb instrument will bring into your home the master-

pieces of music interpreted by the world's greatest pianists.

Through the medium of the Steinway Duo-Art you can hear the playing of the world's greatest artists reproduced upon the same piano which the majority of them play in private and in public.

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Imagine, if you can, your piano ringing with the marvelous touch of the great Paderewski! Think of the fingers of the world's piano masters stealing over the keys—pouring forth the genius and art that only they possess! The greatest pianists of the world—Paderewski, Hofmann, de Pachmann; Bauer, Cortot, Friedman, Gabrilowitsch, Grainger, Ganz, Borovsky, and scores of others have made Duo-Art Record Rolls

which are available for anyone who owns a Duo-Art Piano. Moreover, though some of these artists have previously recorded for other reproducing pianos, they now make Duo-Art records *exclusively*. The Duo-Art is the instrument of their maturer choice—the instrument which they feel will best perpetuate their art for the benefit of music lovers of the future.

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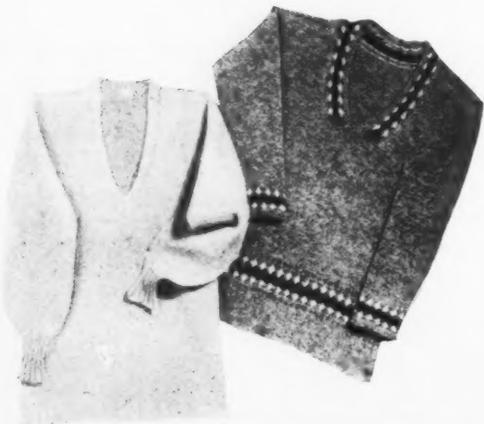
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These interesting new Woolen articles just over from Scotland will add a smart note to the wardrobe whether it be for use North or South. Excellent for Christmas Gifts, too!



New designs in hose for golf and winter sports. The pair on left comes in brown and white or tan and white. Price \$10.00. The pair on the right with the unusual design comes in grey. Priced \$12.50.

We have never seen more attractive colors or designs in woolen scarfs than those just received in our last shipment. Stripes and checks predominate. Remarkably priced: Stripes, \$5.00, Plaids, \$6.00 and \$6.50



Wonderfully soft, thin, yet warm, are these "Pullovers." In white, tan, brown, yellow and Copenhagen blue. Priced \$22.50

These grey sweaters are made unusually distinctive by the introduction of the "Fair Isle" bands. Priced \$25.00.

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Just off 5th Ave. and 'round the corner from the Ritz



Famous Events I Have Nearly Seen

(Continued from page 43)

amid the ruins of a broken bench, with my head jammed into the shoulder blades of a total stranger and my hair in the grip of a man behind me, who was balancing himself on the back of his seat, and who roared in my ear, "I came fifteen hundred miles to see this fight, and, by gad, I'm goin' to see it!" To which I could only say, "All right, go ahead. As long as I can't, you may just as well." Not a glimpse of the fighters did I get.

Once I almost saw the finish of a rattling good bout between two local boys in a small New England theater. The stage was set with the stock, palatial living room scenery, with red velvet and gold tasseled curtains painted on the wings, and marble columns, through which we caught a glimpse of the gardens beyond. "Just the place for a prize fight," I thought, as Charlie Humphrey, the local Rickard, announced Tony Da Silva, of East New London, and Slugger Reilly, of Norwich.

What a scrap that was! And then, just as it was getting good, Tony caught Slugger a terrific wallop, apparently trying to knock him into the fountain between the marble columns. He crashed into the back drop, and the whole blooming thing fell down. The boys were completely enveloped in the heavy canvas; but the fight went right on. We could see occasional humps and billows in the covering and hear a diverting amount of the most picturesque cursing; then, suddenly, silence. The gallant Tony had lost, after all. Something had happened under that smothering canvas. Reilly had commanded some art of which the courageous wop knew nothing. That is the nearest I ever came to seeing a fight.

On the Golf Course

LAST October, I went out to Pelham to see the final of the professional golf tournament between Gene Sarazen and Walter Hagen. "There", I thought "I will surely see something. If a golf course isn't big enough and open enough for me to see something on, I guess no place is."

Well, do you know, I didn't see a thing! Never, since my early days of hare-and-hounds, have I done so much running as I did on that warm, October afternoon. And at all times, I was arriving at places just too late. If I dashed for the tee to see them drive, they had just driven as I surged up to the back row of spectators. "There it goes! My word, a beauty. . . a screamer!" and off went the crowd, pell-mell, for the next short, for which I arrived again too late. At the greens I was always behind everyone else; and when, finally, in despair, I abandoned the chase, cut across to the seventeenth fairway and took a commanding position on an eminence, did not the mighty twain both drive by me at such speed, in the blazing western sunlight, that I did not see the balls at all! Can you beat

it? No, it is quite evident that I am not intended to see these things.

If I climb a mountain to see the sunrise, it rains. The only big athletic events that I have ever seen are some of the final football games, and you know what those are. No one really knows what is going on. They don't know the plays or the players, or which goal they are playing for; and they get their first knowledge of what they are looking at from the Sunday papers next day. The actual contest consists of two and a half hours of emotional insanity, accompanied by headache and nausea, and followed by four cocktails on an empty stomach and your choice of (1) a cold drive home in a motor, or (2) a hot one in a crowded "special", with an intoxicated stranger hanging on your neck telling you that he used to know you "at Hartford".

I've tried all the sports. In tennis, I made a special effort to go to Forest Hills and see brava Molla play Suzanne Lenglen; and when the French champion saw me come into the stands, she defaulted. Then and there she quit the court. Was she going to let me see a great event? Never.

Two years ago, I went to New London to see the Yale-Harvard boat races. Yale was reputed to have a fine set of crews. I was very keen about seeing them in action. I said nothing to any of my New Haven friends about my going. I went in the humblest, most obscure way, on a big, lumbering excursion boat from New Haven. My fear was that, if the boys in the crew knew of my presence, it might upset them. I even wore a red carnation to conceal myself from the jinx.

Listen to what happened. We steamed up the river early in the morning and anchored in a fine position to see the last half of the Freshman race, which was the first event. Almost as soon as we had dropped anchor, I saw the puff of smoke from the starter's gun, and they were off. O, man, how lovely they looked as they came down the blue lane! At the mile flag, Yale began to open up. Open water! They had nearly a length lead.

And when they were directly opposite me, the Yale shell broke in two! Yes, sir, she checked up as if she had been hit on the nose with a club; slowed, sagged, and sank, and two minutes later the gallant lads were swimming in the water and being lifted into the launch.

After weeping down a ventilator for five minutes, I hired a skiff owner to take me ashore, walked three miles to the station, and took a train to New York. Yale won all the rest of the races.

Just one more instance. After some hesitation, I bought a ticket for the Zev-Papyrus race. The next day I read in the paper that Zev was sick. "Great Scott," I said, "what am I doing!" I tore the ticket up, and you know the result of the race. I claim no credit for this. It was the obvious thing to do.



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Wanted: A City of the Spirit

(Continued from page 63)

think important? Shall I try to believe in its ideals and send my intelligence asleep—shall I stifle my sense of humor and cripple my sense of honor in order to believe in the virtue of selling people things they don't need and which they probably oughtn't to have? Shall I prostrate myself before it, and admire its vulgarity and ruthlessness?

"On the other hand, the great white city of the Socialist and the Internationalist no longer seems so practicable as it did a little while ago. They all told me that the Treaty of Versailles would embody the principles of Justice and Humanity, for which I still feel the greatest enthusiasm—but it looks as if nobody in a position to further them has ever taken those ideals seriously. The signatories of the League of Nations, which was going to save European civilization, have, apparently, agreed to pay no attention to it; and are, apparently, as indifferent to the fate of that civilization as the Americans themselves. So are the victims of capitalism and intolerance, to their own degradation—and if they are indifferent, why should I try to save them? Perhaps they get what they deserve. Perhaps politics itself is an illusion, and to change the laws changes nothing. Can men be trusted to govern one another? and even if they did their best, to what extent are men governable?"

"SINCE the war there has been a great cry on the part of the writers of the older generation that the only thing that will save the world is renewed religious faith. Very good: but where is that faith? Where is the church that will supply it? The old churches have largely spent their

force; only second-rate men seem to enter them nowadays. Almost the only department of religious activity which has any vitality in America is the evangelism of Billy Sunday, and that is something with which no self-respecting person wants to have anything to do.

"On the other hand, one can hardly accept science as a substitute for the church, as people were able to do in the latter half of the nineteenth century: the scientific discoveries and inventions only make life more complicated, without helping to explain to us why we should live it; and the higher scientific researches, which have brought our ideas about the universe down like tents about our ears, are in conflict and confusion with each other. Metaphysics, mathematics, philosophy, psychology and the physical sciences are all awash together—no one can tell which is which. People have even very largely ceased to attempt the construction of philosophical systems because, as Bertrand Russell says, for everything that is known there is something else known to contradict it.

"Furthermore, in forming convictions of my own, it is difficult to know what to build on. Outside, society is in such a state of flux that I can never quite determine my place in it; and inside, the discoveries of psychoanalysis have confused me about my own purposes and emotions.

"I do not say all this by way of complaint: I find life extremely interesting; what I lack in certainty and faith, I make up in activity and excitement. But do not talk to me too glibly about turning to the men who will tell me what city of the spirit I should build. I have been trying to find these men, and am still looking for them."

The Modern Girl

(Continued from page 28)

feared that the present democratic imitation, clever though it be, is, when we look more closely into it, only a depressing vulgarization. The proverb has it that beauty is only skin deep. But that is only partially true. Complexions are not everything, nor those pathetically amusing mimics of strangeness and highbred hauteur which our standardized beauties affect. The arts of the surface can not do all.

Beauty cannot be entirely applied from the outside, but must well up into the face from the inside. And in this interior soul of beauty the modern girl, with all her lip-sticks, powder puffs, vanity boxes, adhesive eyelashes, *et cetera*, is sadly lacking. Her very preoccupation with her beauty has defeated its own ends. It has produced a race of hard-eyed egoists, in whom vanity seems to have swallowed up all other feelings. Such beauty is too often a rose without perfume; and we feel that these vivid creations of the beauty parlor are not really women, after all, but automatons, skilfully constructed and decorated to represent real women.

They remind one of those water-nymphs, Lorelei or Nies, who were very seductive at a first glance, but who, on closer scrutiny, were seen to be hollow in their backs: mere masks, mere painted husks of women; creatures without hearts and souls. Indeed, it is impossible not to feel that such beauty as the modern woman has thus arduously achieved has been at the expense of her humanity, at the expense of those qualities and graces which are inseparable from the ideal she fondly conceives herself as attaining the ideal of—the lady.

An imitation beauty, an imitation lady, and an imitation courtesan. Though

that be a hard saying, it is to be feared that it broadly generalizes what one might call the feminine mob of the moment, that histrionic multitude of women who crowd most glaringly to the front of the modern picture. They do not, of course, constitute the whole of modern women; but they are the women that first catch the eye, swarming like moths into the limelight.

And these, I am inclined to think, are not all that they are painted. If the observer misunderstands them, it is they themselves that invite misunderstanding. That curious cult of the courtesan, for instance: the cult, I mean, of her superficial lure, her ways of dress and adornment, and of emphasizing her sexual appeal; which, again, is a reflex of the widespread cult of the courtesan in modern literature—I do not believe that it is more than a pose.

Indeed, what we call emancipation is undoubtedly bringing about a more stimulating camaraderie between women and men than has existed before. Her meeting men on an equal footing in the business of life has perhaps necessitated a strengthening of her natural safeguards, and entailed on men a more genuine chivalry. It may serve to bring out many admirable qualities in the modern woman, to give her a new self-reliance, and qualify her to be a more suitable all-around companion to her masculine partner in the adventure of living.

Society seems to be going through a process of reconstruction; and the process, as it has always been, is disquieting. But the modern woman and man alike may eventually come out of it, none the worse for having kicked over the traces and jazzed around the Maypole with unbecoming and ostentatious levity.

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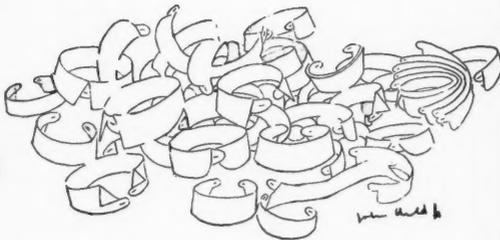
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Re-enter the Prince and Princess

(Continued from page 33)



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New York

that the Sahara was cold, and the Egyptian that snow was green. But they would be reckless to interchange the anecdotes.

Queen Victoria covers a span of sixty years. It begins with the chill dawn in Kensington Palace, when the frightened girl in curl papers and a nightie is hauled downstairs to hear the tidings of her succession. It ends with the moment in the Jubilee celebration, when all the flaming and encrusted dignitaries of the Empire kneel while the bent, quavering old lady mounts the throne. She tries to make them a little, proper speech, but she forgets her lines.

"I have tried to be good," she murmurs; and then, groping for more words, falls back instinctively and appealingly on the same ones. Just before the distant band strikes up *God Save the Queen*, and the final curtain comes slowly, slowly down, you hear her once again: "I have tried to be a good queen."

A Swan in Ermine

THE SWAN is a curiously detached and cool and silvery play—so written on the banks of the Danube, and so acted on the banks of the Hudson, that it is kept always a little remote from you, as though a fine, impalpable gauze were hung between you and the heartache and aspiration on the stage. It spins the tale of a far-away princess who, directed by her matchmaking mother, indulges in an ancient device. She stoops to conquer. In order to arouse the interest of the only eligible heir apparent left in agitated Europe for her to marry, she lets her royal eye linger amiably on a young tutor of her mother's household. Unhappily for the mother's plans, the tutor flames up. And the cool princess catches fire. It is the old, old story of the great lady and the beggar, of the rose which the haughty Katherine threw to the tattered Villon, long ago.

It is all set forth this time with the finest reticence and economy of means. One yearns to take all the actors who belong to the Bull of Bashan School and set them down before *The Swan*, to let them learn how much more ringing a murmur can be than any shout. We would also bring along the playwrights who devise long scenes in which the leading man and the leading woman paw and mau and dishevel each other interminably. It would do them good to see how electric, how passionate, how blood-quickenning, a single kiss may prove, when only one is shining in the play.

Just as Frank Craven, in *The First Year*, put to shame all his fellow playwrights who employ very arsenals of gats and cannon to unnerve an audience, when he showed with what agony of apprehension a theater can be filled by a really believable waitress swinging a humble vegetable dish too near the dining-room chair, so Molnar, in *The Swan*, fills his theater with a great excitement by the simple device of having his princess drink a glass of wine.

You see, all her great kinsmen are snubbing the frantic young tutor. And when, a novice in the routine of a grand dinner, he gulps down his liqueur at the beginning of the meal, they point out to him, somewhat brutally, that it is tokay he has thus squandered—tokay which is old and heady, and should, at the very end of the courses, be sipped with caution and elegance. He has so embarrassed and iostled them all in his rebellion, that now they greatly enjoy the ensuing evidences of his scarlet discomfiture. And you suffer with him, because, by this time, you have identified him as the spokesman

of all commoners, appearing before mere crowns and power of place as the champion of the eternal and indestructible sovereignty of the human heart.

And so, when, in the disconcerting pause that follows, the slim, cool, white hand of the princess reaches out, deliberately closes around the thin stem of her own tokay glass, and lifts it to her lips for one magnificent gulp, you feel within you one of those great elations, the hope of which keeps you plodding to the theater night after night. If you are half a man, you want to get up in your seat and yell "Bravo!", which is Hungarian for "Atta-girl". If you are altogether a man and not too pitifully civilized, you do just that.

The Swan has been so translated by young Melville Baker that you can sit through it without a single afflicting reminder that it is a translation. Then, cast by Gilbert Miller and rehearsed by David Burton, *The Swan* is admirably acted at the Cort. In this Cort chronicle, one would mention, especially, the delightful performance of Philip Merivale as the Prince, and on a lower plane, of Alison Skipworth as the Queen Mother. Also, the happy choice of one Halliwell Hobbes, who must seem both a priest and a prince—and, *mirabile dictu!*, does. And Eva Le Gallienne is not bad as the Swan which bird, you must remember, is full of grace and charm so long as it does not venture ashore, when it is only too likely to resemble painfully another bird. Some have said that she is as good in this as in that earlier Molnar romance which she played for two seasons, an observation that means much or little, depending on whether you thought she was good in *Liliom*. Personally, I thought she was pretty bad and, in the earlier performances, a little Buda-Pest slavey who seemed to have come fresh from Miss Spence's School for Young Ladies. At best, there is always something pinched and tight and fearfully conscious about Miss Le Gallienne's acting, and she has a maddening habit of playing an entire scene with her eyes fixed on a certain seat in the fourth row of the balcony on the side. She is a devotee of the cataleptic school, and some of us can't abide it.

Mr. Rathbone's Performance

BUT the best performance of all in *The Swan* is none of these. It is the playing of the tutor, by a tall, young Englishman named Basil Rathbone. I saw him first on a night in London, in 1920, when, under the goadings of Constance Collier, a curious agglomeration of Americans that included Herbert Kaufman, Ernest Lawford and myself, went traipsing to some outlying theater to see the hundredth performance of *Peter Ibbetson*. Compared with Lionel Barrymore's magnificent Colonel Ibbetson, that of Gilbert Hare seemed sadly feeble; but John Barrymore's place was more nearly filled by a gawky and towering newcomer from the provinces. This was Basil Rathbone. Later, he came to this country to embody the wild Cossack lad who caught the eye of the engulfing Catherine in *The Czarina*. Now he is the tutor in *The Swan*—a greatly mellowed young player, who has measurably increased his mastery over his instrument.

The Swan, *Queen Victoria*, a magnificent new *Cyrano* contributed by Walter Hampden, Duse enchaining new devotees, and the Moscow Art Theater moving again from town to town—of such is the playgoer's fare in this country. It is not bad. It was, I imagined, never better. It is better now nowhere else in the world.



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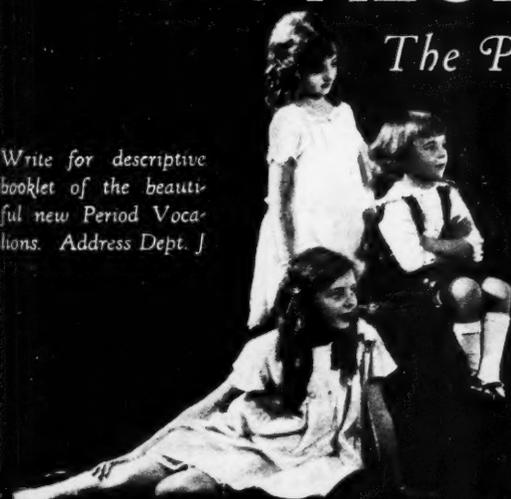
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Today in History

(Continued from page 47)

August 16, 1713 1 handkerchief
1 linen tie
2 pairs (I need not specify)

New Brunswick Founded

I NEED not sing your praises: every word
Of mine, New Brunswick, would appear
absurb
Beside the melody that freely pours
From out these polysyllables of yours.
Where Chedabudcto roars and bold Buc-
touche
Rivals the ripples of the Restigouche;
Or where, beneath its ancient British flag,
Aroostook faces Mettawambeag.
Oh, fairyland of meadow, vale and brook,
Kennebekasis, Chiputneticook,
Shick-Shock and Shediac, Point Escumi-
nac,
Miramachi and Peticodiac.
This is no place to try poetic wit;
I guess, at least, I know enough to quit.

August 22, 1903

Expedition of "The Neptune", under Commander Low, to Hudson Straits

WHILE we welter
In the swelter
Of the pestilential heat,
Drinking sodas
In pagodas
At the corner of the street,
It seems to me
That it would be
My highest aspiration
To sail away
On a Holiday
Of Arctic Exploration.
Let me lie in my pyjamas on the ice of
Baffin Bay,
In the thinnest of chemises where the
Polar breezes play,
Underneath a frozen awning let me lie at
ease a span,
While beneath the bright Aurora roars
the ventilation fan.
Can you wonder now that Nansen, and
that Peary, and that Low,
Should wander forth,
And struggle North,
As far as they can go?
When the hero
Under zero
Lives on frozen lager beer,
And a demi-can
Of Pemmican,
You need not shed a tear.
He seeks a higher latitude,
I quite admit the feat;
The reason is a platitude:
He's crazy with the heat.

August 23, 1839

Captain Eliot Captured Hong Kong

THE mystery
Of history
Is very hard to seize,
And people often wonder why we fought
the poor Chinese;
The real cause
Of Chinese wars
And why they got a thrashing,
Arose,
As an affair of clothes,
From Eliot's weekly washing.

The whole affair was simply this—
Eliot made out his laundry list:

4 collars
7 linen stocks
2½ pairs of socks
1 pair of cuffs (his second best)
1 fancy naval undervest

Told the Chinese to starch and lick it;
Then, Heaven help him, lost his ticket!

No wonder that a feud arose;
The Captain had no change of clothes,
Oh, deeply were his feelings hurt
That he must wear a dirty shirt;
And fain he would the pain avoid
Of putting on a celluloid;
And melancholy fell his glance,
Self-conscious, on his wrinkled pants.

And still the Chinaman said, "No,
You no got tick—you no get clo!"

Then thundered forth the British gun:
They stormed the laundries, one by one.
They scaled the wall, they passed the arch
Through wreaths of smoke and clouds of
starch.
The streets ran soap, but still the crew,
Heedless of death, were dyed in blue.
No pen of mine can truly book it.
The first who found the ticket took it.

And, as the burden of the song,
The British Empire holds Hong Kong.

August 26, 1346

Great Slaughter of the French by the English at Crecy

HOW strange it seems to me that even
then
Man raised his hand against his fellow
men
Fretful and eager, still his mind he bent
New engines of destruction to invent.

Poor little Creature, through his whole
life story
Waving his little flag and shouting Glory;
Vexing his puny strength and panting
breath,
Merely to hasten ever-certain Death.

August 27, 1870

Invention of the Gramophone

I FREELY admit that the gay gramo-
phone
Possesses attractions entirely its own;
I frankly concede that the wonders of
science
Are seen at their best in that very appli-
ance;
And yet, notwithstanding, I deeply de-
plore
The gramophone owned by the Joneses
next door.
I rise in the morning, the first thing I hear
Is "Sleep on, My Darling, for Mother is
Near";
I sit down to breakfast and hear with
surprise
A loud invitation to "Drink with Mine
Eyes";
I come from my office, the gramophone's
strain
Informs me that "Johnnie has Marched
Home Again";
I sit down to read, but the minute I do so
The Joneses arouse a carouse with
Caruso.
Their strains all the veins of my cere-
brum clog,
My slumbers their numbers monotonous
dog;
Will nothing but homicide end or prevent
it?
Oh, Edison, why did you ever invent it!

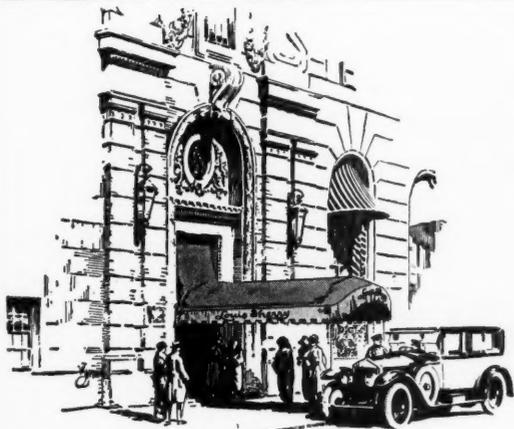


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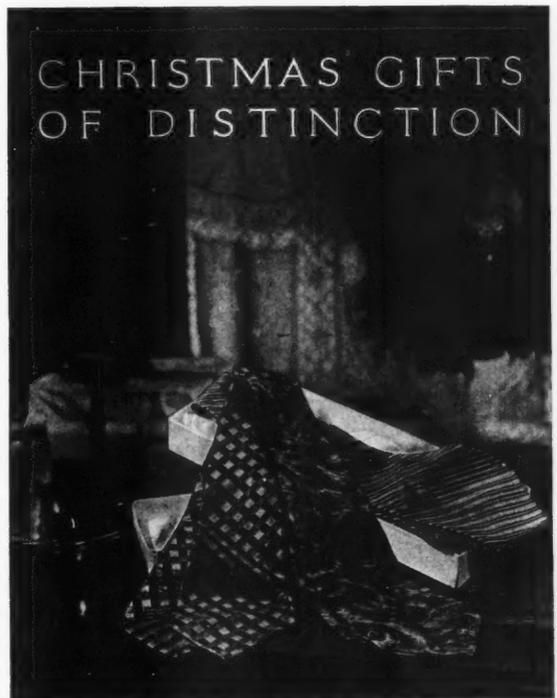
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Some Makers of Ecstasy

(Continued from page 45)

Eugene and Willie Howard at the same house; and these were gained in spite of the Winter Garden technique, which underestimated even the lowest intelligence. Willie is rather like Fannie Brice at moments; when he cuts loose, one has an agreeable sense of uncertainty.

JOE JACKSON, actually a great clown, although one doesn't recognize this in the highly developed medium he chooses, has exactly the opposite effect—he doesn't cut loose at all: he develops. Everything he does is careful, and nothing exaggerated; so you think at first that, although he will be funny, he will not quite reach that top notch on which an artist teeters perilously while you wonder whether he will fall over or keep his balance. Yet Jackson gets there. As the tramp cyclist, his acrobatics are good, his make-up enchanting; but his expressed attitude of mind is his most precious quality. It becomes almost too much to watch him worrying with a motor horn which has become detached from the handle bars, and which he cannot replace. He tries it everywhere; at the end, he is miserably trying to hang it up on the air; and when it fails to catch there, he is actually wretched. His movements are full of grace—like those of the grotesque Alberto among the Fratellini—and the ecstasy he gives comes by a surfeit of laughter. Another moment of great delicacy, without laughter, however, is that in which Fortunello and Cirilino swing about on the broomstick. They are a lovely pair, and the little one seated on the other's hand is a beautiful picture.

Either few women are brought out of burlesque, or women haven't the exceptional quality I care for. In any case, they have seldom given me this excess of emotion by what they have done. Their beauty is quite another matter on which I fail to commit myself. Ada Lewis, in her broad and grand way, has

the stuff; and so has Florence Moore. And once in each performance you can be sure that Gilda Grey will utter a sound or tremble herself into a Bacchanalian revel. For the most part, her singing is undistinguished; and I do not care for the anxious way in which she regards her members, as if she fancied they would fall off by dint of shimmying. Yet I have never gone to a show of hers without hearing some echo of the nymph pursued, or seeing a movement of abandon and grace. The dark, shuddering voice is sub-human, the movement divinely animal.

DIFFERENT in every way, but exquisite in every way, was Gaby Deslys. It is good form now to belittle her: she was so vulgar; she came so much on the crest of a revolution; she was such a bidder for our great, precious commodity, news-space. Ah, well!—we have given publicity to less worthy causes. For she was perfect of her type; and in her hard, calculating, sublimely decent way, she made us like the type. It was gently vicious—the whole manner. It was overdone—the pearls and the peacock feathers. But behind it all was a lovely person—lovely to look at, and enchanting to all the senses. No, she could not act—how pitiable her loyal efforts: she sang badly; she wasn't one of the world's great dancers. But she had something irrefutable, not to be hindered or infringed upon—her definite self. She was, to begin with, outcast of our moral system, and she made us accept her because she was an independent human being. She had a sound and accurate sense of her personal life, of her rights as an individual. Nothing could stand against her—and it is said that, when she was at grips, at the end, with something more powerful than popular taste, she still held her own, and died rather than suffer the spoiling of her beauty. If that were true, one could hardly wish her beauty back again.

Tea

By Jacqueline Embry

(WHAT has that woman done to you, my dear. The elegant, the slim, whose words were wings! That stupid tie . . . the collar big and queer . . . Wherever do they sell such frumpy things! Incredible . . . this is some crazy joke . . . You sit there looking frightened as a rabbit . . .) "Oh, yes, I wish you would—oh, please, please, smoke!" (It's just like having tea with George F. Babbitt.)

"Cinnamon toast and Orange Pekoe"—(Why, You don't remember! That's the final blow! Grotesque . . . grotesque . . . I think I'm going to cry! The room's all dark . . . maybe the Monstrous Crow! . . .) "Your train? Of course! And Jane to pick up, too,—"
(Poor, dear, fat Jane! And now—poor, dear, fat You!)





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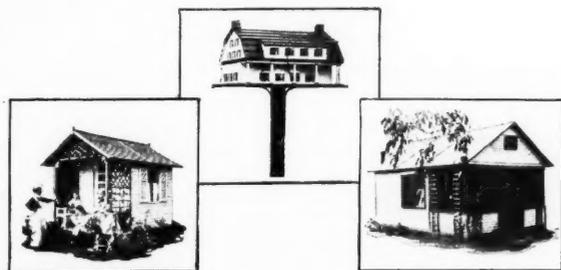
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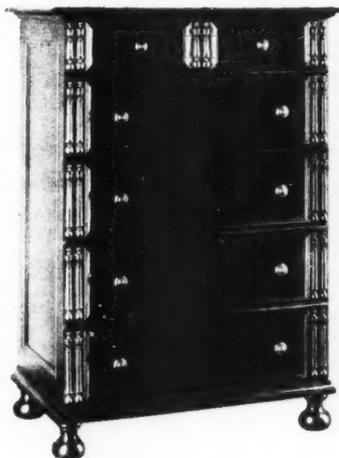
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"The Most Disgraceful Thing I Ever Did"

(Continued from page 30)

"No. 7, *The Priggish Prize Poem*. No difficulty here. G. K. Chesterton imitating himself.

"No. 8, *Infamy and Deception in Venice*. 'And anyhow, here the manner was the thing, and not the act.' Nobody but Joseph Hergesheimer writes with that peculiarly awkward reminiscence of the exactitude of Henry James."

When the judges read that last remark, they burst right out laughing; they could not help it.

Another close contestant, Miss Mary Elizabeth Prim, seven right, vindicates the culture of Boston and her tenure of office in the Information Department of the Boston Public Library. Her comment could be quoted in full with profit, but we must select a few samples:

"1. Aldous Huxley, widely read in Boston. He had a grandfather.

"2. None other than Scott Fitzgerald, the little boy whose parents gave him adjectives to play with, instead of blocks.

"5. Thomas Burke . . . makes me think of the man in Chesterton's story. His mother was a conservative and his father excessively radical. The boy was brought up on cocoa and absinthe. And grew up, hating both equally.

"6. Stephen Leacock has been lecturing in England. Well, its only fair. Think of the run of English lecturers we've had here.

"10. Mr. Arthur Symons gracefully sidesteps an amour. A unique occasion, if we are to believe Mr. Frank Harris."

West Coast Sagacity

HIGH sevens were not confined to the East, for in this class is Mr. T. K. Whipple, who writes from the Faculty Club, Berkeley, California. His comment on No. 10, Arthur Symons, is an excellent sample of his insight.

"Only one dating from the Yellow Nineties, when sin was taken seriously, could evoke these miasmic exhalations of evil."

Another excellent seven-out-of-ten is credited to Miss Louise de Lane, of Washington, D. C. Dr. Nicholas Koze-

loff, of the Psychiatric Institute (Bacteriological Department), Ward's Island, New York, brought in a correct diagnosis on six of his ten patients; and William R. McAnslan, from 'way out in Spencer, Iowa, also sent in six correct designations. This competitor is a paragon of brevity, stating his reasons as follows:

"2. Scott Fitzgerald. The hero gets good and drunk.

"6. Stephen Leacock. I nearly laughed.

"9. George Jean Nathan. Meet the author's friends.

"10. Arthur Symons. He got away."

And so down the list the jury worked its way, finding a mass of valuable comment and critical "nifties", which they will doubtless use themselves in later work.

The Consolation Prizes

THE duty remains of awarding the two consolation prizes, announcement of which was made in our December issue.

The First Consolation Prize. The set of seven broken Mah Jong tiles, useful as spares, goes jointly to Robert N. and Winifred S. Taylor, of Detroit, Michigan. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor combined their efforts, and guessed none of the authors correctly. A number of other individuals made the same score, but the judges feel that where two combine, and still produce zero, it is deserving of special mention.

The Second Consolation Prize. Coupons for two aisle seats to the opening of the *Follies*, good for October 20, 1923, is walked away with by Horace H. Ludlum, of Akron, Ohio, who achieves the apparently impossible by ascribing all ten of the confessions to the ten authors who refused to confess. Bravo, Mr. Ludlum, say we. To fail is one thing, but to fail so magnificently, ah . . .

And now, through their Secretary, the Editors and the Judges heartily thank the hundreds of readers all over the country who, by their co-operation and participation, has made our first guessing contest a glorious success.

Coming Automobile Tendencies

(Continued from page 71)

consumption of cars of this size; and that is really a great consideration in France, where gasoline costs more than sixty cents a gallon and is not always easy to obtain, even at that excessive price. A great many new machines in this medium price class were displayed at the Salon, and their popular use will bridge the gap which formerly existed between the only two classes of motorists which existed in France—the very wealthy with their heavy, fast, expensive cars, and the motorists of moderate means, who were confined more or less to the little cycle cars and light cars, which gave fairly good service, but with a minimum of comfort.

One of the most interesting new features revealed was a telescopic steering column on the new Fiat, in which the steering gear is mounted behind the dashboard. Another innovation was the Sainsaud de Lavaud transmission, which is sponsored by the Voisin Company and is a thing of very radical nature, in that it does away with the ordinary gear set and the present method of transmission. The V-type eight-cylinder engine

has been discarded entirely by French makers, in favor of six-cylinder motors and light engines with eight cylinders in line. One very popular tendency at the Show was the adoption of overhead valve engines on a great many of the most popular cars, in place of the L-head motors used formerly. This tendency is in direct contradiction of the present trend in America, where some of our greatest manufacturers are turning from the overhead valve to the L-head type.

American cars represented were those of General Motors, Lincoln and Studebaker. One of the exhibits which attracted attention was that showing of the new Citroen cars, of 5 h.p. and 10 h.p., which had been cut in half from front to rear. A picture of one of these is shown with this article. One might be pardoned for calling these true "coupes". Prices on practically all French cars have gone up from five to ten percent, but the price increases announced at the Show were received favorably by the public, which is beginning to take an increasing intelligent interest in motoring affairs.



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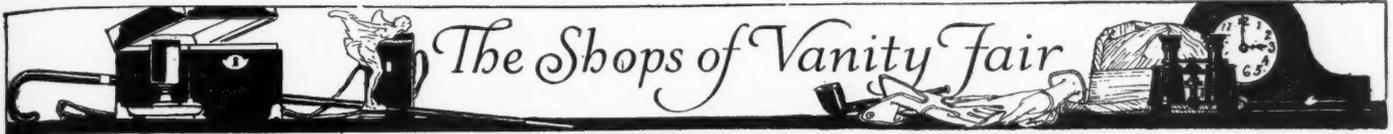
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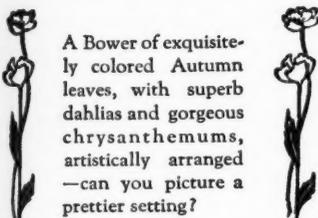
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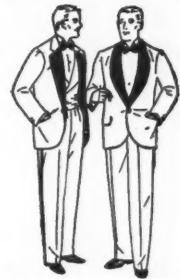
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Reviews of the New Books

Novels of the Month: a Brief Survey

By BURTON RASCOE

Who's What's
Who & What

in Christmas Bookland

Hendrik Van Loon

The Story of the Bible.

Nearly 200 illustrations even better than "The Story of Mankind." Cloth \$5.00—Leather \$7.50.

Artzybasheff

Jealousy: Enemies: The Law of the Savage.

Three great plays of passion by the author of "Sanine." \$2.50

R. F. Dibble

Strenuous Americans.

Mark Hanna, Frances Willard, Admiral Dewey, Brigham Young, and other eminent Americans revealed in a Strachey-esque manner. \$3.00

Paul Kammerer

Rejuvenation and the Prolongation of Human Efficiency.

The only authorized book on the Steinach theory and practice. \$2.00

Wilfrid Lay

A Plea for Monogamy.

A very important book that lays down the psychological principle in married living, the understanding of which seems likely to limit marital unhappiness and in its larger effects, the present social unrest. \$4.00

C. M. Doughty

Travels in Arabia Deserta.

The supreme travel book—the same in all but binding as the very rare Cambridge Edition—now a bibliophile's heart's desire. 2 volumes, boxed, illustrated. \$17.50

Anonymous

Haunch, Paunch and Jowl.

Reviewers go to Cellini, Rousseau, Casanova and Defoe for the closest parallel to this powerful autobiography of a New York Judge. \$3.00

Maxim Gorky

My University Days.

The robust, at times Rabelsian chronicle of the informal student career of this great Russian. "A Russian Education of Henry Adams." \$3.00

Boni & Liveright, N. Y.



Good Books

DEIRDRE (Macmillan) is the first, and a very splendid, achievement in the great work James Stephens has set for himself, of making literature out of the folk lore of Ireland. His aim, it appears, is to keep as closely as possible to the most widely accepted versions of Irish myths and to preserve so far as he is able their original Gaelic flavor. He is especially fitted to do this, for, Irishmen tell me, his own idiom is more authentically Gaelic than that of any other writer in Dublin. After these qualifications the essentially romantic imagination, the precious capacity for droll philosophizing, and the fantastic whimsy of the author of *The Crock of Gold*, (one of the finest imaginative works of our time), and we have reason to expect him to make a beautiful and moving story out of the high history of Deirdre, whose career corresponds in Irish myth with that of Helen of Troy. Mr. Stephens has resisted his inveterate tendency to be funny, and, although this restraint may disappoint those who read him only for the delightful playfulness of his humor, it preserves the illusion, the glamor of this tragic tale, which might vanish under the slightest effort at mockery. The ingredients are love, hatred, loyalty, treachery, war and mighty events, and they revolve around Deirdre, whose beauty filled all men with love and of whom the poet prophesied that she would bring evil to Ireland. The tale fades out, rather than ends; but, then, so does the *Iliad*.

IN *Riceman Steps* (Doran), Arnold Bennett has abandoned, at least for a moment, his *Lieans and Pretty Ladies*, his whimsical Prohacks and his efficient young manicures who lead their own lives; he has gone back to the mood, the method, the manner and material of the *Clayhanger* series, and has produced his most moving tale and his soundest work of art since the days when he secured the literary property rights to the Five Towns. It is a story of love among the indigent in the mean streets of London, a tragic tale of the slow disenchantment of a fine-fibred, courageous widow who supported herself by keeping a small shop, and who sees her late romance fade under the ugly miserliness of her husband. Henry Earlforward is one of the most perfectly drawn figures in Mr. Bennett's gallery of portraits; the atmosphere of the London quarter, in which the scene is laid, is marvelously evoked; and the novel, though concerned with drab people, glows with charm.

DH. LAWRENCE, the indefatigable, has added to the four books of his own composition in one season a translation of *Maestro-Don Gesualdo* (Seltzer), from the Italian of Giovanni Verga. This novel depicts the rise and tribulations of a modern Trimalchio in class-conscious Italy. The title bestowed upon Gesualdo is the key to the irony of the tale: the crude and pathetic parvenu, Gesualdo, whose shrewd acquisitive instinct has made him the chief financial power of his native town, is called "Maestro-Don" because those who know his origin and his acquired dignity cannot dissociate them; therefore, they address him through habit as "Maestro" the designation of a workman, and then add "Don" the designation of a gentleman, in forced respect; so he becomes "Maestro-Don." The novel is massed with detail and the story swings heavily through a large population of incidental characters; but it is a good satire, couched in a racy vernacular.

LOVE Days (Knopf), by Henrie Waste, is a tedious and orotund recital in substantiation of the thesis that if you kiss

premiscuously enough you will eventually find your true love.

NOWHERE Else in the World (Appleton), by Jay William Hudson, is the story of an artistic revolt, who, after a period of distaste for the crude vulgarity of American industrial society, finally embraces a business career in Chicago and ecstatically hugs it to death. It is another book in which the hero or the author discovers that the steamshovel and the oil derrick are more beautiful than the Parthenon, and that the corset ads are the finest literature of the period. The section dealing with the hero's career in a jerkwater college is excellent, and Mr. Hudson has got certain aspects of Chicago into words more adequately than any other novelist; but the book suffers from theory.

IN doing his *Roosevelt* (Atlantic Monthly Press), Lord Charnwood had, obviously, to tread mincingly to keep off a lot of people's toes. There are too many relatives and associates of T. R. alive, and Roosevelt's death is too recent an event, for any one to write a definitive life of the late president; and one wonders why Lord Charnwood undertook to write one, especially as a memorial biography commissioned by the family and friends. Lord Charnwood has been discreet enough not to attempt an objective study, but to synthesize the impressions Roosevelt created all over the world as well as at home. Indeed, he subtitles the book, "A World View", and that rather lets it out. For what the author intends it to be, it is a highly competent and interesting piece of work.

ISLES of Illusion (Small, Maynard), an anonymous diary, edited by Bohun Lynch, is what most records of adventure in the South Seas are not—a candid record of what happens to a civilized white man accustomed to a colder climate when he remains any considerable length of time in a malaria-infested tropical region and has to earn his living there like a native. It is an absorbing story of hardship and disease; and the writer's taking to wife a native woman is not the charming sort of romance it is usually depicted to be. To read this book will cure many of the itch for the tropics, contracted from such gaudy romances as *White Shadows in the South Seas*.

RED Blood (Harper), by Harold H. Armstrong, is the history of the rise of a typical American business man, treated honestly, objectively and without the now fashionable satirical intent. A vigorous piece of characterization and documentation, somewhere between Frank Norris' *Octopus* and Dreiser's *The Titan* in points of significance and interest. Armstrong is arriving.

JEEVES (Doran), by P. G. Wodehouse, the most entertaining of the writers of comical fiction, relates the droll expedients of an English valet to keep his young master and friends out of the hot water of an amour.

THE Dance of Life (Houghton, Mifflin) is the quintessence of Havelock Ellis's monumental investigations into the meaning and functions of life. It is a magnificent, prose poem, in which the bravest and most intelligent British man of letters expounds a most charming and sensible philosophy of life. One of the great books of this generation.

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 - IV. The Technicality and Etiquette in Ma-Chiau.
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 - VI. The Attraction and Detraction of Ma-Chiau.
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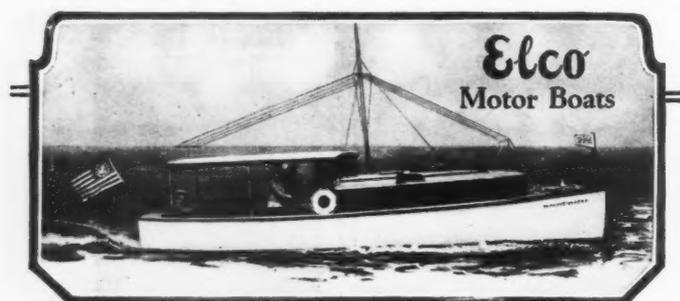
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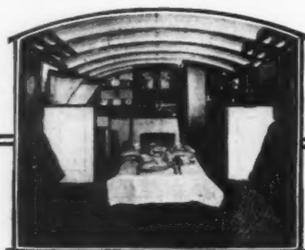
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The publishing formula which has proved so successful will not be altered. The quantity of material published will, however, be increased to include other interests of parents bringing up children. And the quality will be improved even beyond its present high standard.

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KNIT IS FULL FASHIONED

Picture the comfort of a soft, warm, fast-drying suit, supple enough to "give" to your every movement but of such close weave that its BUILT-IN trimness of outline remains even while it is wet. Top, trunks and skirt, **KNIT** is of one uncut piece of fabric composed only of the finest and most enduring yarns. Fast dyed of course.

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This pure golden drink is such a happy affair—sparkling bubbles, gingery fragrance, friendly taste! When Clicquot Club Ginger Ale appears on the scene there's a glad welcome from everybody. It's a good drink—good in taste, good in the way it's made. *Of course* they all like it.

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PRONOUNCED KLEE-KO

Ginger Ale

HENNING

James Cape Inc

Morning and Afternoon Models

These models may be had in Black Suede, with patent leather bandings
Black Patent Leather, with black kid bandings
Dark Brown Suede, with matching kid bandings
Tan Russia, with dark brown kid bandings

Sizes ranging from 2½ to 8½. Widths AAA to D.

\$16.50




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"The Perfect Gripprella!"

UNIQUE, clever, thoroughly practical!—Folding trimly, this umbrella can be tucked away unobtrusively in the traveling bag, desk drawer or under the seat of your automobile. TUKAWAY has no detachable parts to lose or mislay. Scarcely takes ten seconds to open or close. Made of black and colored fabrics with distinctive handles for men and women.

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Paderewski at his Steinway

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

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facture has been measured by the standard of Steinway. Each subsequent generation of the Steinway family has brought his principles of piano construction nearer to perfection. The Steinway tone is the constant joy of Hofmann and Rachmaninoff. It inspires Friedman, Levitzki and Cortot. The Steinway, whether it is a concert grand, or a smaller grand or upright for your home, is always the matchless product of Steinway genius—the instrument of the immortals, the prized possession of those who love immortal music.

There is a Steinway dealer in your community or near you through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a cash deposit of 10%, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

Prices: Upright, \$875 and up; Grand, \$1425 and up; plus freight

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MASTERPIECES



The Arc de Triomphe rising 162 feet at the head of the Champs Elysées, Paris; begun by Napoleon in 1806; one of the architectural masterpieces of the world.

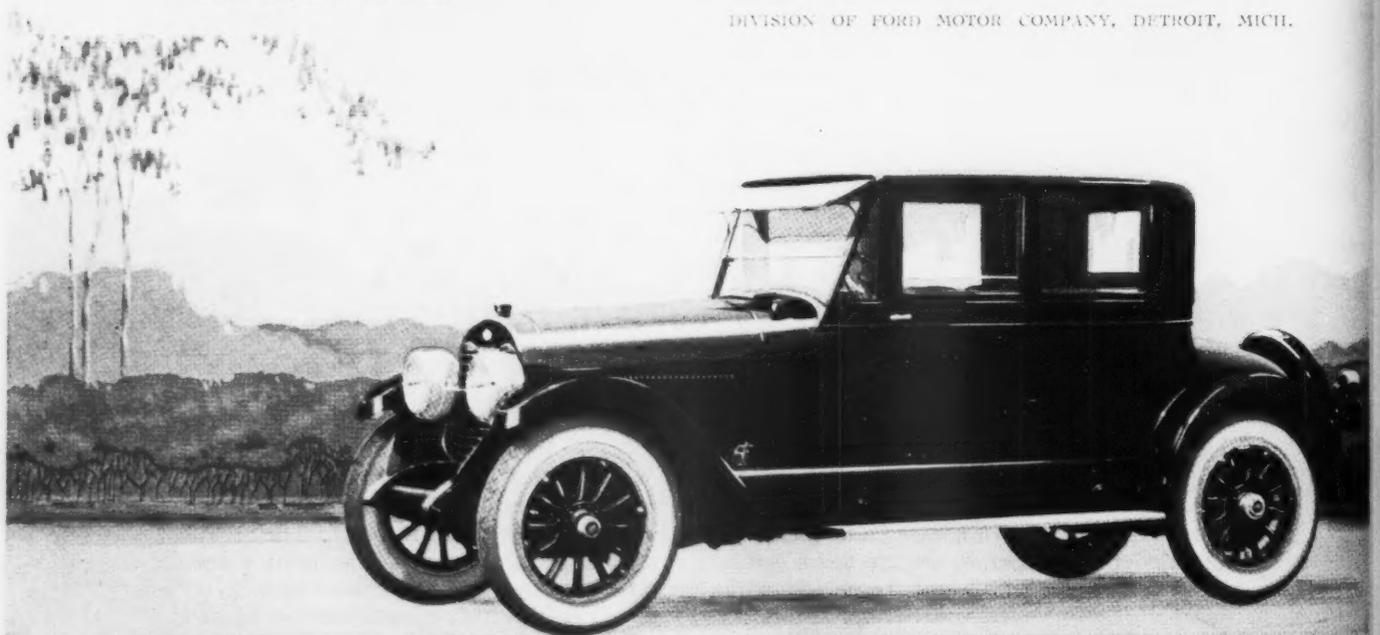
Striving to satisfy completely some deep-felt need of his fellow men, the architect has occasionally wedded beauty of line so intimately to useful function that his work stands a masterpiece of the builder's art.

These architectural achievements find their automotive counterpart in the Lincoln. In a comprehensive and fundamental way, this is a useful car. It dispatches every function of the automobile with a brilliance gratifying to the most exacting motorist.

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